

100-26

SCREENLAND

★
ICC

March

15¢

Claudette Colbert

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My Life In A Gag Factory
by Mary Livingstone Benny

FEB 10 1945



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!



• *Smart, new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!*

MAKE A DATE WITH

Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! *Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.*

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
. . . yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

*Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?*

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

*Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!



Drene Shampoo

WITH
HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble



"Rather hold their hats
than their hands, Honey?"



GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: Let them skate off? How could I stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not *this* plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...



CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away?

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: But we were talking about *my* smile! Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were *born* to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold *your* hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This month's column should really be called "The Audiences Roar". In the twenty years that this leonine toastmaster has been introducing films, we have yet to experience an audience reaction like that revealed at the previews of "National Velvet".

NATIONAL
VELVET
IN TECHNICOLOR



"National Velvet" is a baby we're proud of—almost proudest of. It is something!

The story is as simple as an alphabet. The suspense mounts like Everest. You'll just love it.

It's the kinship with the characters that makes it. You just want to see "Velvet" win out.

After you've seen it you may stop perfect strangers in the street and say "Have you seen 'National Velvet'?" You may get some dirty looks at first, but after those people have gone to the picture they may come around and thank you.

What is it that makes this picture so great? Surely it's not just a horse race—even though the Grand National steeplechase—done as it's done—is a high spot in all entertainment annals.

No. It's what's behind every action. It's in the playing—in the direction—in the production.

That's why Clarence Brown, the director, has reason to be proud. "National Velvet" is enough to allow anyone to rest on laurels. And that goes for Pandro Berman, the producer.

Mickey Rooney, as the trainer of "Pi", gives an acting performance that outranks everything he has ever done on the screen.



Dear Us! What superlatives! But we can't help it. We'll have to go even further. Elizabeth Taylor's performance means her discovery.

Enid Bagnold's best-selling novel could not have been entrusted to a more excellent supporting cast. Special mention for Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, Arthur Treacher.

England's "green and pleasant land" is so beautiful in Technicolor. And the screen play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch is exceptionally right.

It has greatness—charm—excitement. It has our absolute recommendation—

That's "Velvet"! —Lea

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

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Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL,
Art Director

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Assistant Art Director



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Full Color Portraits: ★ ★ ★

Betty Grable, starring in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" for 20th Century-Fox

The Colonel's Lady: Faye Emerson Roosevelt, next seen in Warners' "Nobody Lives Forever"

The Lady And The Cowboy: Vera Hruba Ralston, next in Republic's "Lake Placid Serenade," and Roy Rogers, star of "Utah"

Picture Pages: America's New Sweethearts (June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien in "Music For Millions"); Boy Meets Bathing Beauty (Van Johnson and Esther Williams in "Thrill Of A Romance"); Lauren's Line (Lauren Bacall Fashions); Hi, New Gals (Toni 7, Martha Tilton and Barbara Belden); SCREENLAND Salutes Gregory Peck in "The Keys Of The Kingdom"

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Cover Portrait of CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
starring in Paramount's "Practically Yours"

MARCH, 1945

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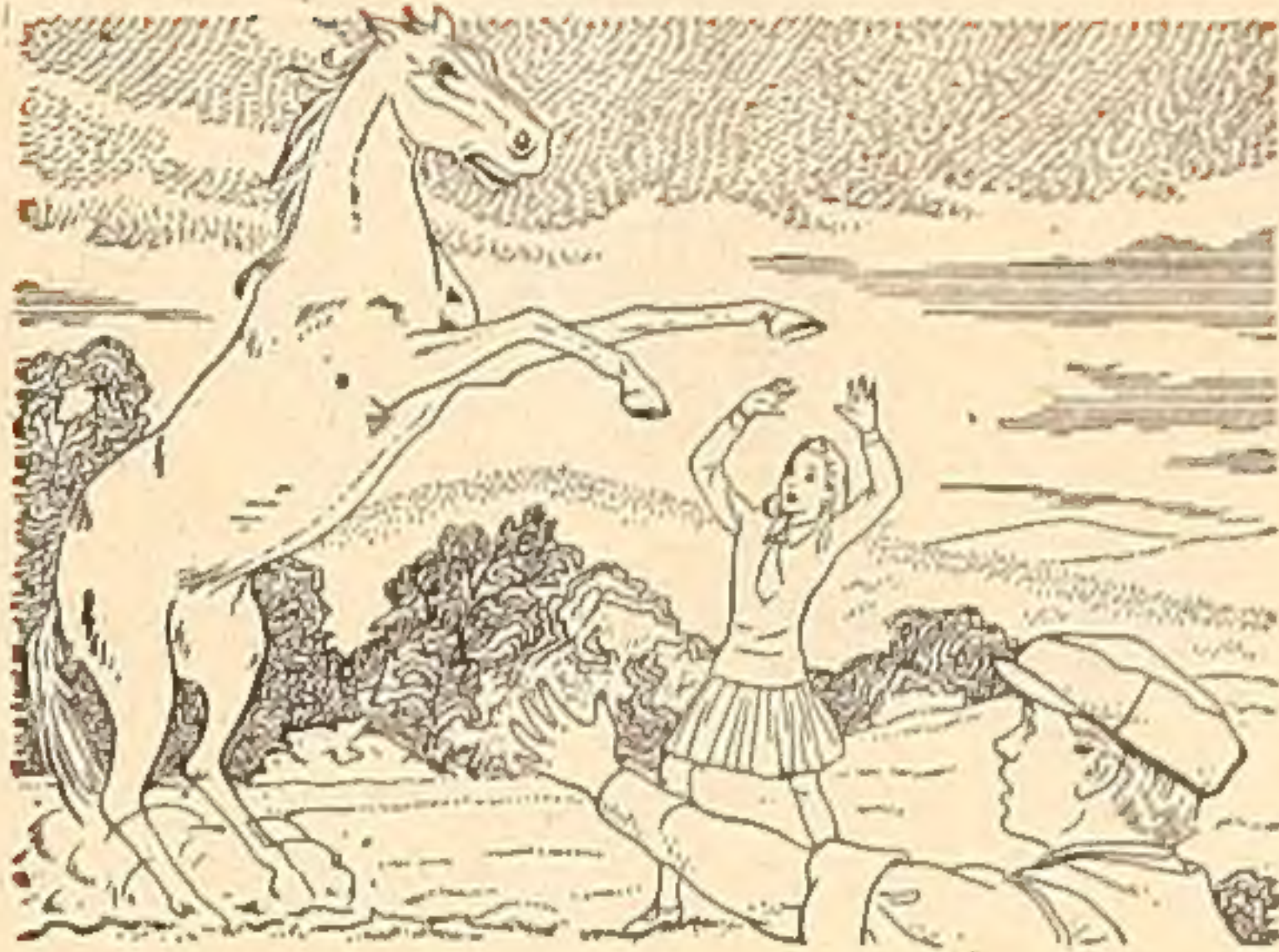
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

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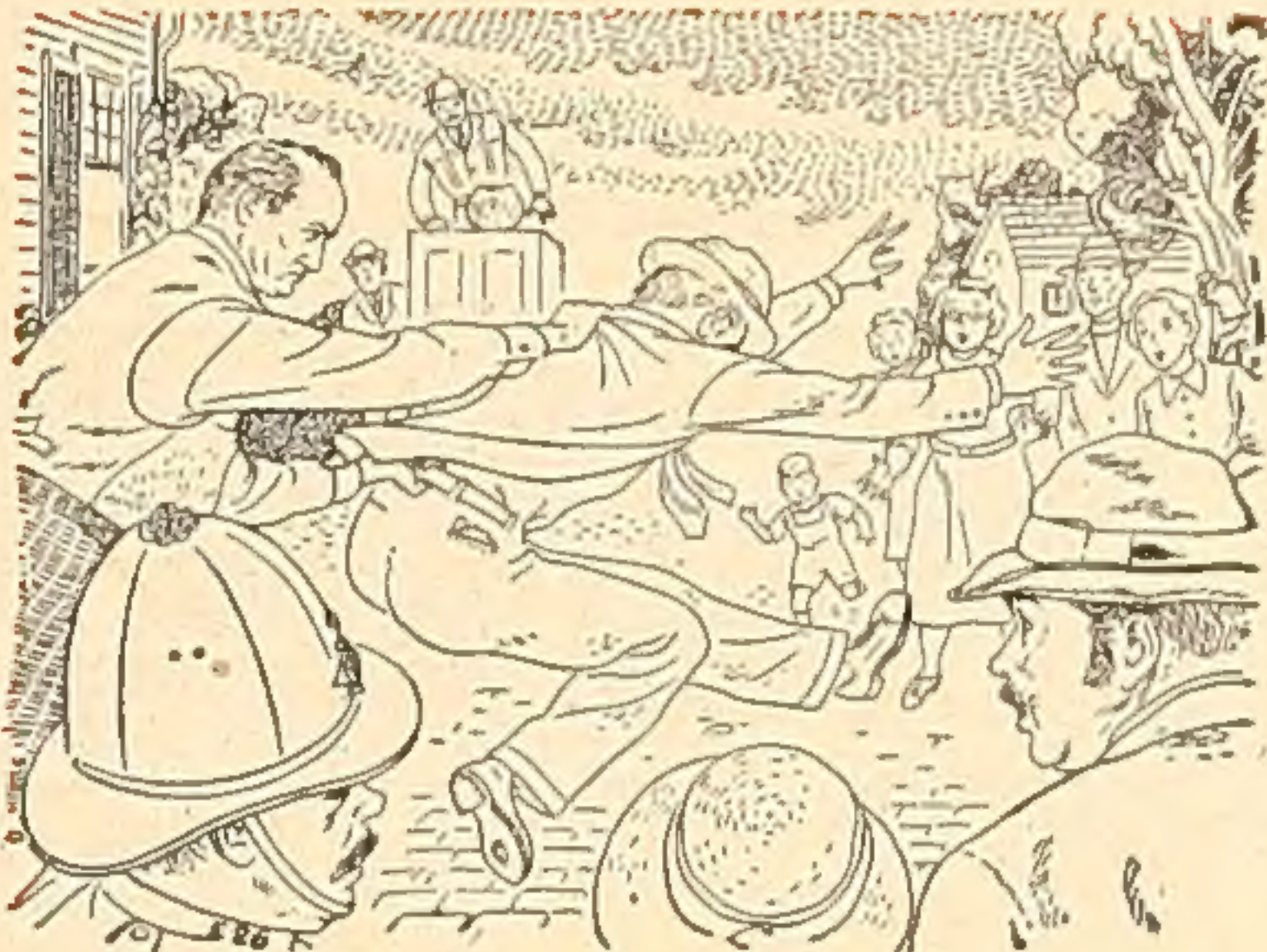
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



HERE AT M-G-M, WE SINCERELY BELIEVE



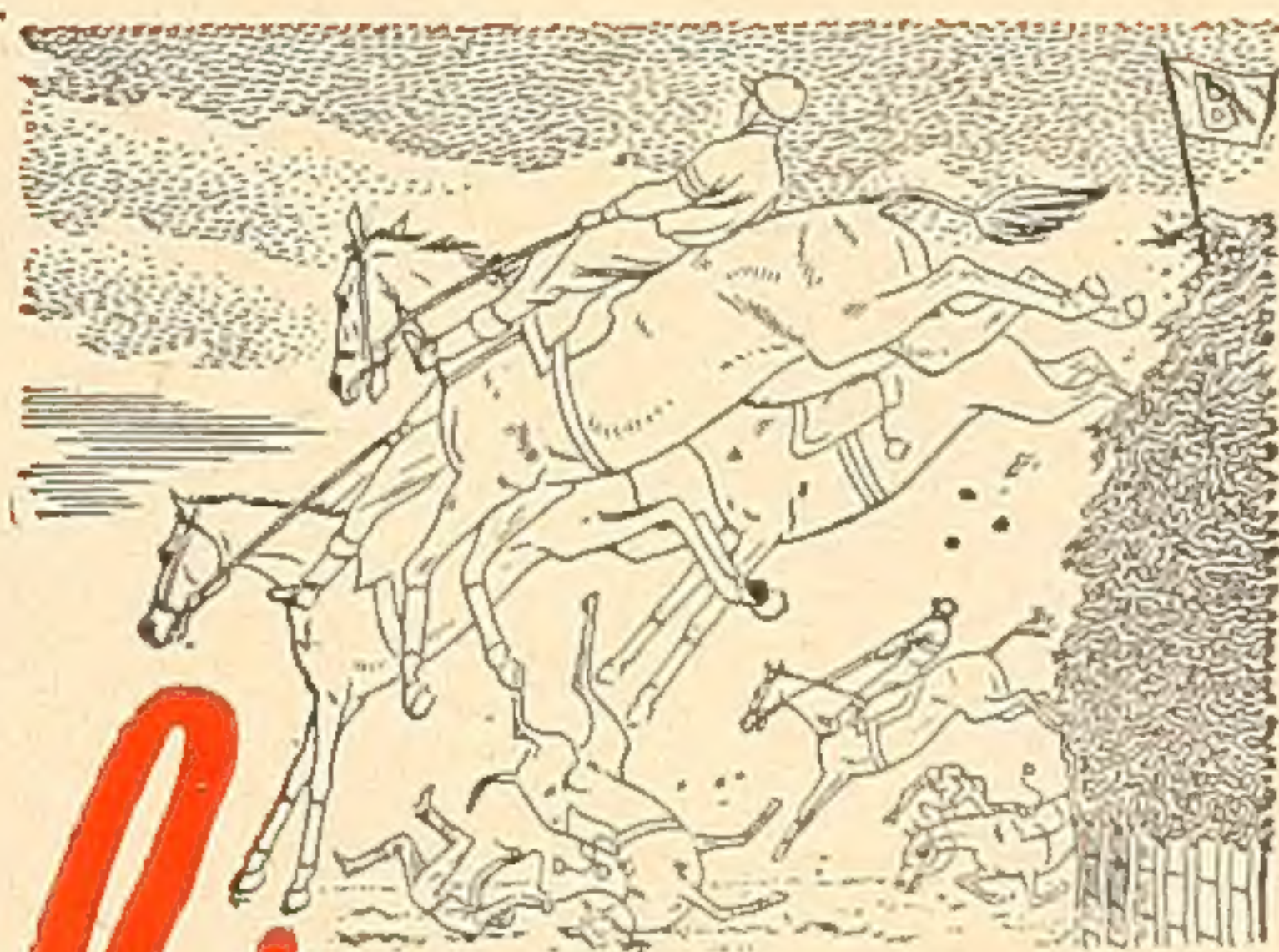
“NATIONAL VELVET” IS ONE OF THE FINEST



PICTURES WE HAVE EVER MADE...AND WE'VE



BEEN MAKING THEM FOR TWENTY YEARS.



National
in **TECHNICOLOR**

Velvet

A CLARENCE BROWN Production
Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold
STARRING

MICKEY ROONEY

with

DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

ANNE REVERE • ANGELA LANSBURY • JACKIE JENKINS
ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore
Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





How to describe TAMPAX to a friend

AMONG your friends one or two may still have vague ideas or wrong ideas about *Tampax*. You will be doing them a kindness by explaining the real facts about this internal method of monthly sanitary protection.

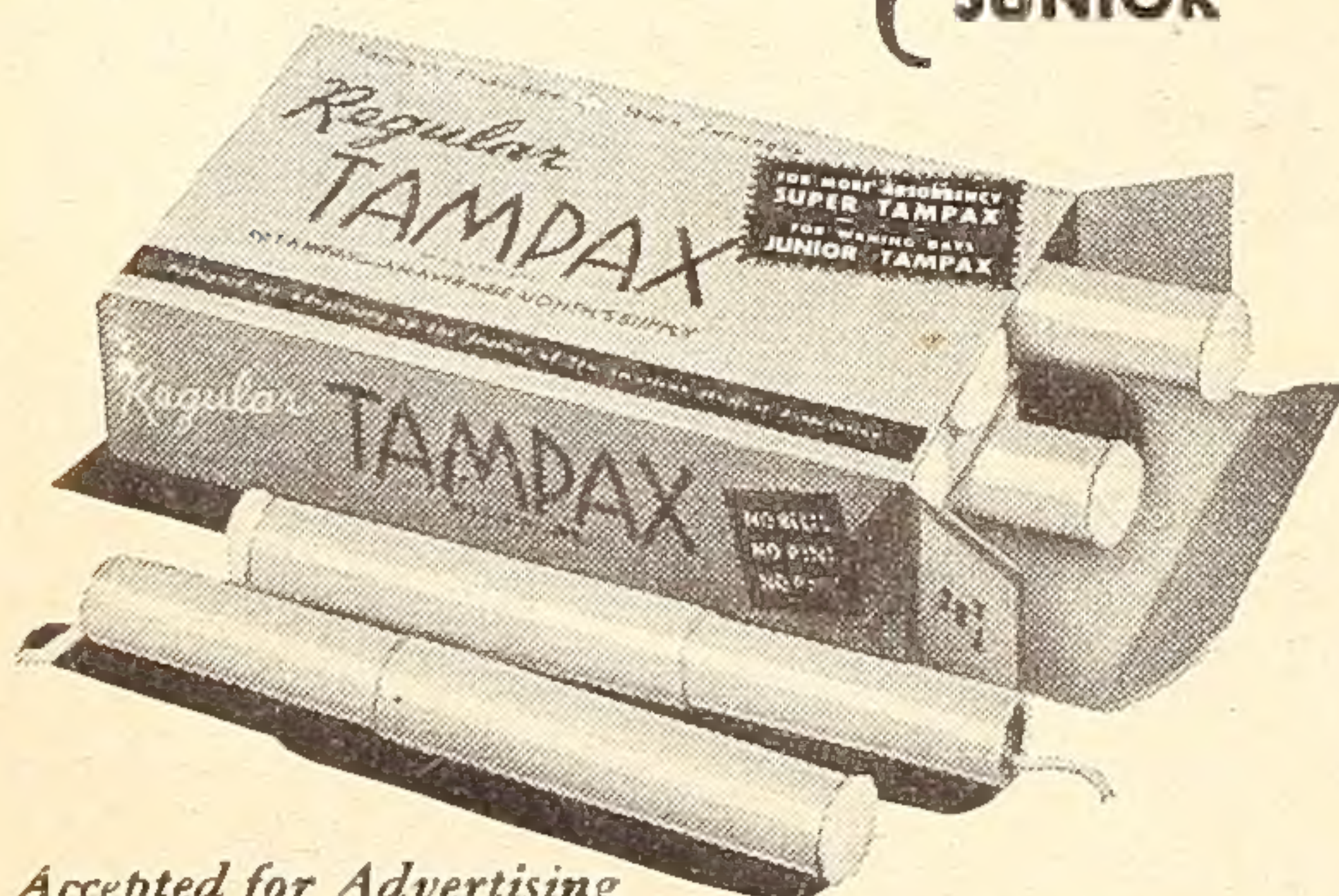
BEGIN BY TELLING your friend how *Tampax* banishes pins, belts and external pads—how odor cannot form and sanitary deodorant is not needed.

ALSO EXPLAIN how *Tampax* can cause no bulges or ridges under any costume—how it is really invisible in use and can even be worn in a tub or shower.

THEN SHOW HER WHY *Tampax* brings about all these improvements—its invention by a doctor, its *internal absorption* principle, its all-cotton construction, its tremendous absorbency, its patented applicator that makes insertion so quick and easy.

SEND HER OUT TO BUY *Tampax* at a drug store or notion counter, where it is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior. A whole month's supply will slip into her purse, while the Economy Box contains 4 months' average requirements. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies {
REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Edward G. Robinson, Jane Wyman and Groucho Marx are cut-ups at recent Hollywood party.



Bing Crosby talks sports with Boys Town football coach, Skip Palrang, and Father Flannagan.

Miss Margaret O'Brien, the seven-year-old movie moppet, was frankly embarrassed. They were doing a scene for "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." Edward G. Robinson was supposed to take her out of bed and help her unbutton her nightgown. He was supposed to stop at the second button. Eddie forgot to stop. When he got to the fifth button, Margaret reached up fast and grabbed his hands. Then she almost burst into tears for spoiling the scene. "But why were you upset, Margaret?" asked the director. "You were dressed underneath." Margaret pulled him down and whispered in his ear. "Jackie Jenkins is over there in the corner watching the scene!"

Janis Paige is the pretty damsel who brightens up this corner. You'll see her in Warners' "Of Human Bondage."



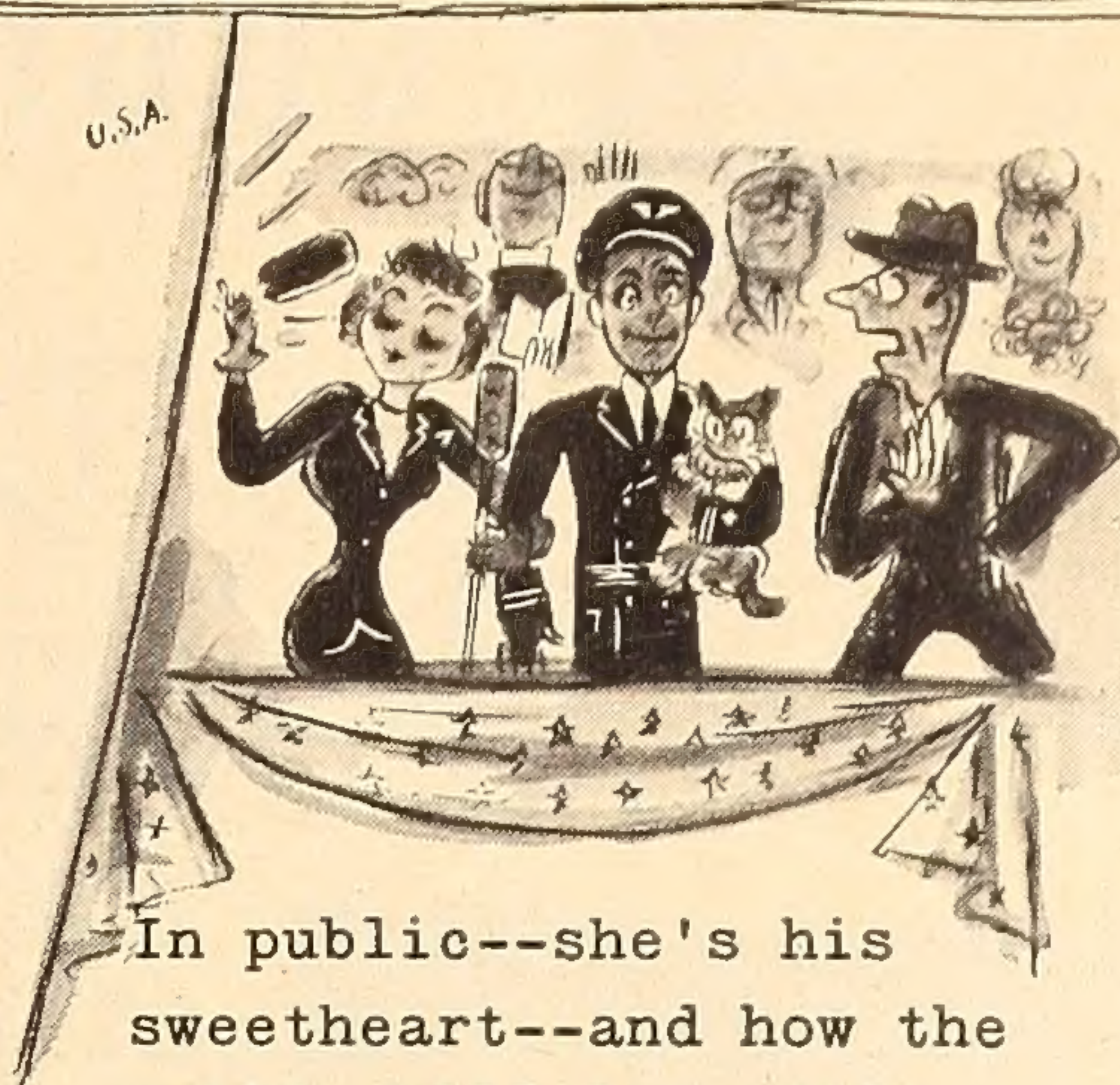
Hot
FROM
HOLLYWOOD

Melisse
says:

"It's practically a riot when a hero comes back to the girl he didn't leave behind him!"



A hero who'd put the Japs on the spot finds himself on the spot--like this!



In public--she's his sweetheart--and how the public will love it!



In private--she's his problem even with 'the other fellow' out of the picture!



A fox-hole was never like this--but beds bore him after what he's been through!



When that collapsible boat expands--they almost scuttle the subway and will surely shuffle away the blues!



What a gay 'dog' MacMurray is--and has! No wonder Claudette's worried!

Paramount
presents

Claudette Colbert
Fred Mac Murray
in
"Practically Yours"

She's the loveliest mistake
a man ever kissed!

He didn't want to love her
—but the way she kisses
is terrific!

It's a laughing, loving
riot that hands a man a
sweetheart when he isn't
looking.

with GIL LAMB • CECIL KELLAWAY
ROBERT BENCHLEY • JANE FRAZEE • MIKHAIL RASUMNY

A MITCHELL LEISEN Production

Written by Norman Krasna
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Permanently Wise



It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.



DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a Stronger Grip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory...

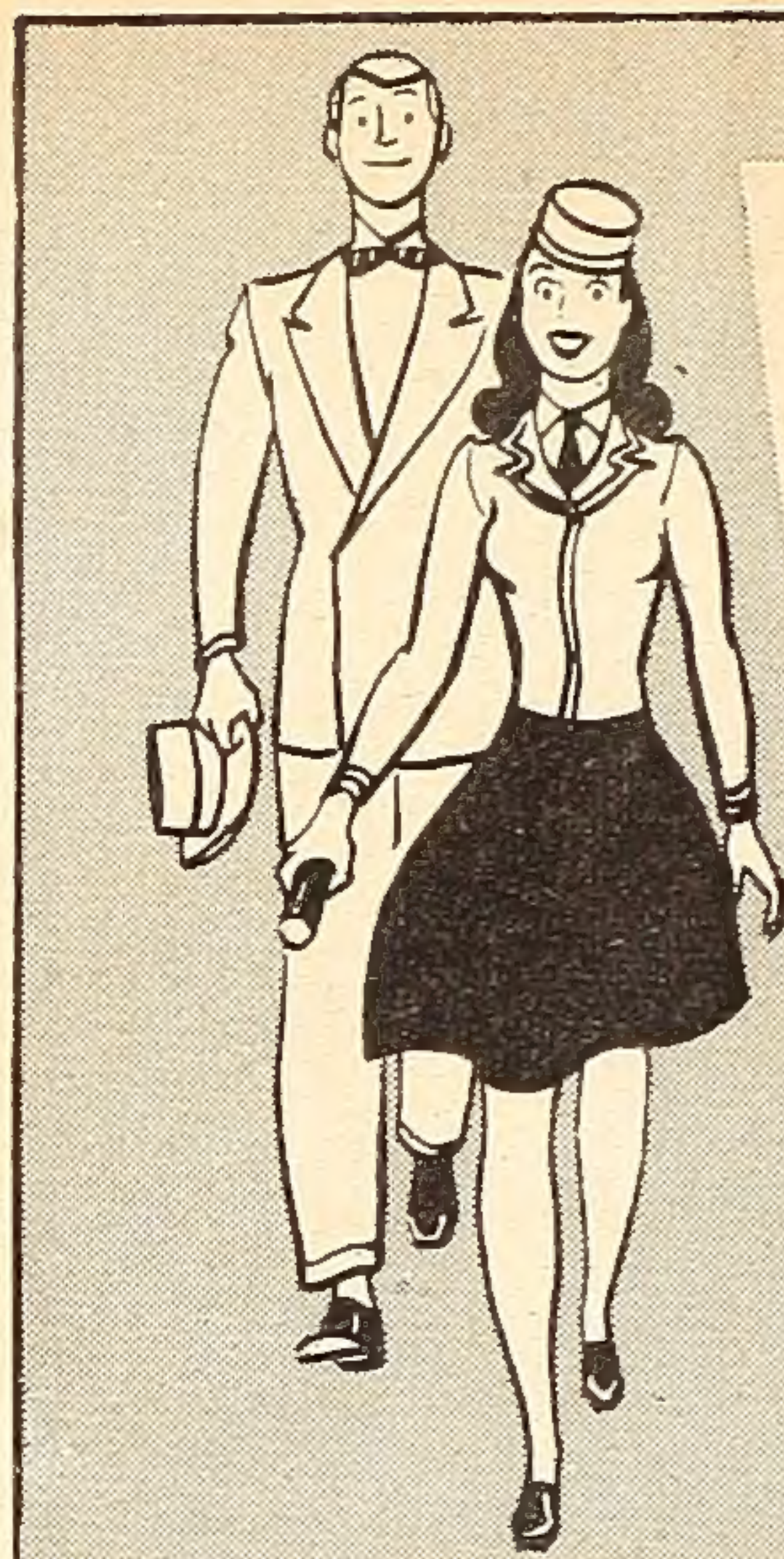
Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



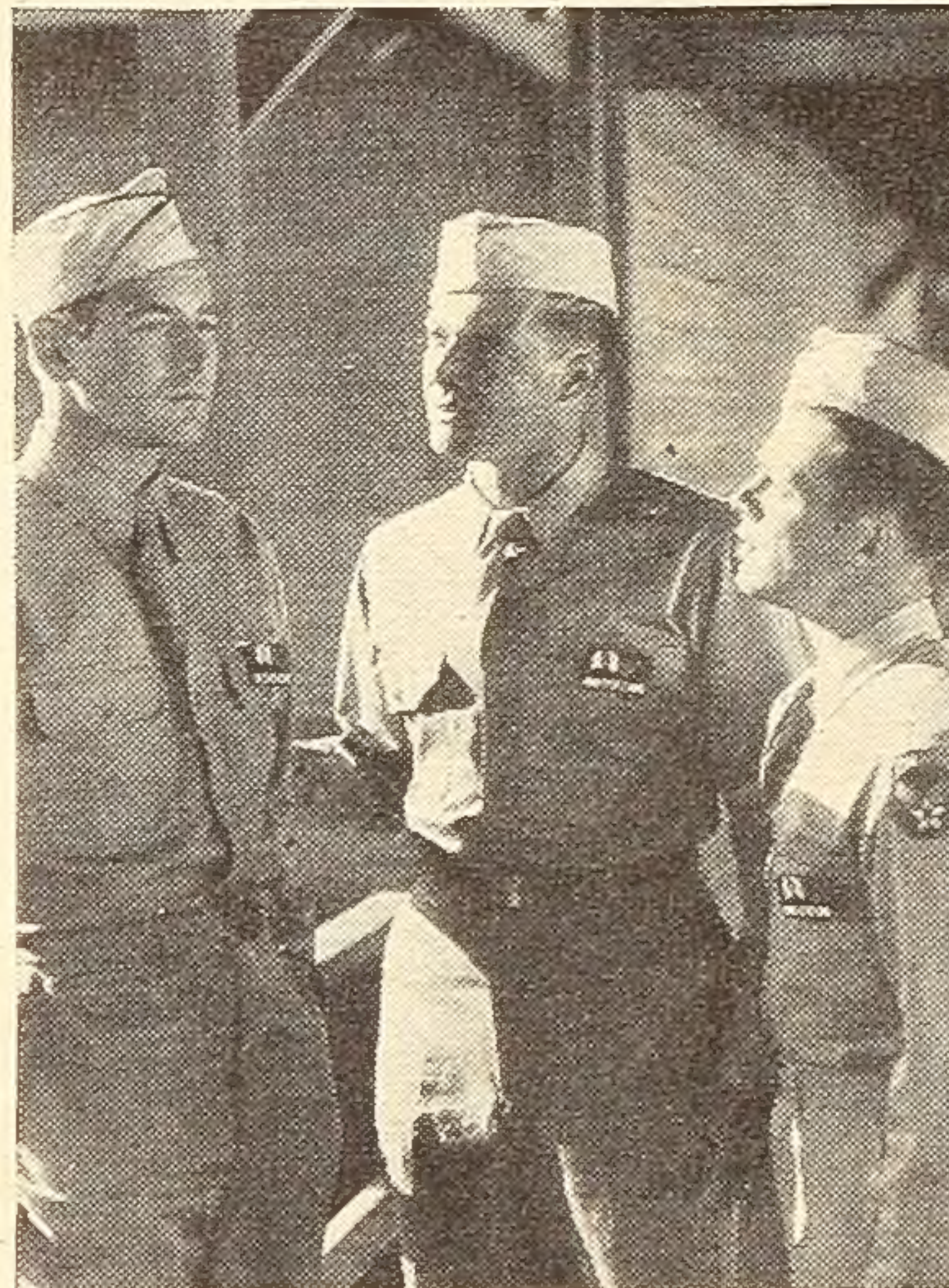
Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

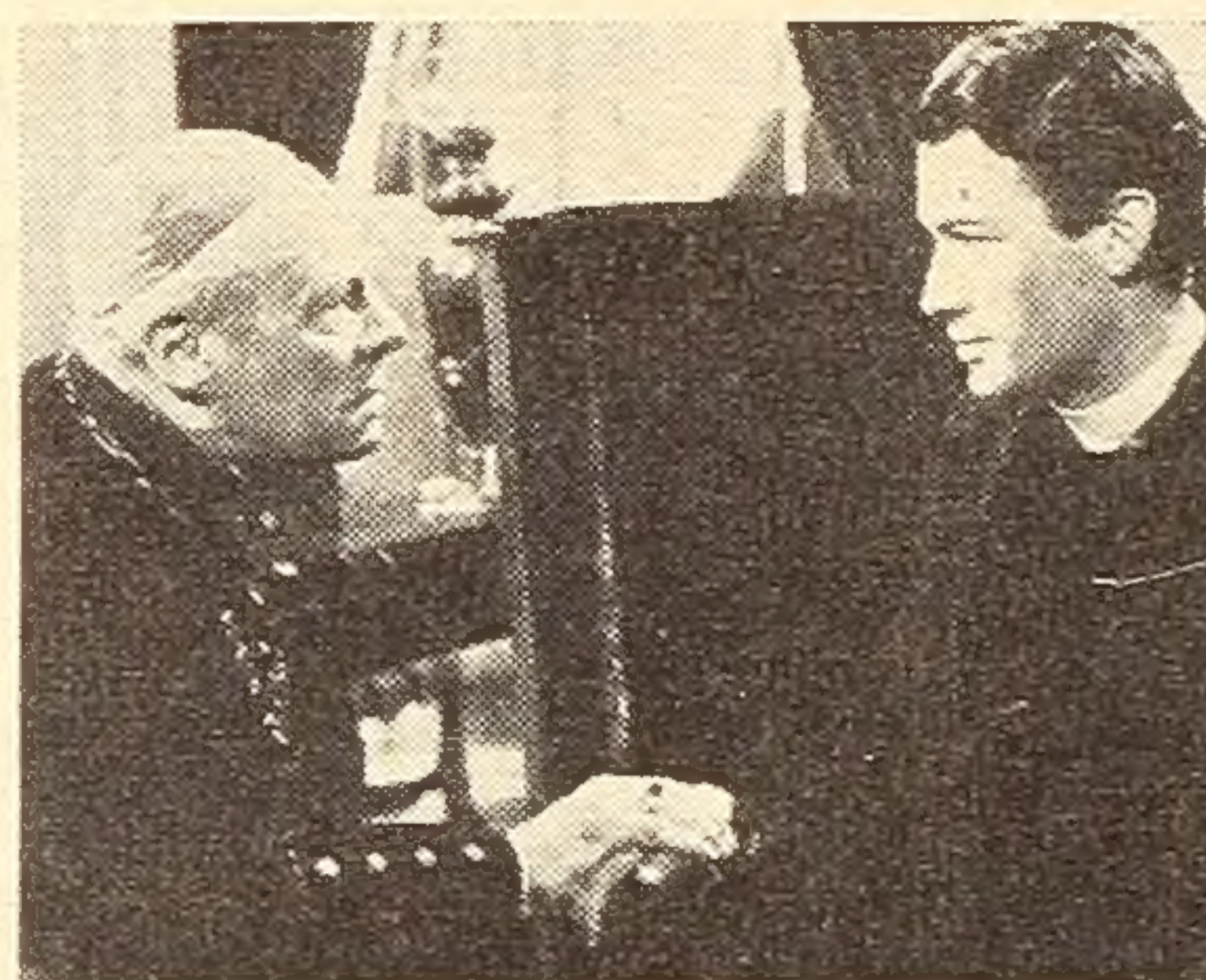
WINGED VICTORY—20th Century-Fox

Classic play of this war becomes a motion picture classic, with all Moss Hart's superb situations and characterizations intact, and the added impact of the screen's intimacy, bringing the AAF boys, and their girls, in sharper focus by means of the closeup. If you saw the play you will find yourself thrilled anew by the picture. If you missed the play, then let nothing stop you from hurrying to see the movie—for it is a magnificently stirring show. The proof of its importance is that not only servicemen's families, but the men themselves like this picture, recognizing its reality, its sincerity, as contrasted with the Hollywood hokum of some other war films. The story of clean-cut *Alan*, gay *Pinky*, cut-up *Irving* from Brooklyn, and their buddies; of their adventures in flying and loving and living and, in some cases, dying—is a great story, simply and touchingly told. Fine acting from the soldier cast, with Mark Daniels and Don Taylor new star discoveries, and Edmond O'Brien, Lon McCallister, George Reeves outstanding. Jane Ball, Jeanne Crain, and Jo-Carroll Dennison shine as service wives.



THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM—20th Century-Fox

Adding a great deal of momentum to the religious cycle of films is this picture based on A. J. Cronin's best selling novel. Tempered with more of a human touch than in "Song Of Bernadette" and less of the modernity than in "Going My Way," Gregory Peck's performance is one of the best as the priest who establishes a mission in China to further Christianity in the midst of Confucianism. His heroic self-sacrifice is a dramatic revelation to all those who dwell too much on their own worries and sorrows. And so is Rosa Stradner's portrayal of Mother Superior, who finds her former aristocratic life hard to forget.



MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—MGM

An appealingly sentimental story that so many of our young matrons are actually living is very nicely blended with some of the world's best music by Grieg, Debussy, Chopin and Tschaikovsky. Add to that the charm of June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien, and you have a heartwarmer. The story, anent a young bride who worries when she doesn't receive letters from her husband overseas, is a little flimsy, but the attempts of her friends and co-musicians in a symphony orchestra to keep the news of his loss from her very adequately retains interest. José Iturbi, not to mention Jimmy Durante, are well worth the price of admission.



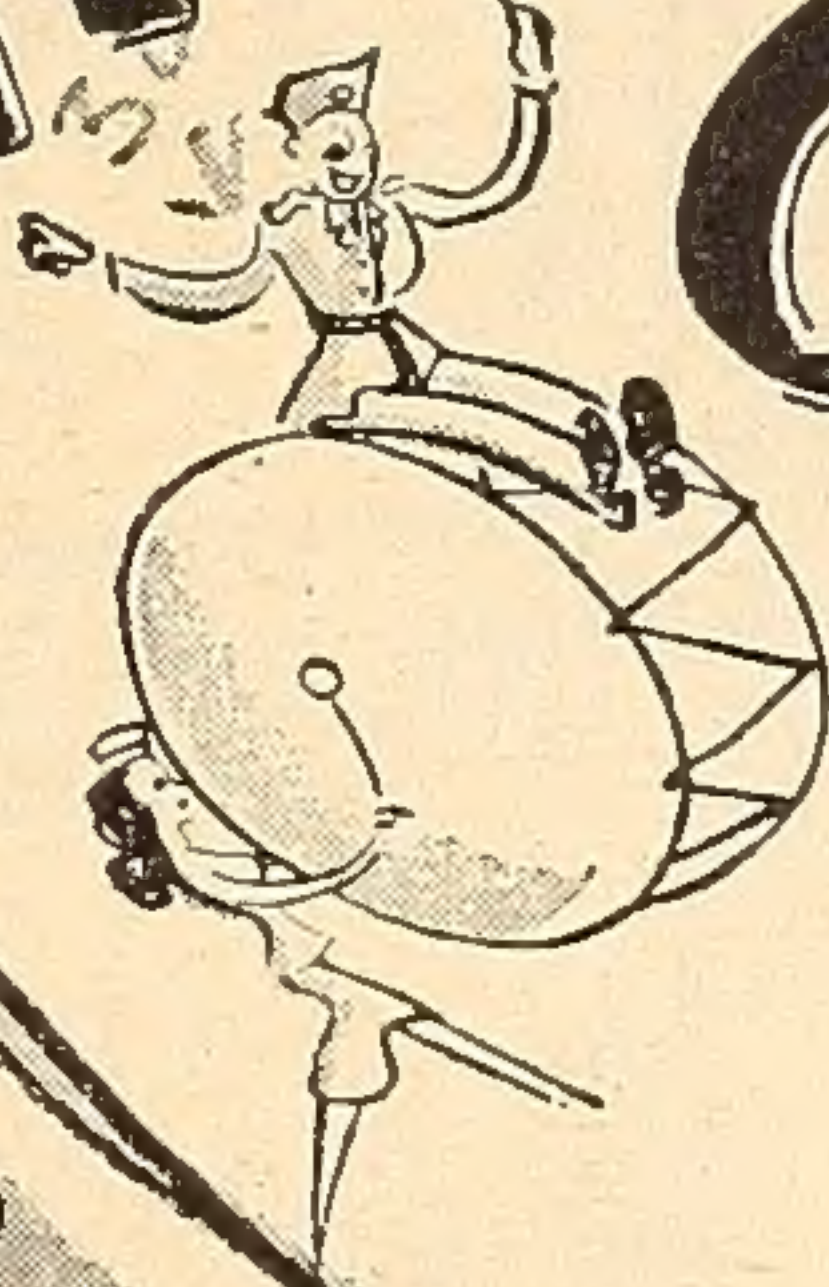
NATIONAL VELVET—MGM

Just when we were ready to say there's nothing new in horse-racing pictures, MGM set us back on our heels with this one based on the Enid Bagnold novel. And if these new tricks weren't enough to accomplish this feat, little Elizabeth Taylor certainly would. Her performance as *Velvet Brown*, the little girl who loves devotedly the horse she won in a raffle and rode to victory in the Grand National, is a thing of beauty and inspiration. Balancing this idolatry is Mickey Rooney's homeless wanderer who becomes her friend and adviser. Donald Crisp, Anne Revere and Jackie Jenkins help make it fine. (More Reviews on page 12)



Valentines! from Warners!

62 HOLLYWOOD STARS! 3 SENSATIONAL BANDS in "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"



Songs! "DON'T FENCE ME IN"
Songs! "SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
Songs! AND MANY MORE!

It's a
wonderful,
wonder-filled
love story too!

That very sensational
woman's very sensational
debut!



HUMPHREY
BOGART
with
LAUREN
BACALL
and
WALTER BRENNAN

in Ernest Hemingway's
"TO HAVE AND
HAVE NOT"

A HOWARD HAWKS
PRODUCTION

Full of big surprises--
and thrill upon thrill!

ERROL FLYNN



OBJECTIVE BURMA

with WILLIAM PRINCE • JAMES BROWN
GEO. TOBIAS • HENRY HULL
WARNER ANDERSON

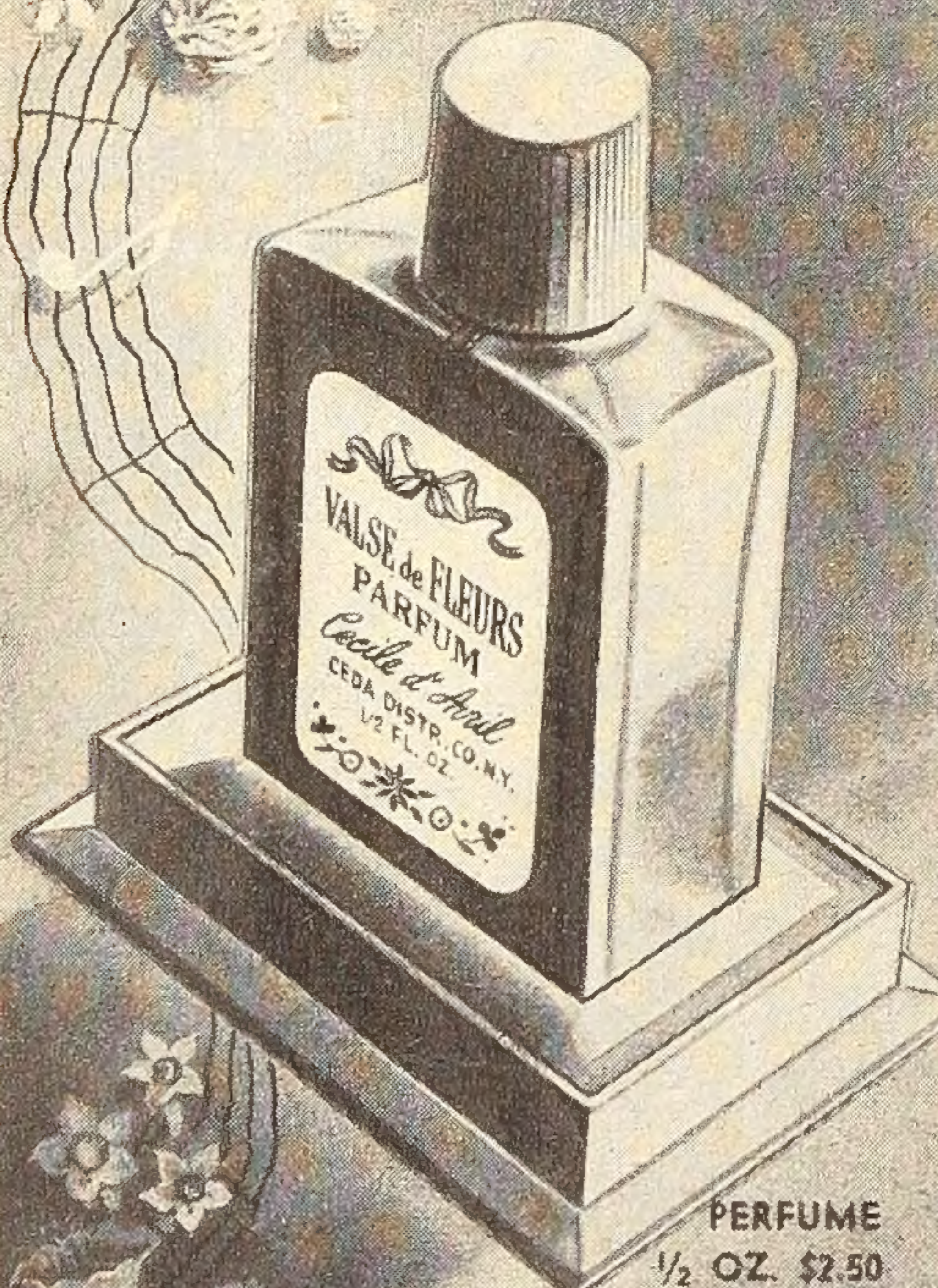


Roses are red,
Violets are blue
WARNER BROS.
made these hits
for you!

Jack L. Warner, Executive Producer

Inspired by the colorful romance of the immortal "Waltz of the Flowers" by Tschaiikovsky

VAISE de FLEURS by Cecile d'Avril



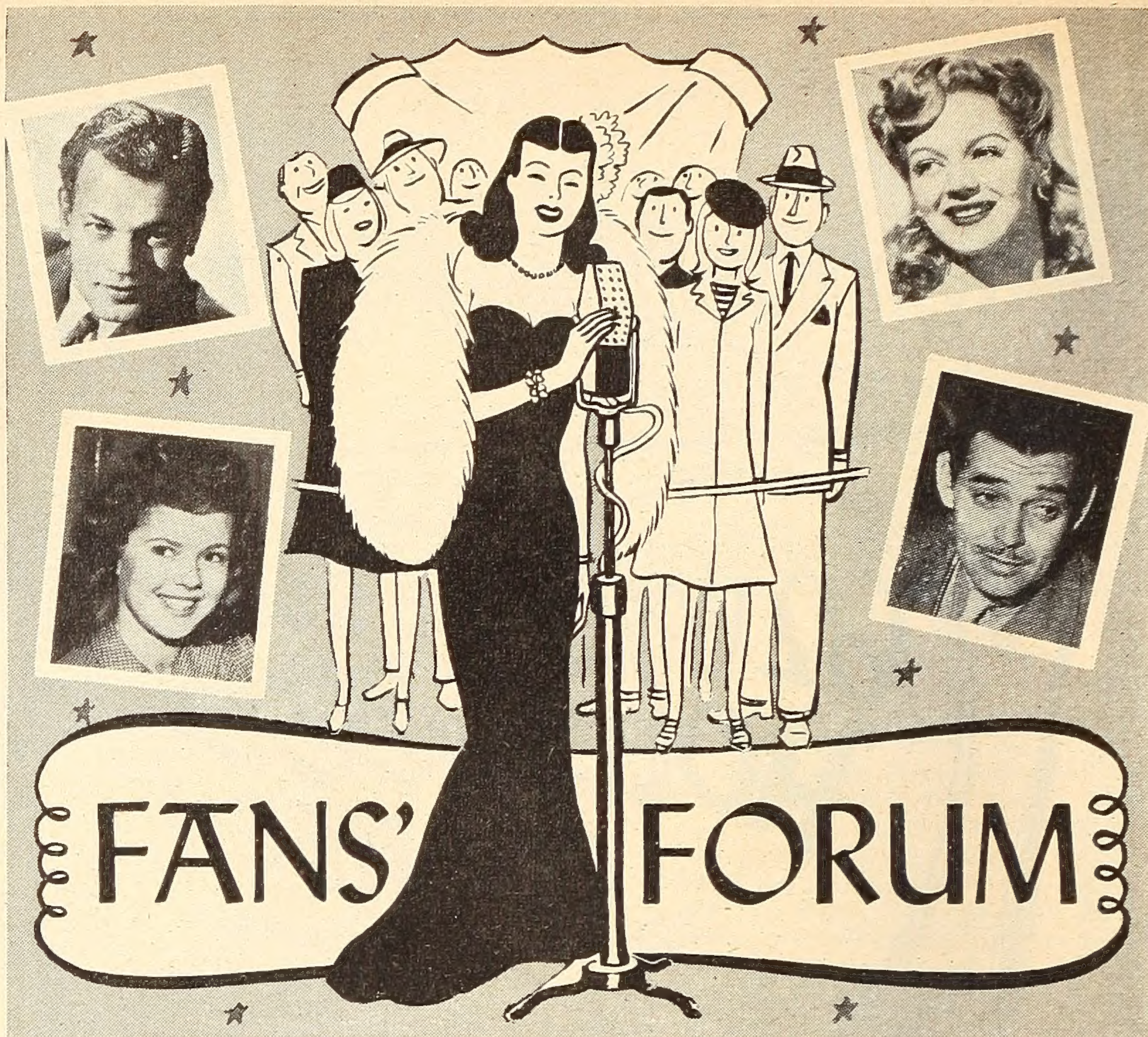
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1/2 OZ. \$2.50
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Eau de Cologne 4 Oz. \$1.00
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Write in a Wrong or Right

Everyone has a right to his own opinion, and even if your friends in Fans' Forum do not agree with you on your particular pet peeve or praise, Hollywood's movie producers and stars welcome your comments with open ears. Don't keep it to yourself, but write it in a letter to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 265 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

Just prior to reading "The Robe," I learned that the book was to be made into a picture. Knowing this, it was impossible to meet the characters without seeing a screen personage in each rôle.

The young, just, and tragic Roman, *Marcellus Gallio*, took on the appearance of Joseph Cotton, and I couldn't seem to see him otherwise. His mischievous younger sister who worshipped him was lovely Diana Lynn. The aged and childish *Emperor Tiberius* might well have been Barry Fitzgerald, whose amazing acting ability would warrant his being assigned this rôle. The spirited *Diana* who loved *Marcellus* and died with him was Ida Lupino. Much of the story was without her presence, but the character carries strength and demands the ability and youth of Miss Lupino. The faithful and handsome slave of *Marcellus*, whose education and poise made him more than just a slave, must be Turhan Bey—only Turhan could give life to *Demetrius*. The gentle countenance of Eleanor Parker would make her a perfect *Miriam*—the cripple girl whose singing helped *Marcellus* find his way.

With the best direction Hollywood has to offer, and with careful character selection, this picture-to-be could carry the powerful

impact that Lloyd Douglas put forth in his book. As successful as "Magnificent Obsession" and "The Green Light" proved to be, and as forceful as their teachings, they could never compare with "The Robe," brought to the screen as Hollywood can, and doubtless will, do it.

MRS. B. A. BATTLES, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

\$5.00

I had the good fortune, when in Hollywood recently, to attend a radio broadcast starring Clark Gable—one of his first acting assignments since his return to civilian life. The studio audience was tense with anticipation, awaiting his appearance. The reception given him when he did come on the stage was one of the most sincerely hearty I think I have witnessed. Here was someone the fans not only admired as an actor, but truly respected and honored as a person. His splendid war record, the dignity with which he has conducted his private life, his off-screen natural friendliness, all have made of Gable something of a beloved tradition.

It occurred to me then that the type of pictures he once starred in wouldn't be quite acceptable now. He has outgrown them, just as the public's feeling toward him has changed. The What-A-Man Gable days are obviously gone, and if his producers are wise I think they will realize this and choose a different type of story for him now. Something with more dignity and importance.

The new Gable possesses all the easy charm and humor of the old, plus an added depth which, it seems to me, shouldn't be ignored.

D. H. CHAPMAN, San Francisco, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS

\$1.00 Each

They say winning an Academy Award makes a star. Well, Katina Paxinou was a great star before winning her award, but some people in Hollywood neglected to (Please turn to page 92)

YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE !
THE FIRST GREAT DRAMATIC MUSICAL...

TECHNICOLOR!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Rita
HAYWORTH

*TONIGHT AND
EVERY NIGHT*

WITH **JANET BLAIR · LEE BOWMAN**

MARC PLATT · LESLIE BROOKS

Screen Play by Lesser Samuels and Abem Finkel · Songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn

Produced and Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE





**AS BIG AND LAVISH
AS ITS COLORFUL
SETTING...**

THE SCANDAL SPOT of the WEST

The call of adventure answered in the full flare of romance! Exciting! Lusty! Stars! Dancing Lovelies! Tuneful melodies!

**JOHN WAYNE
ANN DVORAK**

IN

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

It's two-fisted, sock entertainment with a stirring climax crowded with shock and thrill!

featuring

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

with WILLIAM FRAWLEY

VIRGINIA GREY and

RUSSELL HICKS • JACK NORTON

PAUL FIX • MANART KIPPEN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Your Guide to



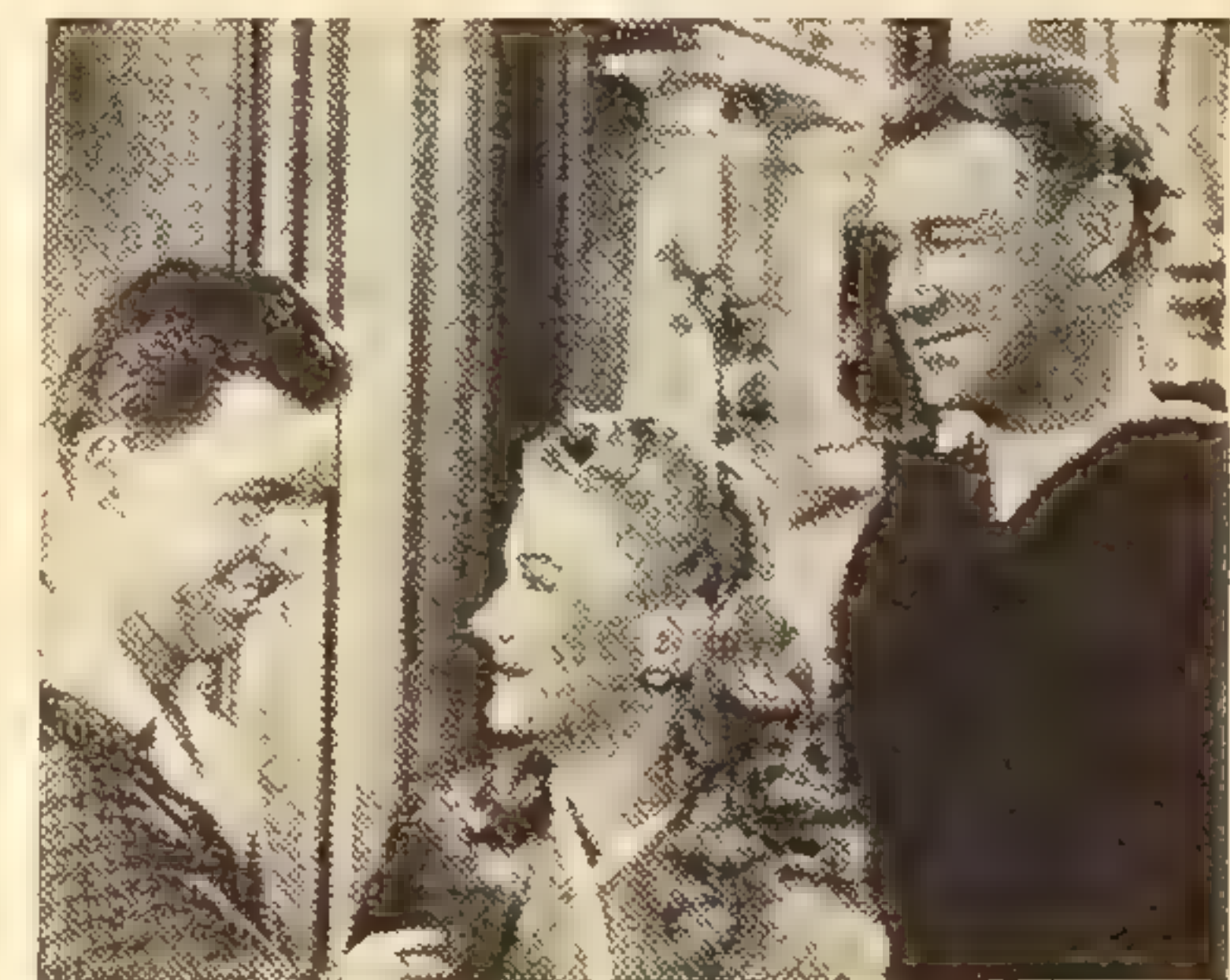
EXPERIMENT PERILOUS—RKO Radio

This psychological drama of a criminally jealous husband, starring the lovely Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, and Paul Lukas in demanding rôles, makes fascinating movie fare for adults. The enfolding of the story which uses the detective technique, except in this case it's a doctor's investigation of a beautiful woman's sanity, is engrossing and suspenseful. The dénouement in which the distorted mentality of the respected citizen and philanthropic husband goes on a rampage is played to the hilt and becomes a terrifying, shocking scene. Olive Blakeney, who plays the disappearing sister, is exceptionally good in cast including Albert Dekker, Carl Emond and Margaret Wycherly.



TOGETHER AGAIN—Columbia

Many movie-goers who hark back to the pre-war pictures teaming Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer will have a bad case of nostalgia when they see this film produced by Virginia Van Upp. The same lighthearted inanities are in this one, too, but the story about the highly respected and respectable lady mayor and her love for the most attractive sculptor who "does" her deceased husband's statue, just doesn't ring the same bell that it would have before the war. Even so it's a welcome respite from the serious type of picture, and the co-stars still have plenty of romantic appeal. Charles Coburn does a fine comic job. Mona Freeman and Jerome Courtland are interesting newcomers.



BRING ON THE GIRLS—Paramount

Here's one of the bright, gay, completely escapist romantic comedies for which only Paramount seems to know the recipe. Ingredients are apparently the same as in other companies' concoctions—but somewhere in the mixing a master hand takes hold, with entirely captivating results. Take Eddie Bracken as a shy sailor who also happens to be one of the richest young men in the U.S.A. Take Veronica Lake as a crafty night club siren on his trail; Marjorie Reynolds as pretty competition—then add Sonny Tufts, the ingratiating blond giant, as Eddie's fellow sailor, body-guard, and rival in love—and you have a very palatable pasty with Sonny Tufts the particular plum.

Current Films



BELLE OF THE YUKON—RKO International Pictorially and vocally on the entertainment side, Gypsy Rose Lee and Dinah Shore are plenty to attract audiences to this film with an Alaskan setting in the 1890's. Randy Scott and William Marshall are enough to provoke a few sighs on the romantic side. So, the spasmodic quirks in the story, which is sometimes serious melodrama and sometimes definitely kidding, can easily be passed over. It deals with a confidence man who turns honest in spite of himself when he becomes the town's banker. There's much to do about the bags of gold dust, and which of them contain real pay dirt and which are filled with river sand is as fascinating as the old shell game. Bob Burns is in solidly for a few sequences.



MURDER, MY SWEET—RKO Radio "Jade, jade, who's got the jade necklace?" is the theme of this detective thriller, serving up a tough case for our sleuth, Dick Powell, to solve. He does it, but not without plenty of bodily harm. In fact, he loses consciousness through beatings and stranglings so many times that we wonder how he ever came through it alive enough to fall in love with one of the pretty suspects, Anne Shirley. Responsible for his many downfalls are the master mind, played suavely by Otto Kruger; the "Moose" with super-human strength, Mike Mazurki; and the alluring siren, Claire Trevor. But don't get us wrong. It's good film entertainment in spite of its scandal-sheet aura.



BEACHHEAD TO BERLIN—Warner Bros. In this twenty-minute Technicolor special subject, the U. S. Coast Guard photographers have captured for all time one of the greatest events of this war—the Normandy invasion. Showing the practice maneuvers, the training and briefing of our boys, the co-ordination of various forces, and finally the actual invasion and warfare, this film should be part of America's education. Designed to give an over-all picture of the event, the film also offers a splendid symphony of color photography. Congratulations are in order, especially to the Coast Guard for dedicating it to the unsung branch of the service, the U. S. Chaplain Corps.

*Go back, Mary—
You forgot something!*



Take half a minute more—
or that heavy date
may be a dud!



That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!



Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even after you're dressed. Now you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor to come.



The End of a Perfect Date... and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lasts all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. **MUM'S SAFE**—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. **MUM'S CERTAIN**—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

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Bottom, SHARON—distinctive 9-jewel ladies watch in yellow—with matching bracelet. **\$24.95**

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Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Many special grooming products march in to help you greet the Spring attractively



Martha Vickers, of Warner Brothers, demonstrates the correct application of Overglo Face Powder by Westmore.



Soft as Spring breezes is L'Orle's "Doeskin" perfume and matching cologne. Doeskin labels and ties present a new and attractive packaging note.

IT'S the right "finish" that brings the super touch to your spring grooming. And, you can depend on the brothers Westmore to come out with a powder designed to add a glowing loveliness to their other makeup preparations. Overglo Face Powder is the new one-shade, non-coloring finish which they suggest for use over their tinted Overglo foundations. It is a feather-weight product that goes on in satin-smooth fashion, and, what's more, is said never to cake, streak, or turn yellow on the skin.

Then, for a quick, comfortable spring facial, there's Clin, a greaseless, stainless preparation by Kleerskin, Inc. After a good face-scrubbing, you spread Clin on with your fingertips and leave it on for half an hour. Result: a cleansing, stimulating home treatment.

The birth of another new makeup idea comes from Jergens. This time it's twins! Jergen's Twin Makeup combines cake make-

up and matching face powder both in one box—a set that should be a time saver and a beauty boon to many a girl. There's a shade for every type of skin. The cake is of the sponge-on non-drying kind, and the accompanying powder is superfined to give a velvety long-lasting finish to the complexion.

Of course, no bathing ritual is complete without the assurance of day-long protection from possible perspiration offense. Dorothy Gray has a creamy textured, fragrant cream deodorant which also checks perspiration for from one to three days. It's actually a clothes-saver, too, because while it helps prevent perspiration stains, it will not harm precious fabrics.

Another exciting new cosmetic combination planned for makeup harmony is "Synchronone" by Pinaud. As the name suggests, colors of lipstick, rouge and cake are synchronized so that any and all will blend to meet your special makeup needs.

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| Seams | Teaching Your Daughter To Sew |
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| The Science of Cutting | Slipcovers |
| How To Baste | Bedspreads, Couch Covers, Dressing Table Skirts |
| How To Make Fitting Alterations | Curtains |
| Becoming Necklines | Formal Draperies |
| Collars, Vests, and Dickies | Measurements For Home Sewing |
| Sleeves | Covering and Re-Covering Lampshades |
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The **EYES** have it in Judy Garland's good looks picture. As Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's singing star, Judy uses subtle and clever makeup to bring out the full loveliness of her eyes, making them a "special feature."



Fresh and soft as a flower petal is Ida Lupino's **COMPLEXION**. She keeps it that way with soap and water, softening creams and protective lotions. Ida's next are "Hollywood Canteen" and "Pillar to Post."



An exquisite **MOUTH** beautifully outlined in color, and **TEETH** sparkling with whiteness play leading rôles in Dusty Anderson's beauty portrait. Dusty will next be seen in "Tonight and Every Night."

★ ★ SPECIAL FEATURES ★ ★

Take tips from the movie beauties and star your most attractive features

By Josephine Felts

WHAT'S your special claim to beauty? Perhaps it's lovely eyes, an alluring mouth, or dazzling hair. Or, maybe a peaches-and-cream complexion, a knock-out figure, or wonderful bone structure is your biggest attraction. Fortunately, most of us have some one good-looks attribute that merits particular attention. So, if you would be beauty-wise, our advice is copy the movie stars and, whatever your best feature is, bring it into focus!

Although all the actresses whom we have chosen to illustrate this article can boast of many good features, we have selected each for the particular beauty emphasis which appears in the photographs we're showing. These pictures of Judy Garland's starry eyes, Dusty Anderson's charming mouth, Ida Lupino's petal-soft complexion, and Lana Turner's glorious figure—all serve to prove how you can dramatize your whole appearance by playing up your outstanding beauty asset.

By bringing out the full loveliness of her eyes, Judy makes herself much envied. If you follow faithfully an eye treatment, you, too, can add sparkle to your eyes. First, keep that "tired look" away by frequent use of eye-cleansing lotions. Then see that your brows are always kept in tidy outline by plucking stray hairs which occasionally appear to mar their well-arched shapeliness. When brows do not make a full arch, it's a good idea to continue them with eyebrow pencil until they extend slightly beyond the corner of your eyes. An expert application of the right shade of eye-shadow—remember, in the daytime a little of this goes a long way—a careful brushing on of mascara to your lashes, and your eyes will shine



Who wouldn't be proud to have Lana Turner's lithe and supple **FIGURE**—especially considering she is a young matron? Daily exercise and good posture is her recipe for lovely lines. Lana's next picture will be MGM's "There Were Three Of Us."

out like stars; and will look larger too.

The bright lipstick which Dusty Anderson puts on her pretty mouth certainly accents its shapeliness and makes her teeth appear more sparkling (if possible!) than they are. For your own lip beauty, outline your mouth carefully with a little brush laden with color. Then fill in the whole mouth surface, bringing the rouge well inside your mouth. A thorough blotting with tissue, or a powdering over with your face powder, and another going over with your lipstick itself, and your mouth is perfect. Recently the trend has been toward naturally pretty mouth shapes. "Rosebuds" and "squared off" mouths are definitely out of vogue! (We needn't add that Dusty brushes her teeth religiously and sees her dentist often.)

Blending and matching makeup colors is a fine art. Powder base, lipstick, eye-shadow, mascara, brow pencil and nail polish always should blend with your natural coloring. Choose a powder just a shade darker than your skin and rouge that tones in with your powder and emphasize your eyes.

Lots of soap and water scrubbings, light massage with creams and skin softeners, and good body health are again the answer to another beautiful complexion. Ida Lupino is proud of her delicately fine skin so she gives it conscientious daily care, as all wise women do. As an extra precaution for this weather, a good way to protect your skin from the elements is with a non-drying makeup foundation.

Lana Turner's figure is Exhibit A on how to make the most of lovely body lines. Through exercise you can prevent the thickening of your waist or the drooping of your bust. Walk, sit and stand straight and high. Remember your kind of posture can make or break a beautiful figure!



“And she still
won't get by”

What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself . . . why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent . . . why she was the “last resort” when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without knowing it. It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse and gargle, offers you a simple and wholly delightful precaution that so many popular people rarely omit. Use it always before any “date” where you want to be at your best.

Listerine's rapid germicidal action halts food fermentation in the mouth and the odors it causes. And, although halitosis is sometimes systemic, this food fermentation, in the opinion of some authorities, is a major cause of unpleasant breath. Almost at once, in such cases, your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

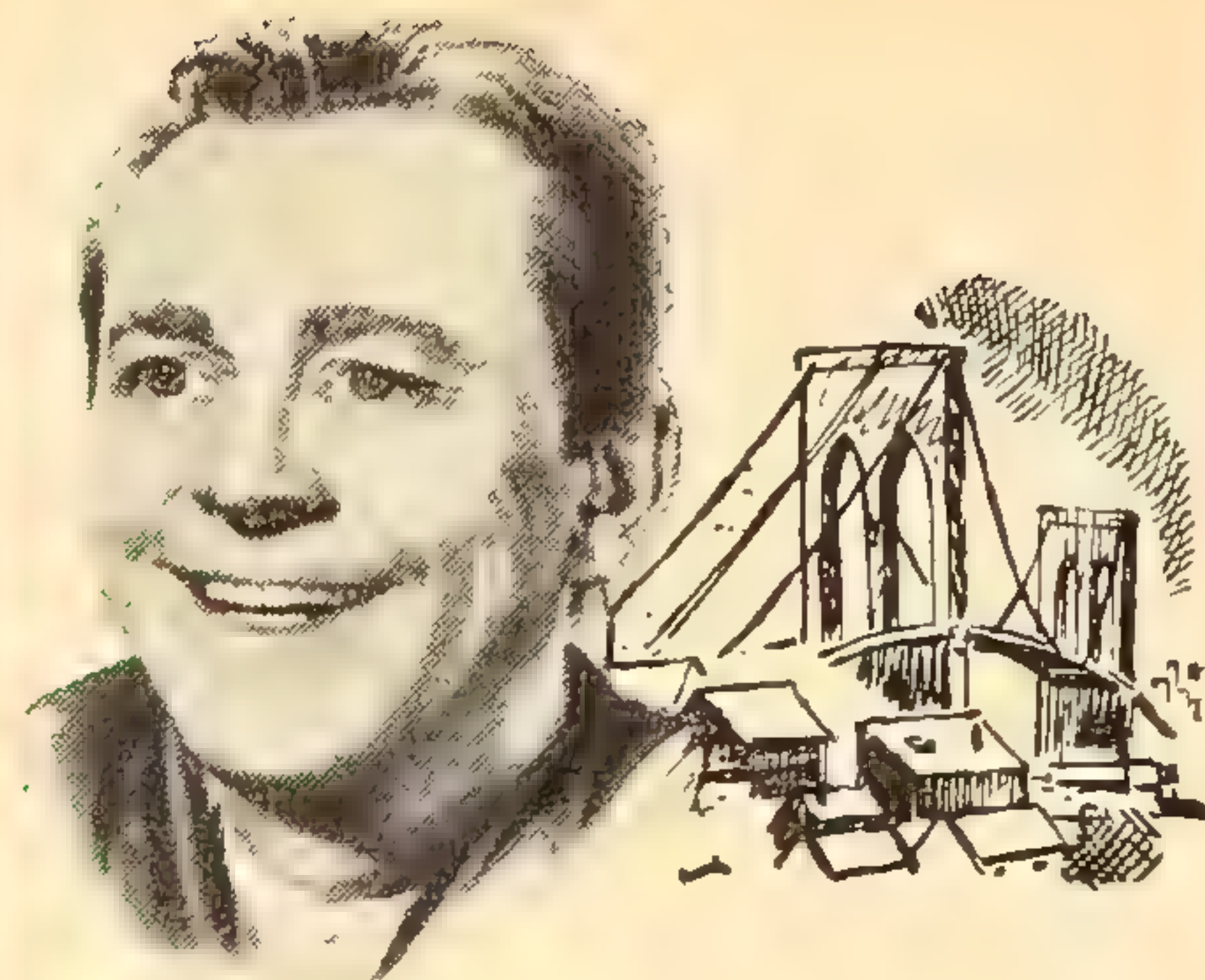
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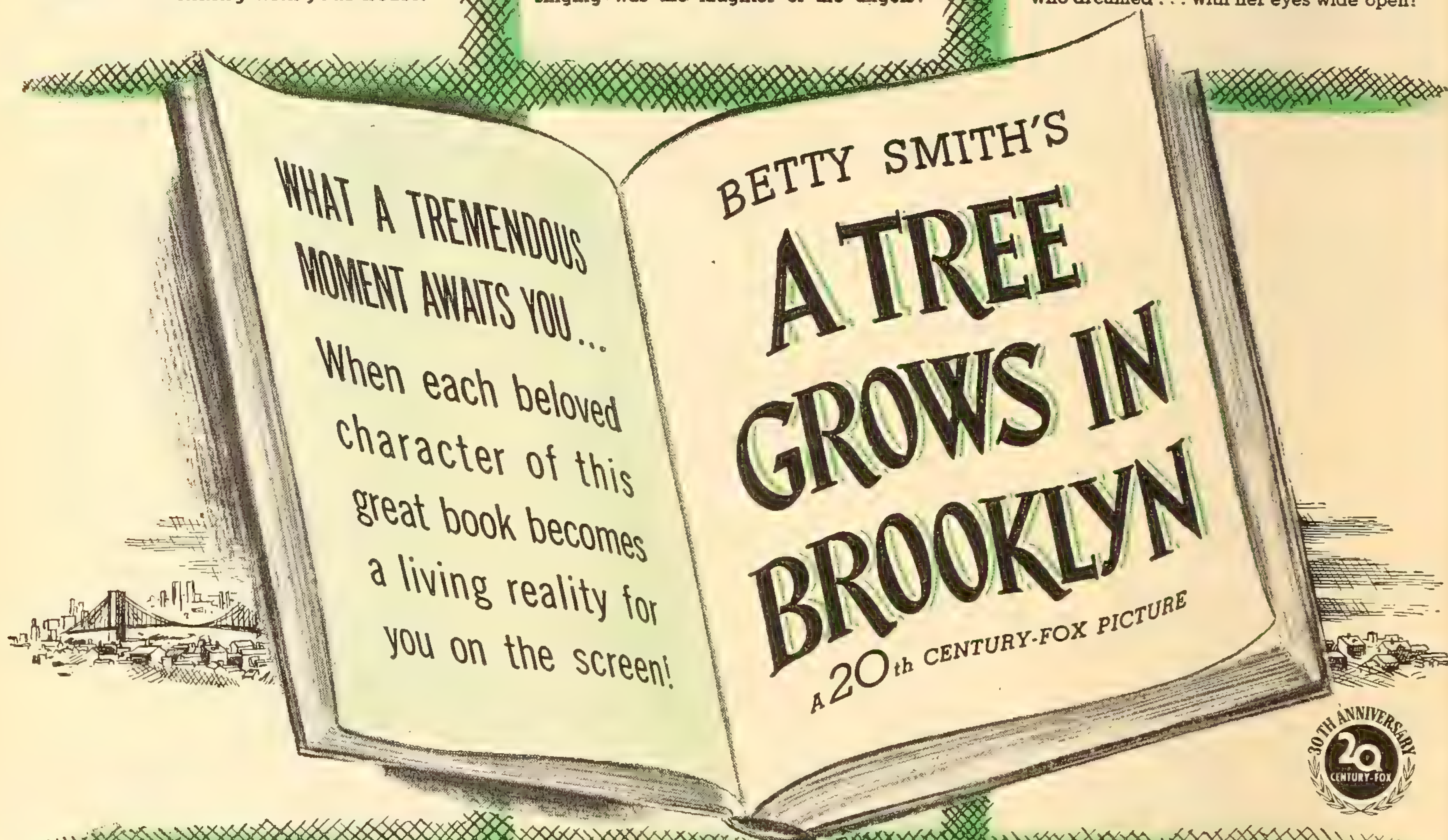
KATIE...who forgot that loving
a man was thinking with your heart!



JOHNNY...who sang 'cause
singing was the laughter of the angels!



FRANCIE...the little girl
who dreamed...with her eyes wide open!



AUNT SISSY...who
wasn't bad...she was only friendly!



NEELEY...whose world was
Brooklyn...and "alla candy you can eat"!



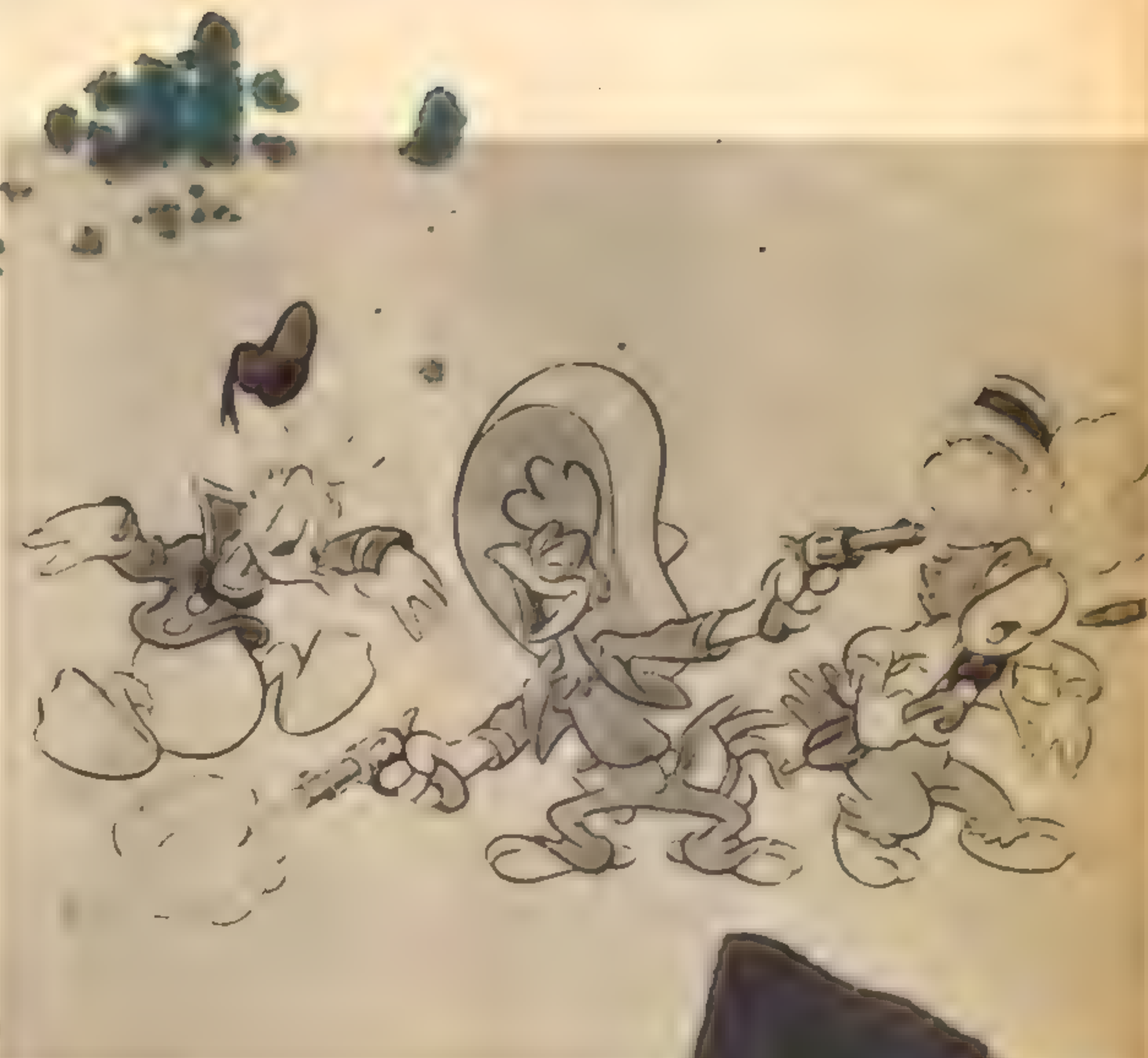
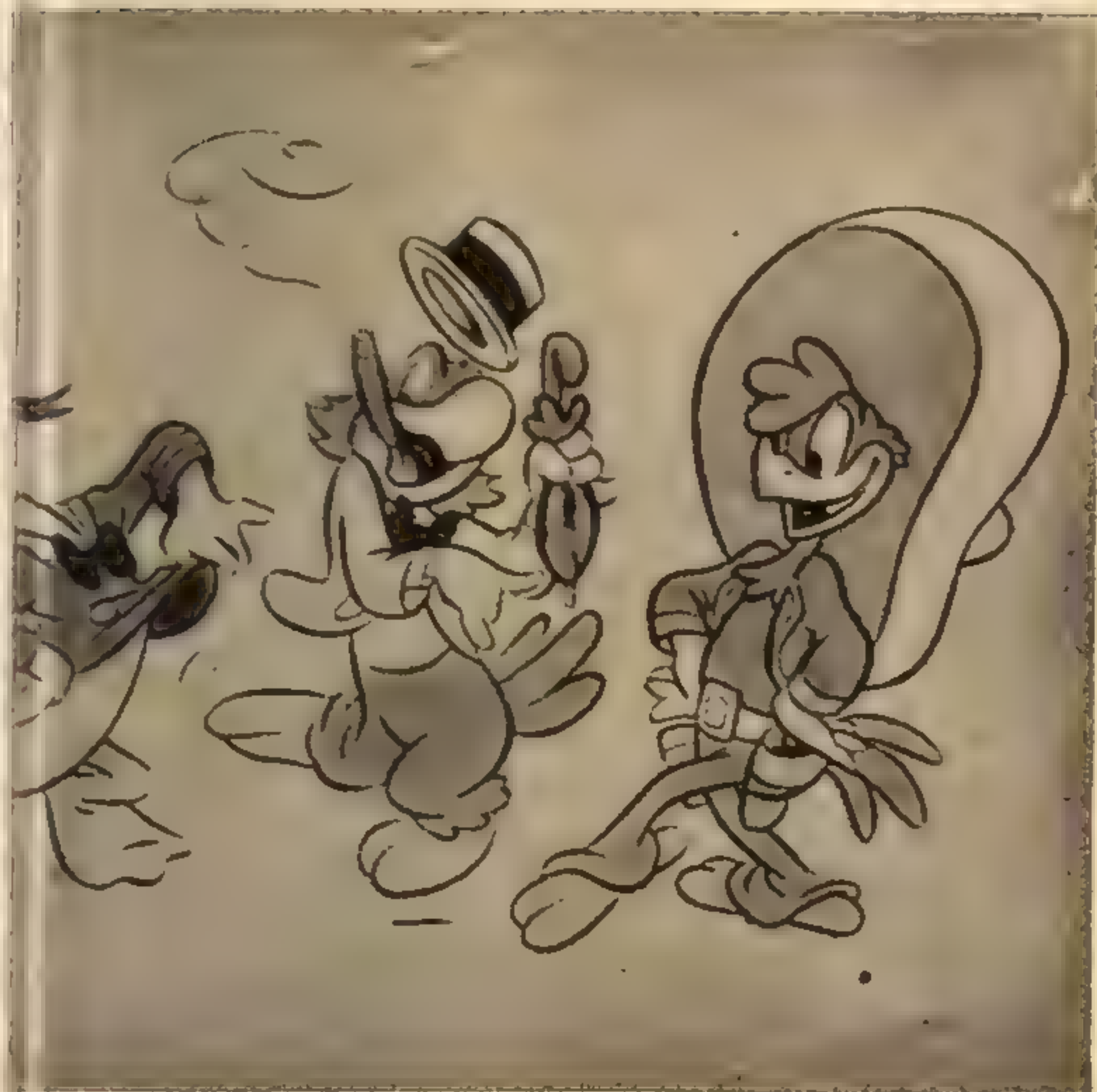
McSHANE...and wasn't it
an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie • JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy • JAMES DUNN as Johnny
LLOYD NOLAN as McShane • PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie • TED DONALDSON as Neeley

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULLY • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith

The Editor's Page



"The Three Caballeros," above: Donald Duck, Panchito, and Carioca, characters in the new Walt Disney feature.

AN OPEN LETTER TO WALT DISNEY

DEAR WALT:

So you've done it again!

Just let 'em tell you it *can't* be done, and you go ahead and do it. It started twenty-one years ago when you landed in Hollywood with forty dollars and an old (before Lana Turner) sweater. In those early days, animated cartoons were the step-children of the motion picture business—just fill-ins on programs, practically given away to exhibitors. You realized what a wonderful medium of fantasy cartoons could be, and by 1928 you were proving it. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck moved right into the American home; the Seven Dwarfs and Bambi followed them. "Fantasia" won critical acclaim. And now you're showing 'em again—"they" said cartoons and live actors couldn't be combined, so you made "The Three Caballeros," in which Donald Duck meets up with pretty señoritas and joins in jollity with Jose Carioca and Panchito.

You wouldn't like to be called a man with a message, would you? That's what I thought. But the fact remains that Disney cartoons have done and are doing a great work in the world. Take the war—ninety percent of your studio was set off for in-

structional films; the Navy uses your cartoons for the mass instruction of Navy fliers, the Army to teach plane spotters, the State Department to teach Basic English. And that's not all. Your program of visual education, a project in typical Disney style, is already in operation to bring vital educational knowledge to many people in Latin America; and in the post-war world its possibilities are limitless. People will always go to see a Disney cartoon. Even when they're educational, they're fun.

Delight Evans



Disney has won Academy Awards and international acclaim for his great cartoons. His latest, "The Three Caballeros," is as revolutionary in its way as was "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs," for it combines live-action sequences with cartoon figures on the same screen. Musical comedy beauties from South of the Rio Grande join Donald Duck in a festive spirit of fun. See it.

Betty Grable defends Mrs. Harry James!

**Exclusive! Betty answers your
complaints in an Open Letter**

DEAR DELIGHT:

Thank you for your "Open Letter" to me in a recent issue of *SCREENLAND*. It showed me that perhaps I should have answered, before this, a certain bit of publicity that shocked me and made me most unhappy.

You say in your letter that you have always been a big booster of mine. I know that is true, and I appreciate it. You and other editors and writers have always been my friends, and I hope I have been yours. I've tried to be. I value the opinion of the press.

Also, Delight, I value the opinion of my fans. I have never forgotten for a moment that their dimes and quarters at the box office have given me the happy position that I now hold. Every actress knows—or should know—that in the last analysis, it is her fans who have given her success. I try never to forget this.

To answer one of the questions in your letter: *Do you like being labelled "Miss Snooty"?* No, I don't! Any honest, hard-working girl in public or in private life would, I am sure, be hurt by being called a snob.

To answer another of your questions: *What's it all about?* I'll be glad to tell you fully if you will be patient with me. The story is somewhat long.

To the best of my knowledge, no one ever criticized Betty Grable, the public figure, until she tried to be simply Mrs. Harry James, the private-life wife of a justly famous musician. Not until I went on the road with Harry last summer, did I bring down censure upon my astonished head—at least if I did, I never knew it.

My baby was only nine weeks old when I joined Harry in New York. He was to play at the Astor Roof for six weeks after I arrived. Any girl who is in love with her husband will understand why I went east as soon as I was physically able to travel. I wanted to be with Harry. I wanted to have breakfast and luncheon and dinner with him. I wanted to see New York with him, stroll slowly

(Please turn to page 63.)

New Grable musical for 20th Century-Fox, "Diamond Horseshoe," gives star a new leading man, Dick Haymes.





Betty Grable
Diamond Horseshoe

Betty Grable in an exclusive pose for us, in costume, from "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," her new picture.



"Don Wilson's laugh is familiar to radio listeners," says Mary Livingstone Benny. "It's spontaneous, too. Jack getting off a deadpan line gets howls from Don, and as you can see, this is one I do think is funny."

My Life In A Gag Factory

by Mary Livingstone Benny

Exclusive! You're invited to the home of the Jack Bennys, where you will learn just how the Benny brain-trust works out those hilarious scripts

IF THE powers-that-be in the City of Beverly Hills read this article, I hope they will not descend on our home and condemn it simply because I choose to call it a gag factory. Our street is not zoned for industrial activity. It's strictly residence territory. And, however we might choose to kid about it, the Benny domicile is likewise strictly residence.

But, for nine months of the year, this home of ours is likewise the scene of activity which produces some thirty-nine weekly radio programs and is a contributing force in such motion pictures as my spouse, one Jack Benny, gets to play in.

There was a day when a radio performer, especially a comedian, would cringe at the thought that the public was





"The writers are so sure that their gags are wonderful they can't wait until Jack finishes his breakfast to pounce on him. Ballin pours the coffee, but still talks. Tackaberry, Perrin, and Balzer really gang up on him."



"Jack and I listen to a new song by Larry Stevens, the young chap who is taking Dennis Day's place. Jack asked me to listen to all the candidates but when I heard Larry (who'd never sung professionally before) I knew we had a find."



"We start reading the script. It's a bit between Rochester and Jack and makes Larry (in big chair) laugh—me too. Reading takes place in our playroom. Rochester, in case you don't know, will soon be seen on the screen in 'Brewster's Millions.'"



"Jack does the famous Benny pace routine as he describes a piece of business and gives the sound man directions. Producer Bob Ballin takes a few technical notes. That's 'Play, Phil' Harris looking so serious at the extreme left."

wise to the fact that he didn't write all of his own broadcast material. That day has long gone, and if you follow the columns about this hectic profession of ours you see constant references to huge stables of writers for one performer or another. Now, Jack doesn't have a huge stable, but he has a nice-sized team of five. They are, reading from left to right, up or down, on the bias, or running around in circles, which is more usual, Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and Jack Benny. Yes, Jack works with the boys and provides the locale for its many and long writing conferences which go on a good part of the day for some five to seven days per week.

The innocent little script which is to flow merrily along for exactly thirty minutes on a Sunday evening is carved out of hard rock, syllable by syllable; gag by gag; floor-pacing by floor-pacing; re-write by re-write.

The brain-trust confers for a policy meeting ten minutes after a Sunday broadcast in Jack's dressing room at the studio where a very rough outline of what they expect to do for next week is drawn up. Then each scrivener goes to his own home to pick his own brains for next week's laughs. They may team up into two groups of twos the following day, but by Tuesday, bright and early—I know because their merry prattle and their foot-pounding, fist-pounding, and argument-pounding awakens me—they are at the Benny menage loaded with cute gags and funny sequences.

Then it starts. They may come up to Jack's bedroom. Jack, since it's his house and he's the boss, avails himself of the privilege of sleeping up to the last minute of their arrival. He probably puts on a bathrobe, gets word through the grape-

vine to the kitchen that he's ready for a little coffee and juice, and then the gang starts to really put together the show.

There's a soft-voiced amanuensis (and that's a \$50 word for secretary that would throw Phil Harris completely out of gear) whose name is Jane Tucker, and who acts as sort of a script girl. I would say hers is the most difficult job because first, she has to record the basic gag. Then she has to extract from each person's reaction to the basic gag exactly what Jack wants to have kept in the final script. There may be eighteen reactions, one topping the other, before they all feel they've got something. Then Jack will say, "Read it back, Janie." Janie reads it and this time he might say that it should be changed thus and so, and then they're off again with another dozen toppers to the line she just read. And finally that thirty second to two minute spot is ironed out.

Now this goes on all week. Sometimes they'll call me in and say, "Mary, this one will kill you. What do you think of it?" I listen. If it kills me, I act properly dead. If it doesn't, I react properly or improperly deadpan and Jack sighs a disappointed "Oh" and they start all over.

And if you think that I'm the only one in the house who's called in to act as guinea pig, then you don't know what happens to my daughter, Joan; to the cook; to the man who comes over to take care of our garden and who would be summoned from the other end of the Victory patch, and to the boy who might be delivering a bundle of laundry, the grocery man, or even the mailman, if he happens to ring twice just when the Benny brain-trust is in and wants a fast reaction. I'm certain that if most of our neighbors weren't professionals themselves, they (Please turn to page 87)

Chasing Colbert into her private life, with
our star reporter taking intimate notes



IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT TO

Claudette

By Elizabeth Wilson

EVER SINCE her doctor husband enlisted in the U. S. Navy, and that was long before Pearl Harbor, Claudette Colbert has longed to be a Navy Wife. While most women shuddered when they read gruesome stories in magazines and newspapers about Navy wives huddled together like cattle in broken-down old inns, firetraps, and beaverboard shacks, cooking on hot plates and doing their own laundry, Claudette tingled with excitement. When a Navy Wife one day, on the set of "Practically Yours," recounted in all its horror her plane trip across the continent to join her husband at Long Beach—being "bumped" at every airport, no food for eighteen hours, drafts, cold and rain—Claudette sighed with envy. But every time her husband, Lt. Commander Joel Pressman, got near a seaport, Claudette was in the midst of

a picture, which kept her in Hollywood.

Finally she figured it out that if she did two films quick-like right in a row, then she'd have time to spend several months with him wherever he was stationed. Hardly had she finished "Since You Went Away" before she was facing the cameras on the "Practically Yours" set. As a matter of fact for several weeks there she was racing back and forth daily from David O. Selznick's studio in Culver City to Y. Frank Freeman's Paramount in Hollywood—and it just goes to show what a clever actress she is that she never confused Joe Cotten in a Navy uniform with Fred MacMurray in a Navy uniform.

With both pictures completed she was all set and equipped, even to the hot plate, to be a Navy Wife. But her husband was at sea. With time on her hands she decided to do over a room. Did you ever see a movie star with time on her hands who didn't decide to

(Please turn to page 60)



Claudette and Fred MacMurray in a clinch for "Practically Yours," directed by Mitch Leisen.

Barbara Hale in "WEST OF THE PECOS" *An RKO-Radio Picture*



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IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

By
Dora
Albert

Wealth and fame have come his way but have failed to change Joe E. Brown or cast a shadow on his perfect marriage. His story is an inspiration to all of Hollywood



The Star HOLLYWOOD CAN'T SPOIL!

IN HOLLYWOOD, where marriage is often just an interlude between divorces, the Joe E. Browns will celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary in 1945.

This in the town where Lana Turner, John Wayne, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and dozens of other stars have failed to keep their marriages off the rocks. Very often, the failure of Hollywood marriages is blamed on the town itself. There are those who say that no marriage can be a complete success in Hollywood, where ambition is king and glamor is sometimes considered more important than happiness.

How do the Browns do it? Perhaps, if other couples knew their secrets, they might stand a better chance of making their own marriages succeed.

Marriage experts warn us that today at least one out of five marriages end in the divorce courts, and predict that if the divorce rate keeps on growing, the time will come when one out of two marriages will end in divorce. So it's time to stop, look, and listen to the Joe E. Browns, who know how to insure their marriage happiness.

I talked to Joe in the charming living room of his home in West Los Angeles. You can't be in that home five minutes without being reminded of the personality of the Browns. For everything in it is a reflection of two hearts that seek the same things.

You remember, too, that Joe E. Brown and his wife have won through to their present happiness by conquering grief. They might have let themselves become bitter and resentful

when life took Captain Don E. Brown from them. But their home reflects no bitterness, only pride in the memory of a boy who gave everything he could to a great cause.

Captain Don E. Brown's portrait is on the wall. On one side of it is an American flag; on the other the flag of the Capt. Don E. Brown Post, No. 3868, Veterans of Foreign Wars. The Post honored Captain Brown by naming itself for him; that mute portrait on the wall honors both the Post and Don.

In a glass case in the room are mementoes of Don—his hat, scarf, belt buckle, dog tags, service ribbons, wings and baby picture. Since he was killed in an air crash, everything that



For a year Joe gave up pictures to devote himself to his war tours, on which he traveled more than 100,000 miles. He continues to spend his spare time entertaining service men and women. You'll see him on the screen in "Hollywood Canteen."



This Joe E. Brown family group includes the late Captain Don E. Brown (top left), who was killed in the line of duty. Son at Mrs. Brown's left is Joe Leroy Brown, now a Captain in the Army Air Corps. The daughters seated with the veteran comedian are Kathryn and Mary.

Joe E. Brown has done has been in a way a memorial to his son. He has traveled over 100,000 miles to entertain G.I. Joes on all the war fronts to honor the memory of the G.I. Joe who was his son. He has entertained at hundreds of benefits. For a year he gave up pictures to devote himself to his war tours. Recently he made his first picture in a year, "Hollywood Canteen." He is also entertaining servicemen and civilians all over the country with his gay, bright, laugh-provoking radio show, "Stop or Go." His book, "Your Kids and Mine," is a best seller. Several studios want to produce it, with Joe in the starring rôle.

Joe E. Brown might have buried himself in his grief if he had wished to do so. He might have let his unhappiness throw a shadow over his marriage. Instead, he decided to live as Don would have wanted him to. He would go on making the world laugh. When a man can by his mere presence brighten the lives of hundreds of thousands of servicemen, it is extremely selfish for him to do otherwise, no matter how great his grief. And since Joe E. Brown is anything but

selfish he had to go ahead with all of his entertainment tours.

Recently, another tragedy clouded the happiness of the Browns. Their two daughters, Kathryn, 11, and Mary, 14, were in an automobile accident. Kathryn recovered quickly. Mary's life was spared, though she is still ill as this is written. But Joe E. Brown's faith has carried him above his fears for Mary's safety. He knows that Mary will recover.

Neither tragedy nor happiness, neither failure nor success has ever harmed the Brown marriage. There has never been a hint of scandal about the Browns, in a town where the merest gesture is enough to start serious gossip. Even the columnists who usually are quick to make up stories about separations when news is scarce have never had the brass to invent such tales about the Browns. Their marriage is as solid as the red bricks in their home. If you said that about almost any other Hollywood marriage, you would be sticking your neck way out. The Brown marriage is almost the only marriage in Hollywood about which I would dare to say this.

"If either member of a married couple decides that he wants a happy marriage, he can assure and insure it," Joe told me. "In our case, we've been lucky because *both* Mrs. Brown and I wanted a happy, permanent marriage. But any man or woman who makes up his mind that he or she is going to get happiness out of marriage will achieve it. You just have to take the other person with his or her faults, without considering those faults as such. That may sound like a big order, but when you really love a person, you want to do everything you can to make him happy, and that's one way to do it."

"Well," I asked, "do you and Mrs. Brown ever argue?"

"Of course we do. There are no wings starting to sprout on me yet," laughed Joe. "Just before Mrs. Brown married me, her mother told her, 'Always remember there will be days when you are out of sorts' (Please turn to page 93)



Joe is an actor's actor, one of the most popular with his brother stars. At left he is seen with Jack Benny and Rudy Vallee. Joe's radio program, "Stop or Go," is a quiz show. Fellow entertainers recently honored Joe E. on a nation-wide hook-up.

"Pardner" SCOTT



Randy, the gentleman from Virginia, has been the screen symbol of robust adventure for fifteen loyal years now.

RKO-Radio proudly presents the perennial adventurer, Randolph Scott, in two new pictures: "Belle Of The Yukon," with Gypsy Rose Lee (top), and "China Sky," with Ruth Warrick, above.

By Constance Palmer

WHEN Randolph Scott snaps, "Put up them shootin' irons, pardner!" the boys and girls know he means it. When he tells Mary Lou he'll be back for her as soon as the cattle-rustlers or the U-boats or the Japs or the claim-jumpers are disposed of, the ladies in the audience are practically willing to bet their last pair of nylons Mary Lou won't sprout any gray hairs waiting for him.

Randy's been the hero of robust adventure for fifteen loyal years. Blond, blue-eyed and square-jawed, he's Dick Tracy in the flesh. Six feet two of stalwart masculine virility, he's the dream-wish of American womanhood. He's a symbol and the fans love him for it.

"But I guess most of the excitin' adventures in my life happened on the screen," he admitted in his soft Southern drawl. "Now you take Errol Flynn, f'instance. He plays adventure-parts on the screen and—all jokin' aside—he's had an adventurous life off the screen, too. Why, he earned his livin' as a real sailor before he ever went into pictures!

"But as for me," he went on, "you can't call cross-country fox-hunts, or hanging onto an overturned fishing-smack with sharks nippin' at your heels, or trying to make port in a hurricane adventure. The excitin' events back in those days all came in the line of havin' fun."

Scott's a modest fellow and casual about the place he's established for himself on the screen. In his opinion, there it is and that's that and none of the credit is his.

He's come a longer way than across a continent from Orange County, Virginia, where he was born. Though he's

only fifteen years away from the riding-to-hounds, he's more than a generation away from the life that was planned for him.

His people thought he'd be happy as a textile manufacturer and so did he. But even a course at Georgia Tech, graduation from the University of North Carolina and a year of travel in Europe couldn't make it so. A short business association with his father didn't help, so he left for California and did what he had wanted to do all along.

First he appeared as a fledgling actor at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, then came a flutter on the stage in Hollywood before he soared—aptly enough—into pictures after he played a young flier in "The Broken Wing."

His picture career began with super-Westerns for Paramount. The titles—"Heritage Of The Desert," "Wild Horse Mesa," "The Thundering Herd," "To The Last Man"—read like a five-foot shelf of cowboy adventure. And, since it's an axiom in Hollywood that the tried and true horse-opry is the mainstay of the industry, Randy's pictures made money and his bosses loved him.

And, as a corollary to that, his fans grew to love him, too, and carried their devotion right along when he progressed into light comedy and drama. They were devoted to him as the romantic lead in "Roberta" and were not at all surprised that Irene Dunne was perfectly happy with him for seven years on a desert isle in "My Favorite Wife."

But the old Western formula came back again in "Virginia City," "Western Union," "Belle" (Please turn to page 83)

*A Brand-NEW
delightful dimension
is added to
motion picture
entertainment!*



Imagine, for the first time on any screen—Donald Duck and company romping, singing, dancing and especially romancing with live and lovely señoritas *in the same scenes!* It's the kind of "seeing-is-believing" magic only Disney can bring you —and wonderful!

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"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
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(by the composer of "Brazil")

WALT DISNEY'S
Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

See Donald and
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The THREE CABALLEROS

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CARMEN MOLINA

Dancing Señorita

Released through

RKO RADIO PICTURES



By Gladys Hall

WELL, JACK, glad t'sssee ya! Gimme some skin. Look, talk-time and eat-time. Time to latch on to the ever-lovin' dialogue. Beating ya gums with a hep little chick will be just about perf'. We can laugh it up or swap a little badinage. On the beam?"

Thus, incredibly, in the dim-lit dignity of the lounge in the Sherry Netherland hotel in New York, did Peggy-the-size-of-a-flower-stem greet me.

To which I replied (and what would *you* have said?) "Uggggglugggmfftshsnaxsy."

Whereupon Peggy, regarding me with obviously quickened admiration not unmixed with envy, explained, "Dig that language! Mop! Groovey-as-a-movie, what?"

"Oh, well," I said, modestly, "mmmsgshstq."

"Eat-ville!" Peg said then, and led the way into the dining-room. "Eat-ville!" she kept on chanting, happily.

"Eat-ville!" I echoed, outwardly poised but inwardly going to pieces.

Over Peggy's dark fall of curls, the waiter hovered. "Nice veal chops today, Miss Ryan," he suggested.

"Bonnnnggg!" said Miss R. "Twwannggg, you're on the beam, Jack!"

"And now," I said firmly when, the luncheon orders given, we were alone, "please translate."

Peggy viewed me, disappointment darkening her very dark blue eyes. She said, "That new language you were sending—I took you for a hep little chick."

"Well, thanks," I said, flattered, as I knew I was intended to be when designated a hep little chick. "Sorry to disillusion you, Peggy, but—afraid not. Calling me 'Jack,' for instance, and the waiter, too. Now, why? And that 'Talk-time' and 'Eat-time' and 'Eat-ville' routine—you mean, I mean—I mean, what *does* it mean?"

"Look," Peggy said, "we greet someone, or someone says

Hep chick Ryan elucidates the new language and incidentally interprets the morals and manners of "our crowd"

something, and we say, 'Well, Jack'—on account 'Jack' means anybody, anybody at all, male or female. Dig it? And 'Dig it?' means 'D'you follow me?' Or 'I dig it' means 'I follow you.' Or we may say of a beautiful house or a field of flowers, 'Dig that view.' And that means 'Latch on to the landscape.' And that," Peggy said hastily, observing how my eyes were glazing over, "means simply, 'Look at the view.' 'Latch on to the ever-lovin' dialogue' is just our way of saying 'Let's have a good talk.'

"There are," Peggy informed me with Websterian pride, "around 300 words and phrases in our jive vocabulary—if you want to knock yourself out. And with new ones being added from time to time; such as three new ones coined quite recently by," Peggy said, making with the blush, "myself. 'Bonnnnggg!' for example, and 'Twwannggg!' They're jive for 'Terreefeeeec' or 'You know what's for me.' 'Bork!' is another of my most recent. 'I'd like to bork him!' I say, and make with the fists.

"It's very important," Peggy continued with a schoolmarm manner, "to understand that this jive talk, like French or any other language, depends quite a bit on accent and inflection. Like, for example, we stress our 'esses.' 'Gla' t'ssseee youssse,' we say. Got to be throaty with it and sorta hissy. Under-score words, too. We also lop letters off words. Or whole syllables. It's very sssswissssh right now to abbreviate words. Instead of saying 'It's perfect,' we say 'Perf,' or, 'It's magnif.' Or, instead of saying 'It's a situation,' we say 'S'sitch.' Shortened versions of words, that's what it is. All the hep characters use it and it's basic. Like everything else, there's a reason for it, or it wouldn't be. Saves time, you see. And kids, these days," Peggy added with unconscious pathos, "have, most of them, so little time. It all began, mostly, when Don-face and I—"

"Don-face?" I parroted uncertainly.

"That's Donald O'Connor," Peg explained patiently. "See, when it's someone we like a lot, or someone with a funny face, like the O'Connor's, we use 'face' like a middle name.



Peggy, left, with mom and pop. Above, in new film with Lou Costello, "Here Come The Co-Eds."



Peggy, above, with her cousin, Glenn Snyder, home on furlough after the battle of Tarawa.



Peggy "takes up" ice-skating, but it lets her down. She stars in Universal's "Patrick The Great."

"Like we say 'time' after everything, too. 'Eat-time,' we say when we're hungry, or 'Tired-time' when we're sleepy. Or 'Eat-ville,' or 'Tired-ville'—like what we're going to do is a place to which we are going."

"I see," I said. And didn't. "Just who, by the way, are 'we'?"

"Our crowd in Hollywood," Peg explained. "Marcy McGuire, Lon McCallister, Jane Withers, Mickey Rooney, when he's in town. (He's never off," Peg interpolated, admiringly, "he's always on the beam, you know—that Mickey!) The Mauch twins," she went on, "the Merry Macs, Sidney Veiler, Inez James, who writes all the hep songs for our pictures, Don's and mine, Ray McDonald, the O'Connor, of course—and his wife, now—all in our little group. All of us hep characters, all speaking the jive language."

"When Don and I started making pictures together, there was little jive-talk going around. It was when we made 'What's Cookin',' one of the first of the fourteen we did together before Don enlisted—and a hep little job it was—that we began talking this way. Pretty soon our crowd latched on to it. Now all the hep kids use it."

"There are, by the way, in case you didn't know, two sets of kids: the hep and the not-hep-at-all. They're the icky ones, just don't dig our language. Not on the beam."

"I won't attempt," Peggy said, "to teach you the jive language today, but just so you won't be a square (a square is someone who doesn't know what's cookin') I'll give you the definitions for the words and phrases in most common usage. For example, 'Gimme some skin.' Look, I stick out my hand, palm up, you slap off my palm with yours in sort of a sweeping motion. Tha's right. Now blow on your palm, put it in your pocket, and what we've said is 'Hello.'"

"'Chick,' short for 'chicken,' of course, means 'girl.' A 'hep little chick' is a hep little girl who really knows what's there. Is on the beam. 'On the beam'—she knows what's cookin'. We never say, 'Do you really know what you are talking about?' We say, 'You hep?' Or 'You on the beam?' In a good jive dictionary, which we'll have in time," Peggy added, "you'll probably find: 'Hep little chick; antonym: A square.'"

"When we're jitterbugging, we say 'Mop!' Tall praise, that. Means you're really in there with your boots laced high; you know from where you start. (Please turn to page 81)

In which a popular singer who is also a movie fan calls attention to the pet practices of those pests who apparently toss their manners into the ticket-chopper with their stubs when they enter a show. What can be done? Doc Downey prescribes

OUTSIDE of kids, home, and hearthside, there are three big things in my life. They are:

- (1) Singing.
- (2) Ice Cream.
- (3) Movies.

No one can spoil my singing but myself. Ice cream is a static stream of satisfaction. It never palls because I'm an omnivorous addict, ranging happily among all flavors. The movies—that's another story.

Through no fault of my own, and I'm billed as a smiling Irishman, I have stepped from countless movie marquees into bright sunlight with a frown as black as the shades of night. I have writhed, suffered and bitten my finger-nails all through many a first-class picture I should have enjoyed.

Why? Because a few (praise the Lord, an infinitesimal few) fellow movie fans apparently toss their manners into the ticket-chopper along with their stubs when they enter a show.

I wish SCREENLAND's readers would give me the answer. It's beyond me, this disconcerting puzzle of why some American movie-goers, in their ordinary characters the most instinctively polite people on earth, thoughtlessly infringe on the precepts of good manners inside a darkened movie house. It is doubly puzzling to me because the people who do so are the most considerate and gracious of hosts. Their good taste and decorum make an unobtrusive success of tea party, dinner or an evening of bridge. They're generous, kindly folk who would sooner cut off their right hand than weaken the enjoyment of a friend or neighbor.

If, for instance, they should recommend to you a best-selling mystery novel—even lend you the volume from their own prized library—they would consider it unthinkable to hint to you the climax, the identity of the fictional slayer or the key clue to the plot. But—!

Recently I went to see "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." I had not read the book and was primed for a thriller-diller of a picture—which it is. Seated directly behind me were two obviously college-cultured young matrons. Fashionably yet simply dressed, voices cool and calm, they would grace with charm any social gathering. Except the movies.

It developed, alas all too soon, that one had seen the fast-paced picture before. In her own kindly way she was determined that her friend should miss no significant part of the action. And so, her voice curling insistently into the Downey eardrums, she gave away every bit of the suspenseful drama before it occurred. If you remember the soul-stirring climax of the picture, you'll appreciate my let-down feeling. Because, long before it happened, I knew that Van Johnson (as Ted Lawson) would rise to greet his wife (Phyllis Thaxter) at their long-delayed reunion—and so rising, unmindful of the leg he had lost in the Orient, crumple forward on his face. You need suspense to appreciate that, and this girl had killed my suspense.

(SOLUTION: I have since studied lip-reading and now carry ear-wads at all times. Let 'em talk—now I enjoy the movies.)

Some people can take their movies or leave them alone. I can't. I am nuts about movies. That's all, I'm nuts about 'em. Period. Beyond that, they give me the enjoyment and relaxation I need. As they do you, and you.

But enjoyment can be soured and relaxation made misery by little acts of thoughtlessness. Like little Miss Wig-Wag in her fashionable bonnet moving quietly to her seat just in front of you. She sits sedate and silent through the picture. Her only crime (and she is serenely unaware of it) is the wagging of her head from side to side with the rhythmic regularity of a metronome. By the time you leave the show you're sore-necked and bug-eyed from trying to outwag her head so you can see the picture.



Here's the little earful who gives away the plot and spoils the suspense. She's the one who has seen the picture before and lets everybody know it. Nothing can be done about her, admits Doc Downey, except to invest in some ear-wads and take a course in lip-reading.



And here's the habit of waiting to unwrap your candy or peanuts or other snack until the heroine is speaking in passion-hushed tones to her lucky lover. You'll never know what she said, of course. Solution: why not give heroine an even break by unwrapping before picture starts?

Consider, friends, the threat we face with the new chapeaux and their mammoth feathers!

(SOLUTION: Be nonchalant—BUT MAKE HER TAKE OFF THAT HAT!)

Speaking of hats, it's lucky that some of my best friends are hat-makers, hence I know what sterling characters they are. Otherwise I might suspect these pillars of the community of conspiring to increase their output in collaboration with PEOPLE-WHO-PARK-GUM-UNDER-SEATS. If you think that practice went out with silent pictures, I'm sorry but you're moving against traffic. Any theater owner will tell you it's no minor problem for his cleaning staff. And there's many (Please turn to page 91)

HOW NOT TO ENJOY

THE

Movies

BY
MORTON
DOWNEY



The hat problem is among the worst, says Downey. By the time you leave the show you're sore-necked and bug-eyed from trying to out-wag that head ahead so you can see the picture. Of course you can always ask her to take it off—uh-huh. Then there's the one who parks gum under seats. If you think that problem went out with silent pictures you're moving against traffic. Any theater owner will tell you it's no minor problem for his cleaning staff. If you don't want to enjoy movies, or let others enjoy 'em—ignore these admonitions.



Meet the newest glamor girl, not a starlet this time, but a writer—Kathleen Winsor, photogenic author of sensational best-seller, "Forever Amber." Movie rights of her book have been bought by 20th Century-Fox for \$200,000, with Gene Tierney slated to play title rôle. Author may wind up in movies if screen tests click.

By Elizabeth B. Petersen



Portrait of
Kathleen Winsor,
author of
"Forever Amber"
(Macmillan),
by Brockman

Along Came Amber

ALL New York and Hollywood are talking about a girl again, only this time she isn't a

Hollywood starlet or a Broadway show girl or this season's Café Society glamor girl. She is, of all things, a writer—the author of the year's sensational best seller, "Forever Amber." Her name, as if I have to tell you, is Kathleen Winsor.

Less than a year ago when Kay typed the words, The End, to the last of a bulky pile of manuscript pages and called five years of gruelling work a day, all that she knew about successful writers was what she had read in the papers. She thought that if she was lucky the book would maybe sell in the thousands and that she'd be able to buy a couple of rather substantial war bonds and if she was very lucky indeed she might be invited to come to New York and be guest of honor at a literary tea and get to meet a few of the important writers and maybe, just maybe, her book might sell to the movies and then she'd have a real nest egg to put away.

But when it came to dreaming Kay proved herself a piker. She really hadn't reckoned on either *Amber* or herself.

Amber is one of those heroines who makes people ride past their subway stations, who brings men and women to their offices with circles under their eyes and disrupts the housekeeping in a million homes, because once anyone starts reading about the fascinating little minx they just can't stop, let stations pass as they will, sleep fly where it may and dust settle where it must. So that less than a month after publication copies of "Forever Amber" were as non-existent as a carton of cigarettes or airplane stamp No. 3 in your ration book. And Kay herself is just as fascinating as the amber-eyed heroine she has created.

Book reviewers just couldn't believe their eyes when the photograph of the tall slender girl with the heart-shaped face, lovely melting brown eyes and the shoulder-length black curly hair looked wistfully up at them from their desks the day a copy of "Forever Amber" arrived for review. It was a mistake, they decided. The picture must have been intended for the motion picture department. Then they read the very dignified caption attached to it and realized this girl in her early twenties who looked like a Hollywood star was the author of the book that before the week was ended would climb right to the top of the best-selling list.

Hollywood thought it was a mistake, too, when they saw the picture of the sloe-eyed girl whose book every studio in town was bidding for, even though the Hays office had warned that it would have to be tidied up a bit before it could be brought to the screen. But Hollywood decided to do something about it. For beauty such as that was wasted on a writer, they decided. She ought to be up there alongside of Gene Tierney and Betty Grable and all the other glamor girls. Invitations to take a screen test began pouring in with the same regularity the offers for her best seller had.

Kay herself was bewildered by it all. Literary success wasn't at all what she had thought it might be. Instead of dignified teas there were hordes of autograph hunters pouncing on her unawares; instead of decorous interviews

in literary journals there were layouts of her in national picture magazines destined to make her the number one pin-up girl of the day and which made model agencies and photographers grit their teeth and wish they'd discovered the girl before she ever had an idea of writing a book.

She was asked to go on bond tours and found herself landing in the Broadway and Hollywood columns with the regularity of Lauren Bacall and Choo Choo Johnson, and a magazine receiving a picture of her looking as sedate as a glamor girl can manage to look in a staid, upright position, printed it tilted so that the effect was quite different indeed, showing a luscious brunette lying down in a most seductive and unliterary pose.

Her mother back in Berkeley, California, was quite shocked when she saw it. "Goodness gracious, Kathleen," she wrote to her famous daughter, "are you even starting to pose for cheese cake?"

Her success was even more of a surprise to her family than it was to her. During those five long years when she was working on the book her family and friends thought she wasn't doing a thing but cleaning her small apartment, cooking for her husband and struggling to keep an elusive budget within bounds.

They really should have known better. They should have remembered that very pretty little girl who used to spend hours in her room scribbling in a five-cent note book and who, when asked what she was doing, would murmur a non-committal "nothing" and then maneuver to get all by herself again so she could go on with the fascinating novel she was writing.

"They would have been appalled if they had ever seen it," Kathleen confessed as we sat in her hotel living room in New York, "and I must admit that I'm a bit appalled myself when I think of my eight-year-old views on life. Where I got them I'll never know.

(Please turn to page 88)



pretty enough to play her own heroine, Kathleen Winsor is current talk of New York and Hollywood. In private life she is the wife of Lt. Robert Herwig of the United States Marine Corps (right).

Hollywood-bound as we go to press, Kathleen Winsor may carve a new career as a movie star, with three companies bidding to make her screen tests. She plans no sequel to her book, "Forever Amber."

THE COLONEL'S LADY

FAYE EMERSON
ROOSEVELT

Hollywood actress Faye Emerson, bride of Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, is not giving up her career. She is back at work at Warner Bros. Studio where she won popularity in a wide variety of rôles, in such screen successes as "Between Two Worlds" and "The Very Thought of You." Forthcoming Emerson films will be "Nobody Lives Forever" and "Berlin Hotel."



WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BARRY FITZGERALD



Fitzgerald, above, the man behind the actor. Left, his latest characterization in "Two Years Before The Mast."



As Father Fitzgibbon in "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald created an unforgettable character.

Since "Going My Way," Barry Fitzgerald has come into his own as a great character actor. But he still blinks when the limelight gets in his eyes

By Neil Rau

WHEN you sit for a spell with Barry Fitzgerald to get a story such as the one you are about to read, it is questionable whether you or Fitzgerald gets the better of the deal. He is quite frank in answering your questions, but he makes you squirm a little when he tells you, in effect, that as far as he's concerned, you're just an animated hunk of research. To elaborate on that, Barry is a student of human nature. He has gone through the major portion of his fifty-years eyeing people up and down, neatly filing away the impressions in his pigeon-hole brain. And then one day, when the rôle and the occasion call for it, he is likely to drag out one of the gestures he saw you use and hang it on his portrayal of a bum or a galley slave. He will soon be seen as the latter in Paramount's film version of Charles Dumas's classic, "Two Years Before The Mast." It might be added that Barry doesn't give a hang from whom he borrows his character material. The high and the low are equally interesting when he crosses his observing gaze.

"To be honest with you," he admitted, when I pinned him down about *Father Fitzgibbon* in "Going My Way," "I took that character from an old priest I knew in a parish just outside of Dublin. He was an irascible old fellow, very set in his ways. I used to go to his church occasionally, and he was such a grand character study that he interfered with my worship more than once."

According to Barry, there is nothing at all technical about his system of acting. He claims most people do the same thing, whether they earn their cakes before a camera or not. "You'll notice," he said, "that many individuals unconsciously take on certain mannerisms of people they come in contact with often. It is very common for a person to find himself suddenly imitating some action he has admired in a friend. The only difference between a layman and myself is that I do a thing like that consciously."

"For example, when I am handed a part I immediately start casting around in my mind to remember someone who will serve as a basis for the character I have to do. The answer usually comes to me just as I'm about to drop off to sleep (Please turn to page 70)



Forthcoming "Incendiary Blonde," starring Betty Hutton, also presents Fitzgerald in another typically salty rôle.



Smallest part of his career, with Alan Ladd in "Two Years Before The Mast," is nevertheless one of Fitzgerald's best.



Home Town
Girl



Sure, Lucille is a home girl. These are not publicity pictures, but the real thing. Far right, at her favorite pastime, decorating old lamps with modern designs.



She doesn't look it, but Lucille Ball is still a home town girl at heart. Back home, she fought her hardest battles — and won. There's grit behind that glamor!

By Vivian Cosby

eyes, for if it had not been for her friendship Lucille might never have realized her ambitions.

Lucille first met Gertrude when she was seventeen, during one of the most tragic periods in her life. At that time her legs were partially paralyzed, caused by spinal fracture received in an automobile accident. The doctors claimed it might be three years before she could walk again, if ever. A terrible ordeal for a young girl to face, and for a while Lucille thought she would never be able to rise above it.

Six months before the accident, Lucille had gone to New York City. Like all girls she had dreams of returning to her home town a big success. She was just getting a good foothold as a model, when the accident occurred. So instead of returning to Jamestown in a flame of glory, she came home a very downhearted girl—in a wheel chair.

At first all her friends rallied around her. They brought all sorts of gifts and tried to amuse her with tid-bits of gossip. But it was noticeable that everyone tactfully made no mention of her legs. Lucille began to feel that her friends came to see her out of curiosity. She resented this, and after a while refused to see people at all. Nothing interested her. She felt useless, spent the time brooding. Then Gertrude Strodoft came into her life.

Lucille had always admired this (Please turn to page 78)

WHAT HAPPENS when a movie star revisits her home town? Well, this is Lucille Ball's story. When she went back to Jamestown, N. Y., she found the town buzzing. Everyone wondered what she would be like. Would she be glamorous? Would she be high-hat? Would she remember old friends?

The desk clerk at the leading hotel also speculated about her. He and Lucille had been playmates. She had been a regular kid with a lot of lovable qualities. But maybe being a movie star had changed her. To his amazement, when Lucille arrived she walked over to the desk and with a nice smile said, "Hello, Cecil." She had not only remembered him but his name as well.

The first person Lucille visited was Gertrude Strodoft. Seeing Gertrude for the first time in years brought tears to her



Lucille lives with her mother, helps keep house. Center picture shows her at piano she painted herself. Right, she and mother have many pets, favor photogenic kitten.



CLOWNING with DANNY KAYE



Danny and his clever wife—Sylvia Fine, who writes most of his hilarious material—are pictured at home in Beverly Hills, the first real home these two Broadway celebrities have ever owned.

"DANNY KAYE has a Chamber of Horrors!"

This intriguing remark slips out 'twixt the cup and the lip of a notorious Hollywood gossip at a cocktail party and is obviously not intended for reportorial ears. I remove mine from the key-hole and bolt for the nearest exit. Down Santa Monica Blvd. I speed in quest of heaven knows what horrors.

The green-shuttered Colonial house the Kayes lease from Chester Morris looks harmless enough, and Danny and Sylvia are far more gracious than an intruder deserves. We chat easily in the den, room-of-all-work littered with Sylvia's manuscripts and musical score sheets, evidently more of those marvelous Kaye routines in the making. The atmosphere grows positively cozy as Danny and I discover that we hail from the same section of Brooklyn, fished for half-sour pickles from identical barrels, and were kept after school by a certain teacher at Public School 149. Following this nostalgic orgy of childhood remembrances I feel ready to pop the question.

"How did you find out about my Chamber of Horrors?" Danny wants to know, his incredibly blond hair fairly bristling with indignation. "Can't a guy have *any* secrets in Hollywood?"

"Not after he's made a picture like 'Up In Arms,'" I counter.

"Let's talk about something else. Do you play baseball?" I had heard that no visitor to the Kaye manse is safe from Danny's hobby. Male or female, he usually thrusts a baseball glove on them and bullies them into playing "catch." The bandaged middle finger of so many of the "Up In Arms" cast was not the symbol of a mysterious cult but mute tribute to Danny's fast ball. Members of the cast of his new Technicolor production, "The Wonder Man," were forbid-



Danny loves to clown, on or off the screen or stage, and here he is convulsing the family cook, above. Below, Danny rehearses a song for his second movie comedy for Sam Goldwyn, "The Wonder Man."

den by Samuel Goldwyn to play with him.

Slender, dark-eyed Sylvia comes to my rescue. "Why *don't* you tell her about the Horrors, Danny? They're not really so—horrible." The pause between the last two words sounds ominous, but a story is a story and to get one I'd gladly juggle a pair of screaming skulls. (What am I saying?).

"All right, I'll show you my Chamber of Horrors, but you'll have to keep it a secret."

"Of course. Just between you and me and the readers of SCREENLAND."

Danny leads the way down the cellar stairs, his flashlight throwing strange shadows on the walls. The small cellar
(Please turn to page 85)

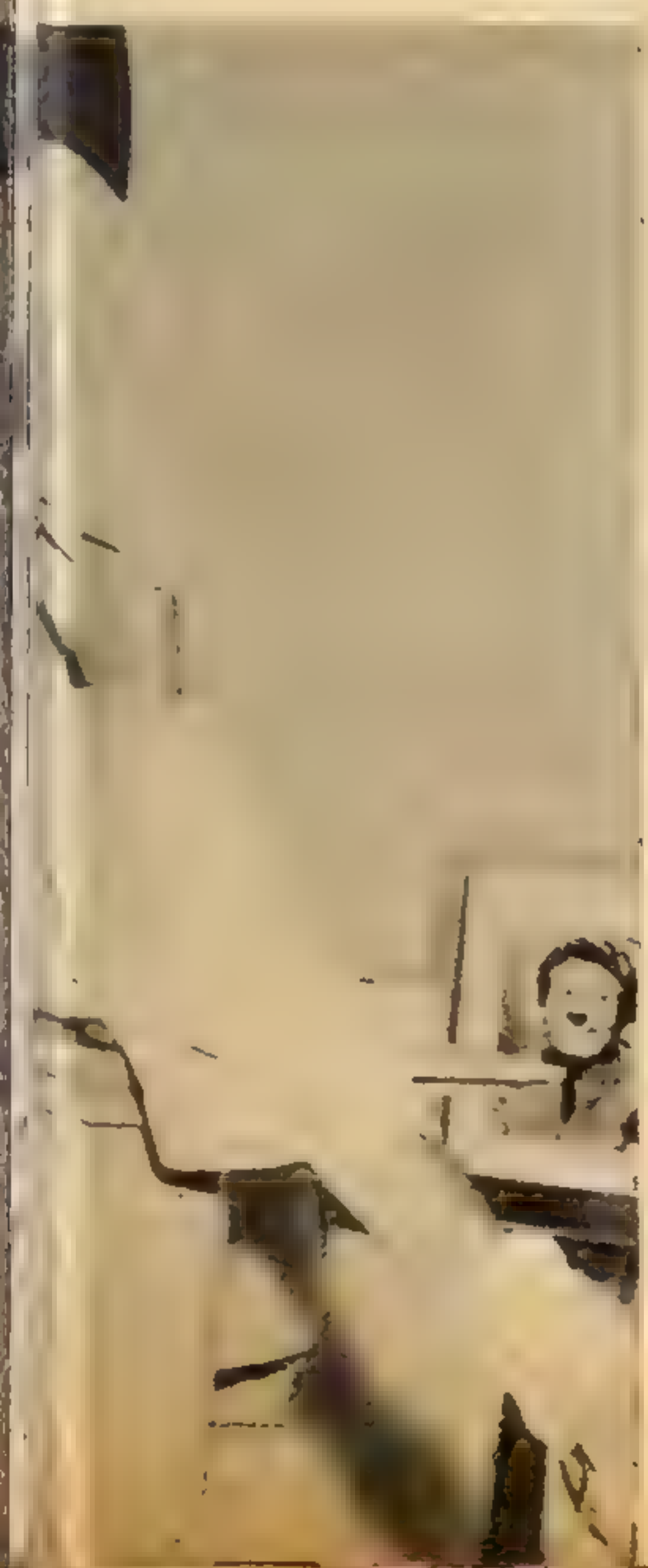


the laugh lender from Brooklyn
shows you in on some zany secrets
but only after his wife aids and
abets our reporter in ferreting
him out. (You see, our re-
porter came from Brooklyn, too)

By Hattie Bilson



Exclusive photos
by Hal McAlpin



THE LADY AND THE COWBOY



THE LADY: lovely Vera Hruba Ralston, whose talents as actress and ice-skater, will be exhibited to best advantage in "Lake Placid Serenade," new musical romance set in the scenic splendor of the famous winter resort.

THE COWBOY: Roy Rogers, who is currently starring in "Utah" for Republic Pictures, has his own radio show as well—and fans are still singing his "Hollywood Canteen" hit, "Don't Fence Me In" right along with him.





Jim Brown, left, who hopes that some day he'll be a good actor. Right, he gets his hope with a strong characterization in "Objective Burma."



Closeup of a young character who defies Hollywood type casting

Errol Flynn in a new War. drama, Jim is a very different fellow from the college boy in "Hearts Were Young and Gay."



By
S. R. Mook

A GUY NAMED BROWN

"I KNOW I'll never be a *great* actor," James Brown remarked to me once with breath-taking candor, "but I hope some day to be a *good* one."

I should have been prepared for the comment. In the year and a half I've known Jim intimately I've seldom had a conversation with him that hasn't jarred my eye-teeth at least once. I can recall our first meeting.

"Is your name really Brown?" I gasped, as we were introduced.

"James *Edward* Brown," he amended, "but just call me Jim. Everybody else does."

Jim and Verna (his wife) must often pinch themselves to make sure the life they're living these days is real and not a figment of their imaginations. So much has happened to them in the last few months they still have not caught their respective breaths. Their home, a small but extremely attractive place in San Fernando Valley, is constantly over-run with visiting firemen from Jim's home state until it reminds one of nothing so much as the Texas State House at the World's Fair.

"When they're really friends of Jim's we're always glad to see them," Verna explained plaintively, "but at times it seems as though everyone from Texas calls up and tells him they went to school with him. That's all Jim needs. 'Well, come on out.' They come, all right—and stay and stay and stay. If they come in the morning they're a cinch for

luncheon and dinner and half the time they spend the night—or did until we moved out here where we have no guest room. Then, when they've finally gone and I've knocked myself out trying to entertain them, Jim will scratch his head and say, 'It's funny, but I can't seem to place that chap!'"

Unknown until the release of "Air Force," Jim is now one of Hollywood's top flight juveniles and finds himself in the enviable position of owning a contract shared jointly by Paramount (who originally signed him) and Warner Brothers (who gave him his big chance as *Tex* in the aforementioned "Air Force").

As if that were not enough, every studio in town is trying to borrow him. Following "Corvette K-227" Paramount cast him in two pictures simultaneously and he was shuttling back and forth between "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" and the Bing Crosby picture, "Going My Way," with "Objective Burma" underlined as his next.

I have often mentioned "overnight leaps to fame" and stressed the fact that when you go back into the beginnings of the people who make those leaps you find they have spent years of gruelling work preparing for them. (Read up on Alan Ladd, for instance.)

Jim is the exception that proves the rule. He had only bit parts in three pictures to his credit before "Air Force"—"Young and Willing," "Forest Rangers" and "The Good Fellows." The hit he made in "Air" (Please turn to page 75)

AMERICA



June and Margaret are ideal sisters, smiling through tears in tender scene from the film. On opposite page, little Margaret's faith, hope—and optimism—guide June, wife of a serviceman overseas, through dark days of doubt.

A busy job for Margaret, being "mother" to June as well as "mascot" of a symphony orchestra, managed by Jimmy Durante, below.



New SWEETHEARTS

You'll agree the title fits June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien, when you see how their charm and appeal are set to stirring music in "Music For Millions"



No less appealing is the music, conducted and played by Jose Iturbi, seen below with June Allyson at the bass viol.



HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ELIGIBLE YOUNG *Bachelor*

Wow! When Peter Lawford dates a girl, it's fodder for the gossip columns

By Sylvia Conrad

THE American girl is my favorite, among the women of all countries," said Peter Lawford. And coming from Peter, that's a compliment. For at twenty he has done more traveling than most men do in a lifetime. He has met French women, English women, Spaniards, Italians, Australian women, Russians and women of the Balkan countries.

He knows how devastatingly charming these foreign women can be. And he knows that many of the women of our own country who have sweethearts and husbands overseas, sometimes wonder if their men will fall for the foreign charmers.

"Many of these foreign women are wonderful," he said, "but American women can hold their own with any women on the face of the globe. No matter where American boys are sent, I am sure they will nearly always come back to their American girls. Entertainers who have been to the South Pacific tell me that women are greeted with cries of joy by American boys. The boys tell them, 'We remembered that American women are attractive—but we didn't remember *how* attractive they are.' And the boys were right. Each nationality has its own charm; but the American girls have more unusual qualities than any other girls I have ever met. What other girl but an American, after the hardships they endure on these overseas trips, could look fresh as a daisy, as these girls do? American girls are athletic. They can take it. They look wonderfully feminine and well-groomed, yet they can take in their stride the most difficult hardships, if need be.

"American girls are so relaxed; they like to have fun, and they have glorious fun doing simple things. They like to do the things I like to do," laughed Peter. "You see, my tastes are so American. I like everything American from hot dogs to American movies."

Peter himself was born in England.



Even at the age of eleven Pete shows signs of being a charmer.



Today, he boasts one of male moviedom's most engaging grins.





Peter drops over to visit Judy Garland on the "Clock" set at MGM.



Latest rôle for Lawford: in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."



New romantic duo of Donna Reed and Lawford looks promising.

But he has been in this country since 1937, and he has acquired a multitude of American tastes. You remember Peter, of course. He is the charming English actor who played Irene Dunne's son in "White Cliffs Of Dover." Then he played the grown-up Joe in "Son Of Lassie," (Roddy McDowall played the boy Joe in "Lassie Come Home.") When I saw Peter, he was just getting ready to go on location in Canada for three months to shoot scenes for "Son Of Lassie." And he was excited about the million and one things he had to do to get ready for the trip. But not too excited to talk about one of his favorite subjects—American women.

"They are so adaptable," he said, as he drank his milkshake. (Milkshakes are another of his American tastes.) "In England life is pretty well set. You ride and you hunt—you do everything in season. There is a time and a place for each sport. No Englishman would dream of asking an English girl to go riding in the hunting season or hunting in the riding season. But you don't have to make your plans strictly according to season in the United States. You can do things on the impulse of the moment—which is something I love to do. Suppose you're with a group of friends, and you're all planning to go to the beach. But someone in the group decides it would be more fun to go dancing. No American girl would think of protesting, 'But that isn't what we planned to do.' She'd fall right into the spirit of the group."

One thing you can certainly say for Peter. If he thinks American women are wonderful, they think exactly the same thing about him. There isn't a girl in Hollywood who isn't proud and happy to have him as her escort. Lana Turner. Judy Garland, Anne Baxter—he's dated them all. And why not? For Peter is the most eligible young bachelor in Hollywood. He's young and good-looking, with light brown hair and blue eyes. He's just the right height—six feet tall.

He comes from a very fine family. He's the only son of Lieutenant General Sir Sidney Lawford and Lady Lawford. His father was a distinguished general in World War I. He has had a wonderful background—and it's always fun to talk to him. Think how you would feel if your escort had been to Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Deauville, Honolulu, Tahiti, Bombay, Panama, Lisbon, and almost every exciting town and city you could think of. You can be sure conversation would never lag between you!

And then too, Peter has never been married or even engaged. Let's face it—that is a novelty in itself in Hollywood. A man who has been married three or four times but happens to be temporarily between wives is known as a "bachelor." But a real bachelor like Peter—one who's young and unattached and never has been attached—is rarer than the dodo bird in Hollywood and a million times more sought after.

"I don't intend to get married until I'm at least twenty-five," Peter said. "I know exactly what qualities I like in a woman now—but I'm not at all sure that my tastes won't change completely in five years. I think the years between twenty and twenty-five are excellent years in which to remain unattached. I'm not in love and I don't believe in going steadily with one girl until I'm much older. Very often you see chaps marry at twenty. But they're not really ready to settle down. A few months pass, during which they may seem happy. Then either they or their brides get the idea that they'd like to be free—and boom goes the marriage. Or a man of twenty marries one kind of girl and in a few years discovers that his tastes have changed, and if he had only waited, he would never have married that girl but someone entirely different.

"As for me," laughed Peter, "I'm afraid I'll never meet my ideal girl. I know I'm asking too much. There (Please turn to page 67)

Boy MEETS BATHING BEAUTY

Van Johnson and Esther Williams team up for "Thrill Of A Romance." Here are first informal pictures of new co-stars



Lucky Van, sigh the other boys. Lucky, lucky Esther, swoon the Johnson fans. Either way, it's agreed these two young stars make a handsome couple. They began their screen careers at about the same time but have never before appeared together. Their co-starring film is a Technicolor musical produced by Pasternak, who made "Two Girls And A Sailor," which zoomed Van to stardom. "Thrill Of A Romance" presents Esther as a swimming instructor, Van as a convalescent war hero. What's this? Van takes time out from romancing Esther to appear with Marilyn Maxwell in "Between Two Women" (below). It's all in a day's work.





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Lauren's Line!

It's a good, modern line whether on the screen with Bogart in "To Have And Have Not," or in her own wardrobe which expresses Bacall's strong, functional personality.

Bacall believes in freedom—freedom of line in her personal wardrobe, freedom of speech on the screen, as you don't have to be told if you heard the pungent dialogue delivered in her young, throaty voice in her sensational picture. Here, her "best" dinner dress, extravagantly simple, flawlessly white. Not even a jewel to detract attention from the "line."



Slacks, loose tunic, ballet shoes for comfort—Bacall likes to lounge in leisure moments. Strong colors are not for her. Cap sleeves, collarless necklines definitely are. A former fashion model, Lauren knows values, refuses to splurge on fussy clothes. The new star's next for Warners will be "The Big Sleep," again with Bogart.



Illustrating the easy freedom of her favorite slacks outfit, Lauren also shows off her lithe, natural grace, long arms. Silk fringe of sash is only concession to ornamentation.



Another at-home lounge suit, its only bright note, buttons on sleeves and on tabs at waist. All Lauren Bacall's clothes are dateless, will be just as smart day after tomorrow.

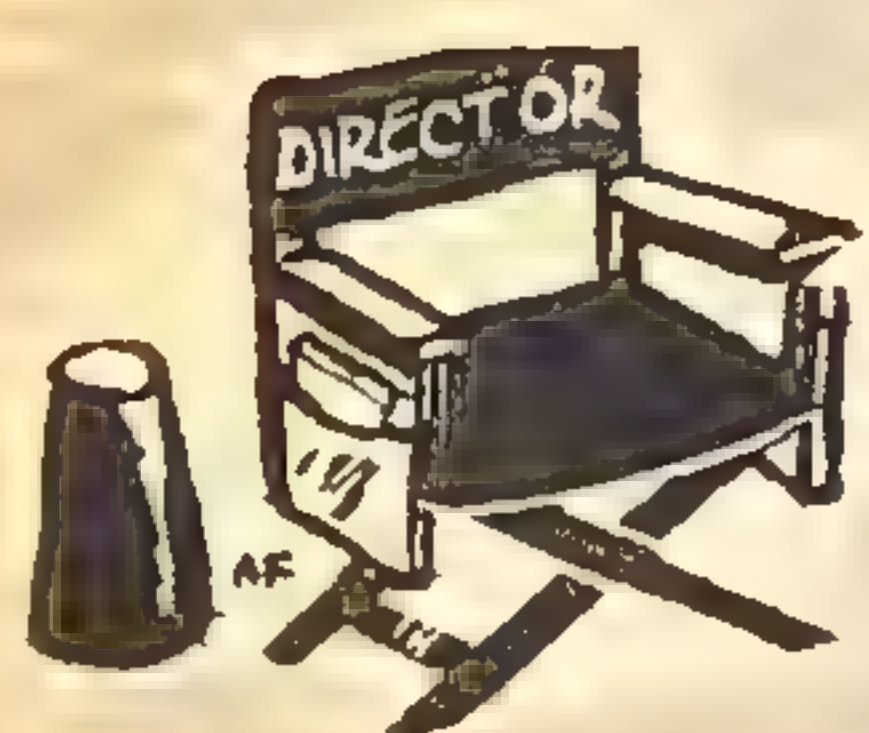
Open The Door to YOUTH!

By
Mervyn LeRoy

Latest LeRoy epic, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," stars Van Johnson and introduces newcomer Tim Murdock, far right. Noted for his many talent discoveries, LeRoy is youngest of screenland's top directors.



Famous director makes strong plea to Hollywood to give young blood a break



LIFE of the film industry is the young blood that flows into it each year. And the myopia gripping most of us older heads in respect to adolescents trying to crash the charmed circle is something worthy of analysis. We remember our own early struggles. We vividly recall that every rung of the ladder seemed to be greased, and whenever we grabbed hold we had to squeeze for dear life lest we tumble to the bottom again.

So what? When, after years of fighting we finally get up on the platform and take a deep breath, we are inclined to gaze down at the youngsters starting to climb and with all the altruism of a Spartan stepmother coyly remark, "Let 'em get up the best way they can! I did."

We sometimes forget that we all received many a helping hand, many a boost from some kindly and considerate old-timer when we were trying to get going in the new and confusing game of motion pictures. Without the encouragement and aid of those veterans we could never have made it.

In my case it was that grand old man of the stage and screen, Theodore Roberts, who opened the door for me. It was the stage door to the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. There was a kid part

available in "Barbara Frietchie." I was selling newspapers at the time, and the kindly Mr. Roberts got me the job because he believed any kid who hustled sheets after school deserved a lift. I received \$3 weekly for climbing a property tree at each performance and yelling "The Yanks are coming."

But this article isn't intended (the paper shortage being what it is) as a biography in which Old Man LeRoy sits

back and chronicles his early thrills and disappointments. I'll save that for a few decades hence when the grandchildren condescendingly submit to being thoroughly bored by some gargantuan tales.

However, remembering my early efforts to learn the game, I have always advocated as a constructive measure the establishment by the industry itself of an academy to train boys and girls in various arts and sciences of the screen.

It is true that at the present time there are a number of good, legitimate schools scattered around the country where some of these crafts are taught. But the uninitiated nowadays must always be skeptical lest he be taken in by one of the outfits with instructors who never saw a film studio. Many of these schools have only one objective, and that is to separate the student from his money.

How much better it would be if, under one roof and on one campus, a talented boy or girl could pass qualifying examinations and enroll for training as either an actor, cameraman, film laboratory worker, costume designer, publicity director, scenario writer, film editor, electrician, property man, director or some other studio craftsman.

To insure a high I.Q. among students, the academy could make its entrance examinations difficult. The number of
(Please turn to page 65)



Jack Warner, vice-president in charge of production, welcomes Mervyn LeRoy back to the Warner Bros. Studio, with Oscar Levant, center, adding his congratulations.

Hi,

NEW GALS!



New to movies though not to radio: Martha Tilton, signed by PRC for "Swing Hostess" and "Crime Incorporated." G.I.'s know and like Martha's voice and potent personality through her USO tours.



Here's Barbara Belden, new face and all that goes with it, including acting ability — as you know if you saw her in "When The Lights Go On Again." Reported she's all set for television, too.

The girl with the funny name and fascinating future: Toni Seven — or 7 — nicknamed, so they tell us, "The Number" by boys of the armed services. Toni's also called the film industry's only eugenic baby, being the daughter of the late June Caprice, silent screen actress, and Harry Millarde, noted director. Toni is 21, weighs 108 pounds.



"The Look," formally known as Lauren Bacall, has a devastating effect on the inimitable Bob Hope. Just look what happened when they appeared on a recent air show!



Clark Gable has a warm greeting for Lana Turner at the Los Angeles Press Photographers' party at Ciro's. Below, Lana with Turhan Bey.



Fans' top favorites, Van Johnson and June Allyson, attend premiere. Below, Paulette Goddard and spouse, Capt. Burgess Meredith.



Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan meet June Allyson at a premiere. Below, Alice Faye and Andy Devine give into that impulse to clown.



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP BY WESTON EAST ★ CANDIDS BY GENE LESTER

DIRECTOR Andre De Toth's wedding present to his wife, Veronica Lake, was a hillton home that overlooks all of Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beaches. It's perfect in every respect but one. The house is so high up the butcher and the baker refuse to make deliveries. Oh well, Ronni and Andre are so happy, they probably wouldn't be missing a little thing like food anyway!

LUCILLE BALL and Desi Arnaz celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary—together. Their divorce suit has been dropped, much to the relief of her MGM bosses, who consider Lucille one of their most valuable properties. Someone, and Lucille would certainly like to know who, sent her and Desi a stuffed dove—the dove of peace, no doubt. It rests gently on the mantelpiece of their Chatsworth Park ranch. Desi has moved back and will reside there when on leave from the Army Medical Corps at the Birmingham Hospital.

IT'S SUPPOSED to be nice work if you can get it. But Jimmy Cagney doesn't want it. Love scenes, we mean. In "Blood

On The Sun," Jimmy and Sylvia Sidney have some torchy moments. Every time things were beginning to get interesting, Sylvia's false eyelashes got tangled up with Jimmy's real ones. They finally got in on the twentieth take. "Maybe we should have compromised and rubbed noses," cracked Cagney.

WAYNE MORRIS (Lieut. Bert D. Morris of the armed forces) returned to Hollywood wearing the Distinguished Flying Cross, a Gold Star and an Air Medal. His war record, released by the Navy Department, is sensational. Mrs. Morris, the former Pat Stewart, could hardly wait for him to see their new daughter. Wayne took one look, muttered his appreciation and promptly fell asleep. He was so exhausted he didn't open his eyes until two days later.

OUT 20th-Century way, they are practically dancing in the streets. Alice Faye has finally signed a new long-term contract. She gets the best story properties and plenty of time off to be home with her two babies and husband, Phil Harris. There are other concessions, too, never

before accorded a star. Maybe the continual carloads of fan mail Alice still receives had something to do with it. What with John Payne back in harness too, the studio is just a little haven of happiness.

WHAT follows remains to be seen. However, all eyes were on civilian Clark Gable and Ann Dvorak at the David Selznick's Sunday afternoon tennis party. Clark hardly left her side all afternoon. Interesting news that Ann, who once walked out on a Warner contract to sail around the world with husband Leslie Fenton (now separated), is being paged to resume her acting at this same studio. At the time, they said she'd never darken their door again.

LONG before this reaches print, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell will be a papa and-mama. It couldn't happen at a more important period in Glenn's life. Because of a stomach disorder, he was recently given a medical discharge from the Marine Corps. There is rumor that there's trouble a-brewin' between Glenn and Columbia. After two and a half years in the service, Glenn feels he needs good



It's an Army date for Major Gene Raymond and wife, Jeanette MacDonald. Below, Edgar Bergen with his best girl, Frances Westerman.



Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage laugh it up with Ginny Simms. Below, Alan Ladd squires his charming wife and agent, Sue Carol.



The new Mr. and Mrs.—Andre De Toth and Veronica Lake. Below, the Preston Fosters add their shekels to "Winged Victory" proceeds.



★
Ann Sheridan, Burgess Meredith and his wife, Paulette Goddard, at right, get together over their radio scripts to sell more war bonds.

★
Below, Clark Gable offers two tasty morsels to co-stars, Lucille Ball and Anna Lee, appearing with him on a Screen Guild Theater performance.



★
Robert Montgomery, above, makes his first radio appearance since leaving the Navy on the Lux Theater with Laraine Day.

★
Paulette Goddard and Fred Astaire, at left, have a laugh at their own routines while rehearsing for a radio broadcast.

parts to make up for lost momentum. So far he hasn't seen any such evidence. His Marine training has certainly made an improvement. Glenn was inclined to be too easy-going, at times almost too kind and considerate. Now he's a handsome adult, a very definite and objective person.

WITH HEDY LAMARR and Virginia O'Brien expecting their first babies in June, Rita Hayworth and Ann Sothorn produced theirs in December. Speaking of Ann, while she was in the hospital, Ray Milland and Jack Benny came to call on little Patricia Sterling. Ann sent them out to look at the baby through that long glass window. It never happened. When all the other fathers lined up to look at their progeny, they recognized Ray and Jack. The actors were besieged to point out the most beautiful baby in the group. Being fathers themselves, Ray and Jack got out of the place while it was still healthy!

THAT new outfit worn by Betty Hutton is original to say the least. It's a tailored navy blue suit, worn with a

blouse and a man's bow tie. A heavy gold watch chain from her belt to a side skirt pocket, makes for an added touch. Actually it isn't very attractive. But on Betty, a clothespin on her nose would be becoming.

LANA TURNER was dining informally with Turhan Bey. Informal it was. Turhan wasn't even wearing a tie. When they were handed the menus, Lana looked at Turhan and said: "What are you going to have—daddy?" The poor waiter became so startled he dropped his pad and pencil. So did we.

WHETHER the Jack Oakies are actually back together again, we wouldn't be knowing. But Jack is escorting Venita to this place and that place. He's allowed all his weight to come back and to quote Jack, "I haven't seen my feet since the Fourth of July."

THE NAME of Tom Trout means absolutely nothing to you or us. But Weston East is going out on a limb to make a prediction. We met Tom, who has been signed by MGM. He's the most

fantastic, unusual personality we've met in many a year. And boy, what a background! More about Tom later. Remember SCREENLAND discovered him for you first.

ROBERT YOUNG has never been as happy before. In his rôle of the scarred Army officer in "The Enchanted Cottage," his makeup requires two hours time each morning. A rubber mask pulls his eye and jerks his mouth down at the corners. An ugly red gash appears on one cheek. The finished job is sprayed with liquid rubber that causes his face to itch. But Bob is happy. "I'm still the romantic lead," he said. "In my movie life, it doesn't happen often!"

FAYE EMERSON is certainly the girl of the hour, as far as Hollywood is concerned. The President's son, Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, is so crazy about his bride, the day before their wedding he accompanied her to the Warner Bros. wardrobe department where her bridal outfit was being made. "That looks wonderful," said the Colonel, with pride in his eyes. "I certainly like that color."



The Lou Costellos are caught holding hands at left, with Mrs. Eddie Sherman, wife of Lou's manager, as "chaperone."



Below, Merle Oberon and James Cagney discuss their scripts during rehearsal for a special Hollywood radio broadcast.

James Cagney, above, finds two interested listeners, Cpl. George Montgomery and his wife, Dinah Shore, before appearing on air show.



It's a date with her husband, Martin Arrouge of the Navy, for Norma Shearer, at right smiling prettily for our cameraman.



Milo Anderson, the designer, couldn't hold it back. "You *should* like that color," he grinned. "It's Eleanor Blue!" For the record, when Faye Emerson married the President's son she wore something old and borrowed along with her Eleanor Blue suit. There wasn't time for shopping. So Faye carried a new mink muff belonging to Alexis Smith. She borrowed a mink bandeau to wear on her hair from Barbara Stanwyck. To show you the kind of girl Faye is, while the front office executives were trying to rush her to the main dining room for lunch Faye was making the rounds of the lot introducing Colonel Elliott Roosevelt to her wardrobe girl, the hair-dresser, and the prop man. Funniest crack of all was made by Geraldine Fitzgerald. Said that inimitable lady, "I hope Faye goes right to Congress and gets them to pass a bill bringing Olivia De Havilland back to the screen!"

WHEN GARY COOPER decided to produce as well as act in "Along Came Jones," he hadn't figured on one thing—the hunting season. Every year, come what may, acting in a picture or not,

Gary sets out with gun in hand. Now when he isn't in front of the camera, he's chained to the desk, handling all the details of production that go with the job. He is still suffering from "shock" over the latest bill handed to him for okay. It was for \$80.00, covering the cost of "Flit." Producer Cooper hit the ceiling and demanded an explanation. It seems there were horses in the picture. Where there are horses, there are horse-flies. Hence the Flit!

EVERYONE is very amused at the camaraderie that exists on "The Big Sleep" set. Bogart, Bacall and Howard Hawks are working together again. They kid each other all day long and the acting results are terrific. The other day, Bacall, picking up a pet Bogart expression, referred to someone as being a "Creep." Bogart gave her his number one menacing look. "Don't try to be a character in such a hurry," he said, with a poker face.

IF JOAN FONTAINE were paying off in dollars and cents, she couldn't afford George Brent's services. We mean, as a press agent! Maybe George's recent

experiences at RKO have something to do with it, but he certainly is doing a rave about working with Joan in "The Affairs of Susan." What a happy little set it is these days, with Joan co-operating and all. Even visitors are allowed.

FOR YEARS Bob Hope's wife has been trying to pay back a few social obligations. Whenever she planned a party, Bob was sure to be off on another camp tour. Finally Bob actually stayed home long enough to make plans. Just like *Topsy*, the party grew and grew. Hundreds of people arrived. Bob, greeting everyone at the door, announced: "Right this way, all you folks from Central Casting. Free food being served in the dining room."

A MERRY little group at a Hollywood party were discussing Robert Walker. Someone wanted to know if he ever took off those thick, tortoise shell glasses. A little later on in the evening Errol Flynn ran into Bob in the wash room. Making a hasty and excited exit, Errol announced to the crowd, "Yes, he does!"

SCREENLAND SALUTES GREGORY PECK

in "THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM"

The splendid performance of Gregory Peck brings him new acting laurels—and movie audiences a superb film



Above, Rosa Stradner adds another fine performance as *Mother Maria-Veronica*, in charge of the nuns at *Father Chisholm's* mission in China. Below, Eunice Soo-Hoo, as the cunning piece of humanity left in the priest's care.



As A. J. Cronin's beloved character, *Father Francis Chisholm*, whose religious devotion is tempered with a fine human understanding, Gregory Peck gives a memorable performance that should place him among film's top-notch stars.



She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force

She's Lovely!

HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.



FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-clear you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin needs regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

First—she smooths snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she rinses with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is important," Frances says, "makes skin extra clean, extra soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

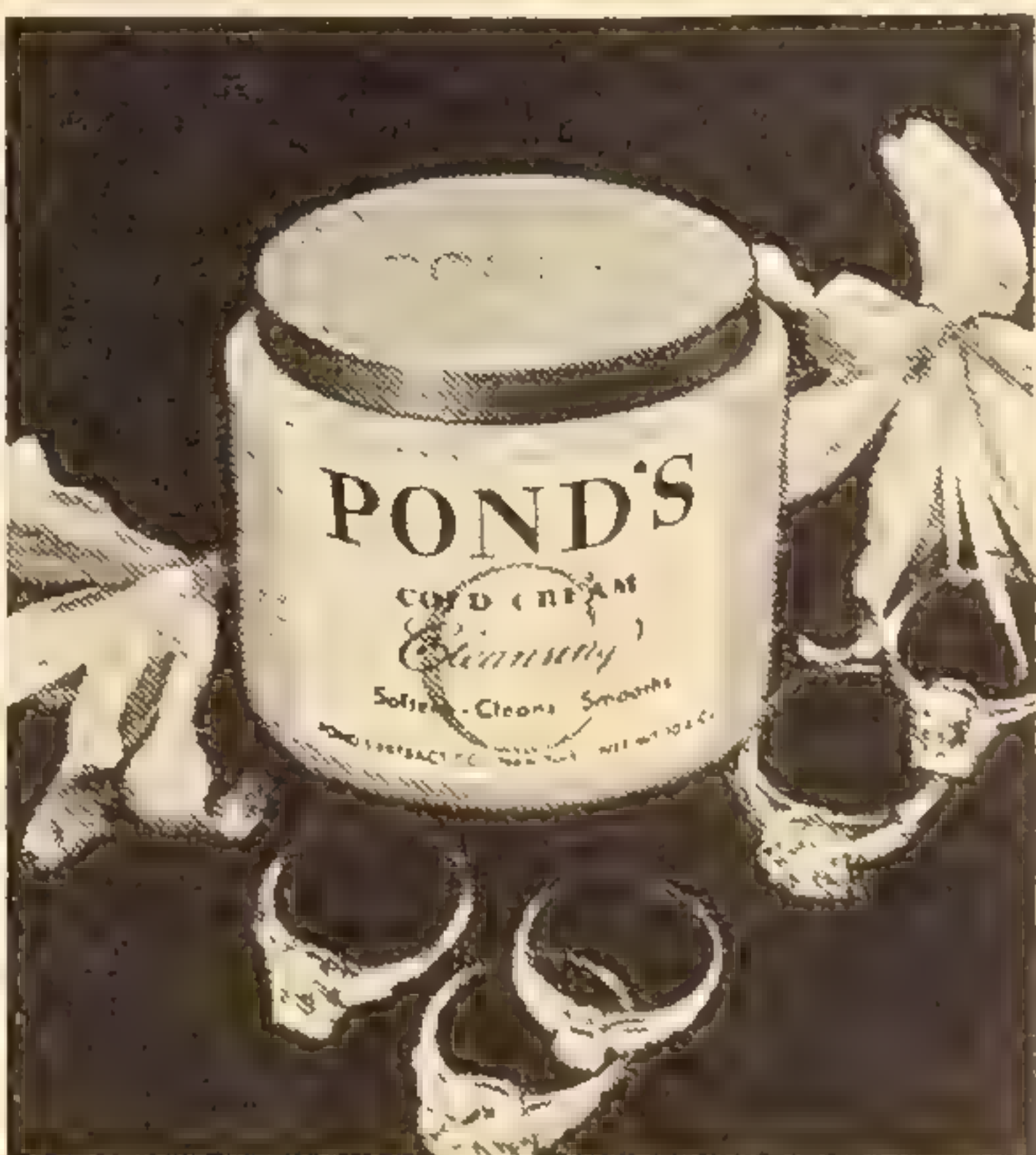
Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream!"



ON HIS FURLOUGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.



TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

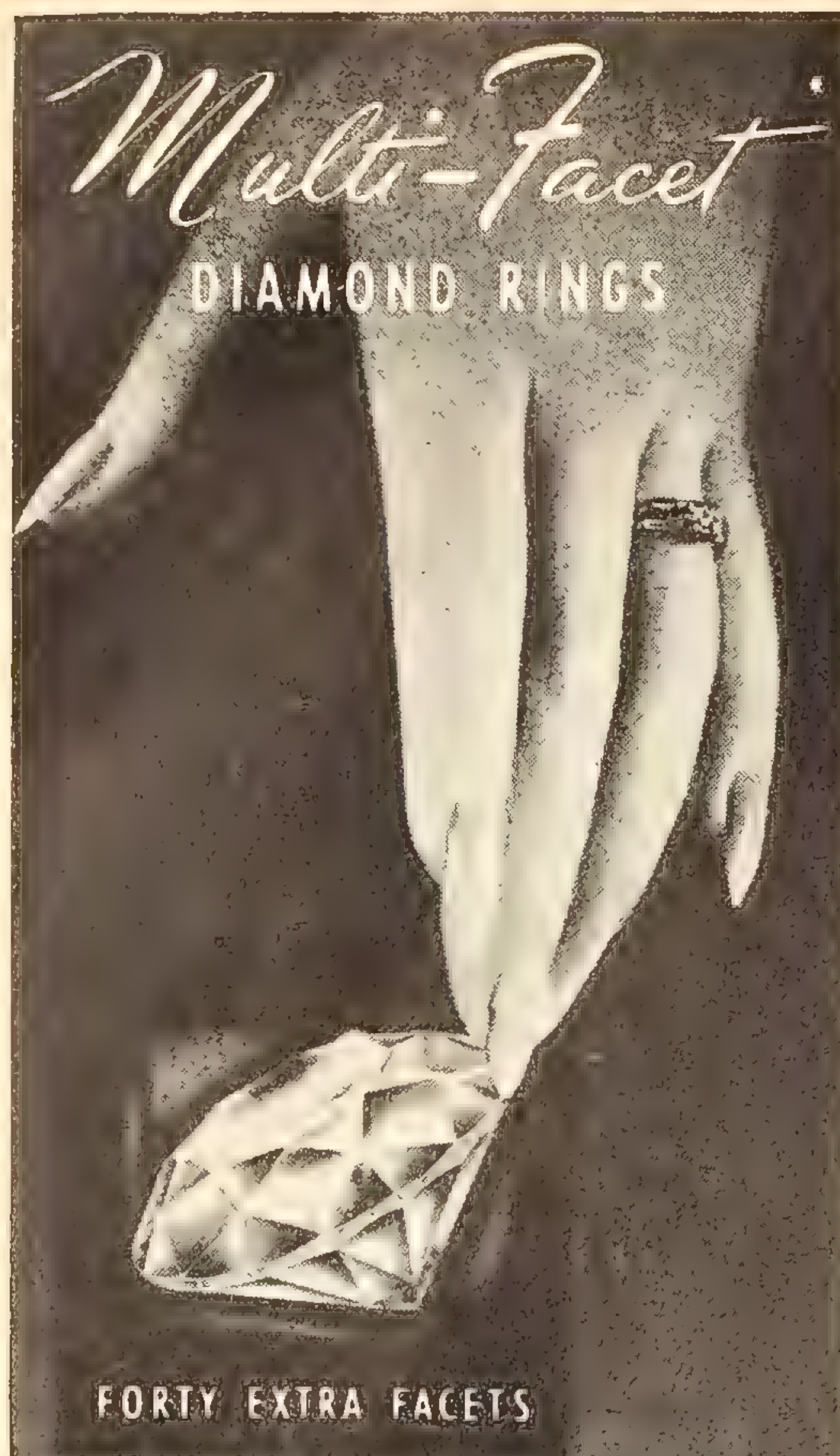
She uses Pond's

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Pond's
Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT

It Happened One Night to Claudette

Continued from page 24



FORTY EXTRA FACETS



ROBIN \$75*

BLAZING WITH MORE BRILLIANCE



FLAMINGO \$150*

Like wearing a star on your finger... MULTI-FACET* diamond rings sparkle in radiant brilliance. MULTI-FACET* forty-extra-facet diamond rings bring you brilliance, color, radiance never before possible—priced to your fiancé's budget!

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I'd love to read "The Story of a Diamond."

I enclose 10c postage for the booklet.

MY NAME _____

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do over a room? And then in the midst of decorators, materials, carpenters and whatnot, the call came. Claudette snapped out of being a movie star as quickly and easily as Houdini used to snap out of his locks and chains. She was lucky enough to get a ticket on a train (she'd have to make several changes, nothing is ever simple in the Navy) for the following night. All right, so they didn't have a drawing room, or a compartment, or even an upper in a Pullman, she could sit up all night in the regular coach along with the other folks. In war times she might have to sit around for days waiting for a reservation, it happens even to movie stars, and she didn't intend losing any time. She ate her dinner out of a box, an Adrian box but a box, and she drank her milk out of a thermos. And she shared the chicken and the fruit with the numerous wailing kids who constantly scrambled up and down the aisle to the water cooler. When the Army wife she sat next to got off at her station, Claudette carried the baby, the baby's bottle, and the baby's pottie off the train for her.

Claudette doesn't say much about that night's trip in the crowded coach, so similar to the one she made with Shirley Temple and Jennifer Jones in "Since You Went Away." With sleeping kids and exhausted mothers all around her she had lots of time to think. And—a lot of things that had seemed awfully important suddenly seemed awfully silly. I don't mean that Claudette "got religion" that night. I don't mean she ran out the next morning and got a welding job, the way she did in "Since You Went Away." I just mean she did a lot of thinking.

Her husband met her while his ship was on a precommissioning detail before it was ordered to sail. The Navy wives, with their children, all eager to be as near their husbands as possible, as long as possible, had gathered together there from all parts of the United States. They all lived in a hotel some fifteen to twenty miles out from town. The hotel had been a famous resort hotel in the good old days, but had gone into bankruptcy and disrepair. Not long ago two enterprising Irishmen bought it, and turned it into a Navy hotel. The entire guest list was Navy.

There, too, was the servant problem, even as in Hollywood and Keokuk. In that vast hotel, where once maids and waiters were so plentiful they stumbled over each other as they dashed around with fresh linen, champagne cocktails, fruit and flowers, there were only two maids to do the rooms, and three waitresses. But the Navy wives were so grateful to the Irishmen for keeping the hotel open at all, and saving them from the inconveniences of motels and trailer camps, that it would never have occurred to them to complain about anything.

"They pitched in and helped with the

work," said Claudette, "and I pitched right in too. The two maids were hard-working, efficient girls, but it was utterly impossible for them to clean all the rooms, so most of us did our own cleaning. The wives took turns at running the switchboard, and they lost no time in suggesting that I take a turn at it too. H'mmm, I thought, that should be fun. I can listen in on everybody's conversation. 'It's a little difficult at first,' one of the girls said, 'do you think you can catch on to the hang of it, Mrs. Pressman?' Well, really, I thought to myself, does she take me for a case of arrested development? You pull out a cord, and you plug it in a hole. That's all there is to it.

"I was wrong. It *isn't* all there is to it. Well, anyway, they gave me a night shift to begin with because there aren't so many calls at that time, or so they said. I think maybe I was the freshman being initiated. I came in from the ship after having dinner with my husband, and was told that it was my turn. I had hardly settled myself comfortably (hoping no doubt to overhear a few juicy tidbits) when bedlam broke loose. I knew that when a red light flashes someone in the hotel is calling the operator, and when the green light flashes you have an incoming call. But suddenly that switchboard had more red and green lights than Fifth Avenue and the buzzer was buzzing loud enough to wake the dead. That switchboard really had me puzzled. After I had jammed up everything beautifully by plugging all calls on the same line, a nice Navy wife from Chicago said she guessed she'd better take over."

Well, after that blow to her pride Claudette knew she had to do something spectacular so those other wives wouldn't think she was stupid and incompetent. When she had arrived at the hotel she had noticed that the elevator had a "Do Not Use" sign on it.

"What's the matter with the elevator?" Claudette had asked. "Is it broken?"

"Something's wrong with it," one of the wives had answered. "But the manager can't get an elevator boy to run it now anyway. Manpower shortage."

Uh huh, Claudette thought, after the switchboard fiasco this is my chance. Claudette has always been very good at tinkering around machinery, especially if the machinery is greasy and oily, and leaves big smudges. (If the switchboard had been greasy and oily she could have conquered it, I'm sure.) Claudette is the only girl I know, or have ever known, who can crawl underneath an automobile on her back, whack away at this and that with a wrench, and come out some minutes later looking like a fugitive from an oil explosion—but the car works! If she hadn't been an actress she could have made a damned good mechanic.

Well, anyway, Claudette fussed around that elevator all morning, and

IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?



"YES!" say

DEANNA DURBIN'S fans

"Goodness, no!" says this lovely young star modestly. But her enthusiastic admirers insist her smooth, exquisite complexion is the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, the lovely Deanna Durbin depends on Active-lather facials. "Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier!" she says. "I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry." You try this gentle care!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Star of
Universal's Technicolor Production
"CAN'T HELP SINGING"



*This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...
no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!*

was certain she had the thing repaired. Now if she only knew how to run it. She sat down and started figuring it out.

"All my life I have wanted to run an elevator," she confessed, "I suppose because I was brought up as a child in a New York apartment house. Well, now I have. The first thing I hit it on the nose—stopped the elevator level with the floor—I felt as excited as if I had solved the Einstein theory."

I'm sure you have read in magazines where Miss Quainty Dainty of Hollywood tells you how to make an angel cake, or whip up a batch of cookies. But now you're in for something different. Miss Claudette Colbert of Hollywood will tell you how to run an elevator. You may have to run an elevator. Anything can happen these days. I'm certain DeMille never thought his *Cleopatra* would run an elevator.

"The lever goes along the wall in a half circle," explained Claudette. "You push the lever forward when you want to go up, and you push it backward when you want to go down. When you want to stop, the lever is in the center. The secret of running an elevator successfully is starting and stopping without jerking, and leveling the elevator with the floor. It's quite a trick to stop the elevator right on the nose. You have to know when to shut off the power. And momentum has a lot to do with it, too. I figured it out that you have to shut off the power two feet before you come to the floor, to make a perfect landing. But somehow or other gremlins got into that elevator. Some

days it was six inches, instead of two feet. I remember the first time I hit it right on the nose I was so pleased with myself I turned around to the passengers expecting applause. But two new wives from Pennsylvania and four babies got off without even noticing. I took a bow just the same.

"My first passengers had rather a bad time of it. They asked for the third floor, but landed in the basement. It was quite some time before I could coax them back into the elevator. They seemed to prefer walking up and down the steps. Occasionally a new group of wives would arrive. When I would start the elevator and politely inquire, 'What floor, please?' they would give me a quick, startled look, recognize me, and forget their floor completely. I just gave them a beautiful ride up and down until they adjusted themselves to seeing an actress running an elevator."

Besides cleaning her room, running the elevator, and helping wrap bandages for battle dressings for the ship in what was once the grand ballroom of the hotel, Claudette soon found herself with another regular job. The hotel, due to the servant problem and the food shortage, served only two meals a day, breakfast and dinner. No lunches. Two miles away there was a grocery store run by a woman, and her eighty-odd-year-old mother. They would make hamburgers and malted milks for the Navy wives and children at the hotel, but they wouldn't deliver them. So Claudette would drive to the grocery store in the hotel's battered station wagon every

day at noon, have her own lunch, and pack the hamburgers and malted milks carefully in the back of the car. "And don't ever let anyone tell you that hamburgers and malted milks are bad for children," she said. "I never saw a healthier bunch of kids."

Sometime, I fear, the mothers and kids back at the hotel waited a little impatiently for Claudette to return with their lunches. For Claudette fell in love with the little old lady at the grocery store, and while she slowly ate her eggs and drank her milk she listened intently to her wonderful stories about the early settlers some sixty or more years ago. "We used to drive ox teams all day to get to a dance that night," she'd tell Claudette. "And then after dancing all night we'd drive the ox team all the next day to get home. We're healthy people," she boasted. "Before my daughter stopped me last year I used to drive the 120 miles to the city in my Ford several times a month."

Claudette was often delayed in the grocery store too by the Coast Guard—all of whom had Brownies and wanted to take a picture of her. "Unfortunately," said Claudette, who doesn't like candid camera shots anyway, "I was there long enough to see those pictures developed. I never saw so many horror pictures."

Claudette's husband is again in the South Pacific. But she's keeping her fingers crossed and hoping awfully hard. She'd like to be a Navy Wife again. Before she has to start being a movie star in Columbia's "Jubal Troop."

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"He says as long as he's going to be tied to a desk for the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."



An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

Betty Grable Defends Mrs. Harry James!

Continued from page 20

along Fifth Avenue, visit the shops, see the plays—have the same sort of happy time (within the limits of my strength) that any girl wants to have in New York with the man she loves.

I wasn't really well. I have not before called attention to the fact of my baby's birth, but now it seems that I must. Vicki had to be brought into the world (in order to give her a chance to survive) by Caesarian section. This meant that it took me much longer to recover from her birth than it would have, ordinarily. Believe me, I felt very badly for many weeks afterward. Yet I was scolded bitterly in print for not doing things that were, at that time, physically impossible.

At last, when we knew that Vicki was going to be all right, and could get along very nicely with the fine nurse we were fortunate enough to secure for her, the doctor suggested a change of scenery for me. There was nothing that I could do for Vicki, because she was already getting expert care, and the doctor thought that—if I would be careful—I would benefit by a trip. So I joyously joined Harry.

While we were in New York, I rested most of the time, had dinner almost every night on a tray. Harry would have dinner with me on a wheeled-in table. It was cosy and intimate. I was with my husband and I was happy.

I gained strength, and when Harry

was ready to go on tour, I decided to go with him. Not as Betty Grable, you understand, but as Mrs. Harry James. He had signed to do a series of one-night stands, but that didn't frighten me. However, had I realized what was going to happen, I would have been terrified.

Do you know what one-night stands mean? The band would work until midnight, or one, or two in the morning. Then we would catch the first train bound for the town in which the band was next scheduled to play. If you have traveled lately, you know how rugged conditions are. Frequently we had to take local trains on which there was no diner, no Pullman coach. We slept, sitting up and fully clothed, in the baggage car many times.

One early morning, we straggled off a train to be met by a local news photographer. Let me tell you how I looked: I was wearing my hair in pigtailed that needed to be taken down, brushed, and re-braided. I wasn't wearing a particle of makeup, not even lipstick. My blouse was wrinkled, so was my skirt; my bobby sox were travel-weary. In other words, I was nobody's pin-up girl.

How would you feel if, when you were feeling and looking your all-time worst, a strange photographer insisted upon taking your picture?

Harry explained the situation, and said that I would be a better camera subject

that evening. Unfortunately, when evening came I was sound asleep in bed, completely worn out. I understand that the photographer was highly exasperated. I'm truly sorry, but I don't know what else I could have done, under the circumstances. Remember, I'm just an ordinary girl. I have my pride, too.

A few days later, in another town, a crowd formed in front of the bandstand, and set up a deafening hullabaloo for Betty Grable to make an appearance. I was sitting in the wings, perspiring freely because it was a hot night, and wearing some tired little peasant outfit. I stayed where I was. I don't think I could have done otherwise. I was there to be with Harry, not to make a personal appearance. But because I tried to remain unobtrusive, I was criticized in the paper.

In another town, when Harry and the band had to catch a train in a rush, he asked for police assistance so that we could hurry. Not that he wanted to refuse to give autographs, or that I did, but a train missed means a booking missed, and that's serious. Yet we were criticized because we didn't stop and give autographs.

I was criticized, too, because, when fans and even friends phoned me, it was said they were told I wouldn't talk to anyone. Well, the truth is that I never knew about any of these calls. You see, Harry, being concerned about my health, asked one of the boys working for him to take all telephone calls for me. Well, this boy, with the best intentions in the world, told everyone—with no exceptions—that I couldn't talk over the phone

at all. He meant to protect me from becoming nervous and over-tired, but perhaps he didn't explain fully enough that I was not well and had to rest a great deal. Anyway, the first thing I knew I was being called "snooty," and accused of "going Hollywood." Yet, in all fairness, I don't see how I can be blamed for "refusing" to answer telephone calls I didn't know had been made.

I've forgotten where it was that a girl reached out, as I was passing by her, and grabbed a fistful of my hair. I presume that she wanted some strands as a souvenir, but that didn't make it hurt any less. At another time a girl, waiting at a stage door, called out to me, "You stink!" I had never seen the girl before in my life; I had spoken no syllable to her. I wasn't in studio makeup; I was wearing my hair in braids, and I was dressed in a simple suit. I hope that I looked clean, even though it was a scorching hot day. Yet I suppose I must have been a far cry from the glamor this girl expected of a person from Hollywood.

Let us suppose that I had taken along a studio hair-dresser to keep my hair in perfect condition at all times; suppose I had taken along a glamorous wardrobe, and had played Movie Star wherever I went—posing for pictures, giving interviews, and handing out autographs. I wasn't on tour, remember. *Harry* and his band were the stars of the trip. What would people have said about *my* trying to snatch a share of *Harry's* spotlight?

I think I would have been a very poor wife if I had done this. *Harry* is a superb musician, and it seems to me he should

share his applause only with his band. When I am with him I try to be his wife, not Betty Grable.

I think the whole controversy boils down to this: Does a person who becomes prominent in the public eye, have a right to a private life? If an actress, for instance, gives an honest performance before the camera, and cooperates with photographers and magazines whenever it is possible, do her fans still have the right—when she is ill, or tired, or not prepared to see even her closest friends—do her fans have the right to demand that she give up all privacy because of the money she has earned at the box office?

I know that the outside world is quick to criticize Hollywood because an occasional marriage ends in divorce. Yet, sometimes, it is that very outside world that causes the first rift. Suppose I *hadn't* joined *Harry* last summer. There would have been those who would have hinted that we weren't happy—when nothing could be farther from the truth.

Suppose that I had been willing to seize some of the public acclaim belonging to *Harry*! Luckily, *Harry* is the kind of person who wouldn't have minded, but you can bet your last dime that there would have been those along the way who would have said, "Who does Betty Grable think she is—taking bows for doing nothing except having married *Harry James*?"

Oh yes, I would have been criticized, believe me. One little thing might have lead to another. *Harry* and I might have quarreled. (It seems impossible to me,

but the same thing has happened to other couples.) And, if we had, there would have been a little murmur: "No wife should try to share her husband's spotlight. It serves Betty right."

If it is true that a girl must take her choice between being the happy wife of a famous man, or having a career of her own, I know what my choice will be. All my life I have dreamed of the time when I would have a home of my own, a husband, and a baby. Of course, I love to make pictures; I have been flattered and deeply touched by the kindness of those who have liked my screen work; I should like to continue to make one or two pictures a year. BUT if I find that being Betty Grable is going to interfere with being Mrs. *Harry James*—goodbye, Betty Grable!

Thank you so much, *Delight*, for allowing me to express myself. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to thank the millions who have been wonderful to me, to thank the men in uniform whose admiration I prize very, very highly, and to say to anyone who has ever called me "snooty": It isn't true.

I have been placed in a difficult situation by people who didn't understand my attitude, or know of my condition. I hope that after reading this, everyone will understand my side of the story a little bit better. All that I ask of anyone is fairness—and the courtesy due any woman.

Sincerely,

Betty Grable

irresistible lips are

Lucy Ballou

For heart-stirring lips,

IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a

brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink...

new favorite in a lipstick famous for

color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting

thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXTING

process. Matching rouge and powder.

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Irresistible pink orchid Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!



10c - 25c
SIZES

NEW SWIVEL
CASE

Open The Door To Youth!

Continued from page 52

those trained each year could coincide with contemplated openings in the industry to prevent a surplus of workers and a consequent unemployment problem.

Such a school would supply the industry with reliable skilled workers. It would eliminate a lot of the old romance of the industry, wherein a fellow crashed a studio gate, bluffed his way into a job and held on by his wits. But it would be of great benefit to motion pictures. In my opinion the industry would profit a hundredfold from its investment in subsidizing such an academy.

Of course, the graduates of such an institution would be far from expert technicians. But they would have the proper basic training. As instructors we could select veterans of years of film production who could pass on to the youngsters the tricks of the trade they otherwise would take with them into retirement. Some of the most active directors, actors, and technicians in Hollywood could take off a day or two between pictures to devote to giving instructive lectures.

We all know that under present conditions, one of the biggest talent problems is separating the chaff from the wheat. Many deserving young people are now deprived of auditions because a studio boss can't waste his time listening to a score of untalented kids while he's trying to find one with potentialities.

One of the important features of such an academy would be its scholarship funds. A youth showing genius in any of the many fields in which his talents could be applied to motion picture production could be given free tuition if necessary.

Throughout the country universities every day in peace times turn out experts in other professions; why not career men and women for the films? As one of the nation's most important industries it would seem natural that motion pictures have its own training grounds instead of relying on what drifts in from vaudeville, community playhouses and the Broadway stage.

Of course, motion pictures have gone through the most amazing growing convulsions imaginable. This billion dollar giant could not be properly harnessed and made to operate perfectly overnight. From slapstick to sound and from "The Squaw Man" to our finest present-day productions in less than 30 years, represented leapfrog progress during which it was often a case of catch-as-catch-can operating. However, it is high time that we sit back and contemplate the future of the industry and make plans for its perpetuation.

There are many reasons why an academy for training film talent of all kinds would be a distinct advantage over the present slipshod system, but the most important to me is the fact that there is a lot of effort going to waste among worthy kids doing some needless struggling. They should be given a helping hand.



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Continued from page 47

probably is no such person in this world or the next. I'd want her to be attractive and to have something on the ball mentally. I'd want her to be all things at all times—serious when the occasion arises and very gay and mad at other times. I couldn't stand a girl who was just purely, solely and entirely an inside type. I'd want a girl who likes everything; who is a gracious hostess inside her own home, and who also fits perfectly into any occasion, a dance at a night club, swimming at the beach or talking about world affairs!"

According to some of the newspaper columnists, Peter Lawford found his ideal girl in Lana Turner. Both Peter and Lana were embarrassed by these reports. For they are not in love with each other. They've dated each other often. But Peter has also dated a dozen other glamor girls in Hollywood. He has even taken Lana to his home to meet his mother and father. But he's also taken Judy Garland and Anne Baxter to his home to meet his parents. For one of Peter's first instincts when he likes a girl—even though he hasn't the faintest idea of falling in love—is to have her meet the two people who mean so much to him. He's proud of the girls he goes out with, and likes to have his parents meet them.

He and Lana have known each other for quite some time, and they are great friends. He met Lana for the first time at the home of their mutual friend, Keenan Wynn. He and Keenan, Dick Whorf and Lana frequently bumped into each other on their way into the MGM commissary for lunch. Then what more natural than that all of them should eat together?

When Lana and Peter had their first date they went to a movie, and then stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers.

"Lana," said Peter, "has been publicized as a tremendous glamor girl. Few people realize that she really has very simple tastes. She loves to go to the beach; she plays tennis; she rides beautifully. She is one of those amazing girls who does well anything she tries. But we were never serious about each other, as some of the newspapers said. I've found a lot of girls who wanted to do the same things I like to do."

For instance, Judy Garland. He's known Judy for six years. They met for the first time at a wiener roast. Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers were there, and they all enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Peter and Judy have gone to the beach and to Mocambo together. "No matter where Judy goes," says Peter, "she's always fun. She's gay and has such a good time, you can't help enjoying yourself, too. I've always been very lucky in the girls I've gone out with. I've never been with a girl who was a drag."

And what's a "drag"? According to Peter, a drag is a girl who is too possessive, who wants to be around your neck all the time. She's the kind of girl

who makes an exhibition of herself. Peter hates to see a woman who has had too much to drink or who makes herself conspicuous. He feels a woman's a drag if she's always fixing her face and combing her hair in public; or if she pays no attention to her escort but does everything she can to attract attention to herself.

"Thank goodness, there are very few girls like that," says Peter, "but once in a while you do see them, and then you can't help feeling sorry for them and even more sorry for their escorts."

Although he has never been in love, Peter admits that like most young men, he has had his crushes. "My first big crush," he confessed, "was on an American girl. She was a lovely brunette with black hair and brown eyes. I met her at a party at Long Island, and learned she was a professional skater. She skated beautifully, of course. But then she did everything beautifully. She was wonderful at all outdoor sports. We used to go swimming and riding together. We also went dancing, and it was this girl who first taught me to jitterbug. I was only seventeen at the time, and so my crush wasn't really very serious. But this girl set a pattern for the type of thing I admire so much in American women—their wonderful adaptability, flexibility, and the great range of their interests. Some day, I hope, I'll marry an American woman."

Although Peter expects some day to fall in love with an American girl, actually his theme song is "I want to marry a girl like the girl who married dad," and if he ever meets a woman with the charm and understanding that his mother possesses, he'll probably get married, regardless of what her nationality is. Lady Lawford is a lady in every sense of the word. She is a slender woman with light brown hair, patrician features and a warm smile—and she is blessed with wonderful understanding and a grand sense of humor.

When Peter was a small boy, his parents were fabulously wealthy. Somehow, he got the idea that he wanted to be a child actor. He told his mother this. In families like theirs, it was the tradition that the oldest boy always joined the Army and became part of his father's regiment. Sir Sidney Lawford took it for granted that his only son would follow in his footsteps. Neither he nor Lady Lawford ever dreamed the child might want to become an actor.

To have her seven-year-old son tell her this must have been a shock to Lady Lawford. But she rallied immediately. "Of course you may become an actor," she told the boy, "provided you get your own job."

"All right, mother," Peter agreed. And so he tried to figure out the best way to get a job. He knew that Monty Banks was directing a picture known as "Old Bill." So he went to Sir Thomas Polson who belonged to the same political party as Lady Lawford, and asked him for a letter of introduction to Mr. Banks. The

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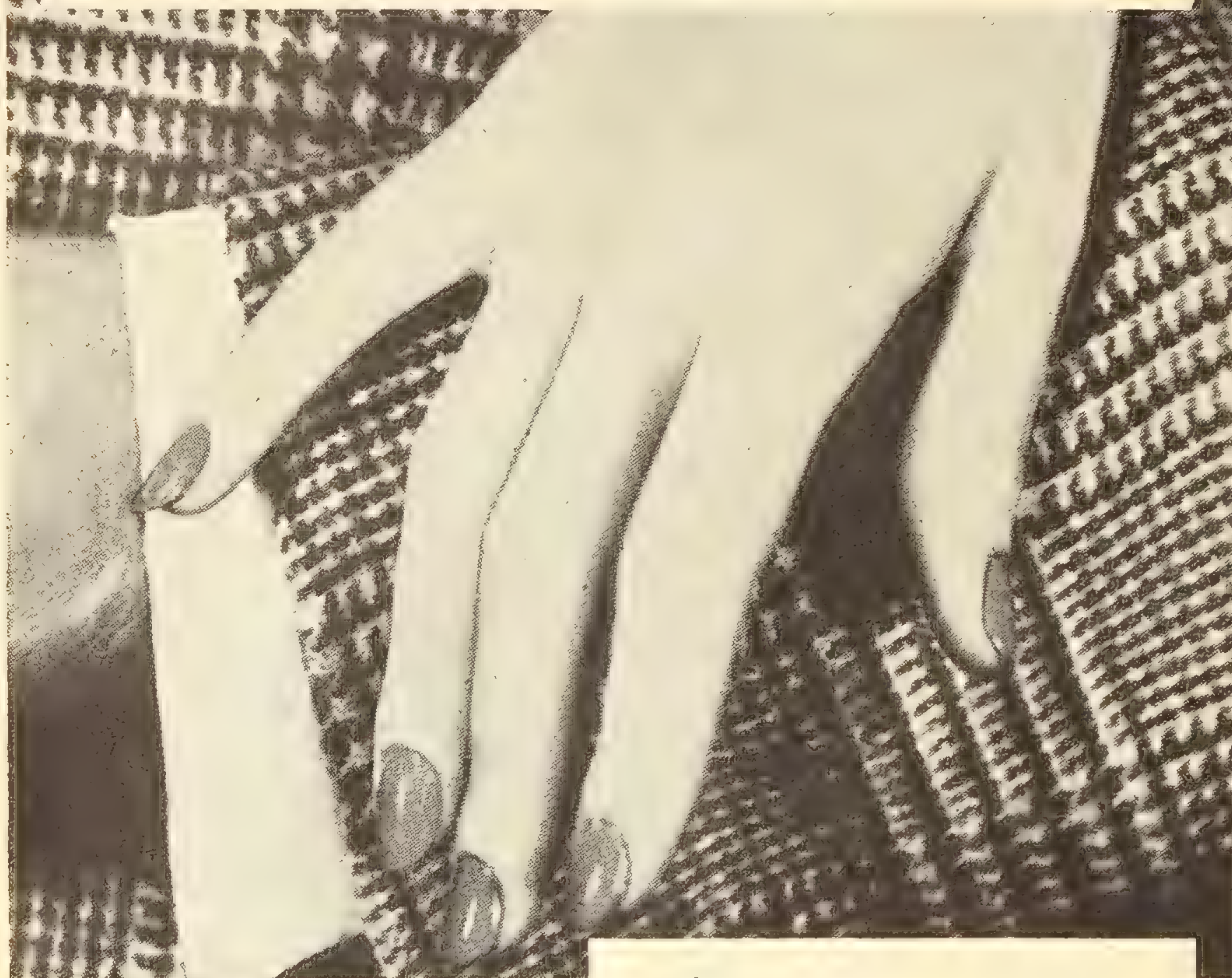
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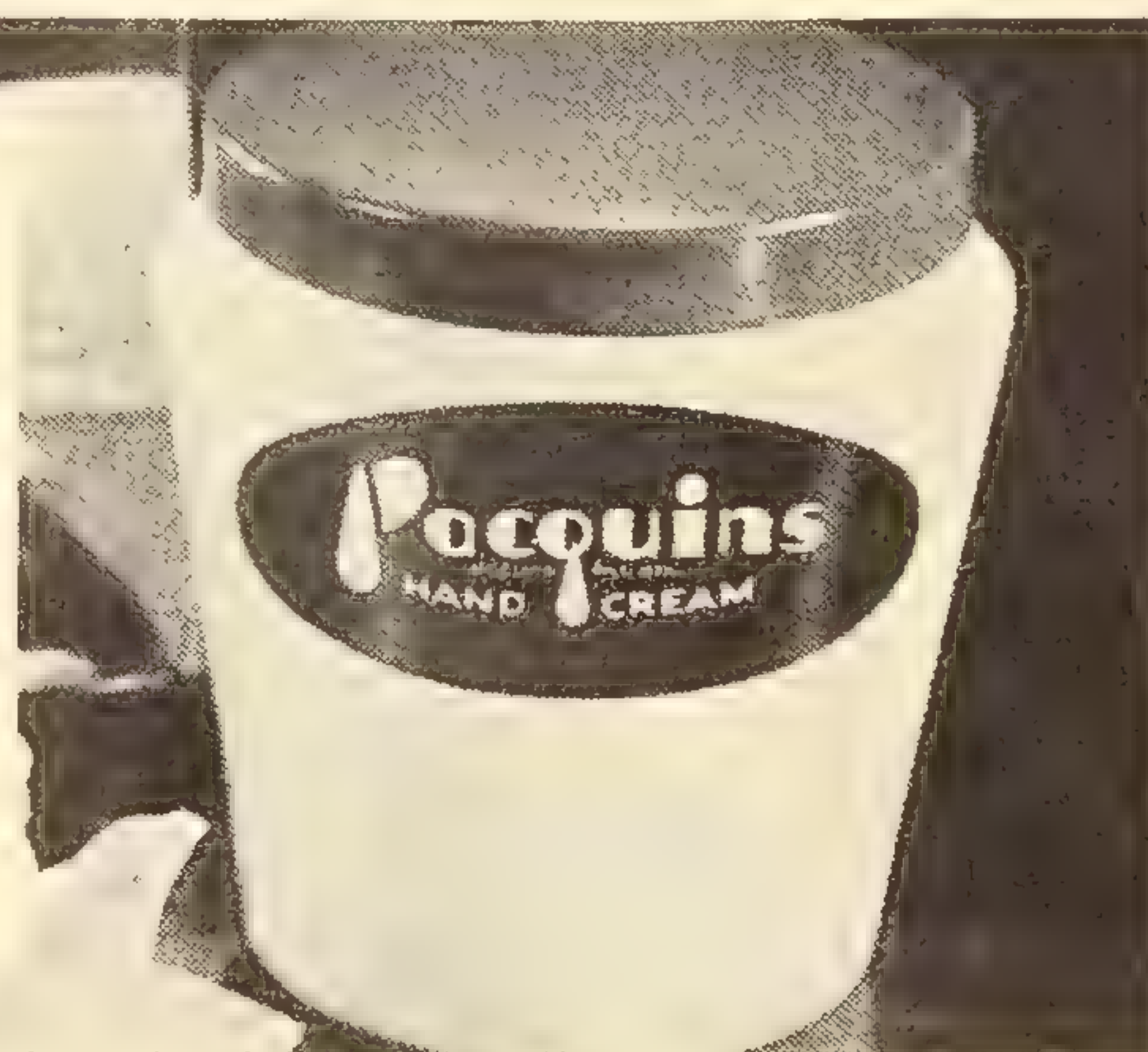
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astonished Polson produced the letter, and the boy got the job.

His father was rather shocked at first but agreed reluctantly, feeling that Peter would get over the idea in a short time. Surely this was just a passing phase. But it wasn't. Peter continued to be interested in pictures. He made such a hit in "Old Bill" that he became known as the Jackie Coogan of English pictures. He was entertained by many of the crowned heads of pre-war Europe, who were probably amazed that a boy of such excellent background had become a movie star.

His parents continued their globe trotting whenever possible. Lady Lawford felt that if Peter's interest in pictures was genuine, he'd have time enough to resume his career when he got older. In the meanwhile, the family would travel.

They did. Finally they visited California, where they went on a tour of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. At the time talent scouts were looking for a boy to play in "Lord Jeff." Peter looked like just the right child, so MGM gave him a rôle with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew.

Again Lady Lawford showed her great understanding. She found that all their travels had not obliterated the idea of pictures from Peter's mind. Since that was what he wanted to do, she agreed. But perhaps the greatest test of her understanding came one day several years ago in pre-war France. At the time they were living in a pleasant cottage in a small town outside of Paris. The cottage had beautiful French windows opening on a garden.

One day when his parents were out, Peter was playing with some other boys a game similar to tag. While playing, he ran up the steps and stumbled. He grabbed the handle of the French window. But it gave him no support. The boy tumbled to the ground, terribly injured. He was a mass of bruises, and his left arm was bleeding terribly.

At the time his father was at the Casino; his mother was walking the dog. Neither of them had seen the accident, and they couldn't be located in a hurry. Friends brought Peter, who was bleeding profusely, to a doctor in a nearby hotel, who adjusted a tourniquet. But Peter's arm was so seriously hurt that the doctor insisted that the boy must be taken to a hospital. He began phoning the nearby hospitals. The only surgeon at one of them was so busy he couldn't undertake to do anything for Peter. At another hospital, the surgeon was out of town. Finally the doctor located a small clinic which had a surgeon on its staff who promised to take care of Peter. But the hospital had no ambulance which they could send out! The boy would have to be moved in a hotel bus.

And so Peter lay on the floor of the bus and it began its journey. Shaken by the accident and with his arm in a tourniquet, the boy was a sorry sight. He was frightened, too, for he knew that if gangrene set in, he would lose his arm. If anyone at this point had uttered a word of sympathy, he might have been broken up completely.

Just as the bus was pulling out, his

father arrived. His mother got in at the bottom of the hill. You can imagine how she felt, when she saw her son bleeding in front of her eyes. But she knew Peter like a book. She knew how dangerous sympathy would be. And so she managed a quivering smile and said, "Well, Peter, you would have to pick the dinner hour to do this."

At the unexpected reproach Peter smiled. For the moment he was lifted out of himself—and he forgot the terrible gnawing fear, "What shall I do if I lose my arm?"

Actually it was three or four days before the doctor at the clinic was sure that the boy's arm could be saved. But the doctor made his reports to Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford; and they never mentioned it to Peter, until the danger was past. Today his arm looks 100 per cent right, but isn't actually. It has kept him out of the Army.

When he was nineteen, Peter tried to enlist in the British Army, but was rejected. Later on, he was considered for the American Army and again rejected.

When the war broke out, Peter's family, which had been receiving a splendid income from England, learned that in the future their money would stop coming. Till that time, Peter had made pictures simply because he enjoyed acting. When his voice broke, he had given it up. Now he was faced by the urgent necessity of doing something. The family was in Florida at the time, and a friend offered Peter a concession on his parking lot in Palm Beach. Working at this, Peter earned enough to come to Hollywood.

For awhile he acted as assistant manager of the Village Theater in Westwood. Then MGM offered him a small part in "Mrs. Miniver." And so Peter began the slow climb which was to take him out of the Jackie Coogan class and into the class of grown-up actors. The charm which he had shown as a boy was doubled and tripled now by the ease and casualness of the grown-up Peter.

Around the MGM lot, they all like him. He has more friends than almost anyone you can think of. His family, too, has adjusted itself to the new world in which they live. Lady Lawford is just as gracious and understanding as she does her own work in their Beverly Hills apartment as she used to be when she lived in palatial suites in Monte Carlo or in Cannes or Deauville.

Sir Sidney has almost forgotten that he ever objected to his son's becoming an actor. One day he went to visit Peter on the set of "Dorian Gray," in which Peter was appearing. The director took one look at Lawford and said, "By George, you could fit beautifully into a part I have in this picture. Would you consider it?"

For a moment Sir Sidney looked amused. He, a lieutenant general of England, play a part in a picture? Then he smiled. If his son could do it, why not he? And so when you see "Dorian Gray" watch sharply for a gallant old gentleman with white hair playing a small rôle. He'll be Sir Sidney Lawford.

Like his son, Peter, Sir Sidney is getting accustomed to American ways. One

what a SOURBALL I married!



"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he *hinted* one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could

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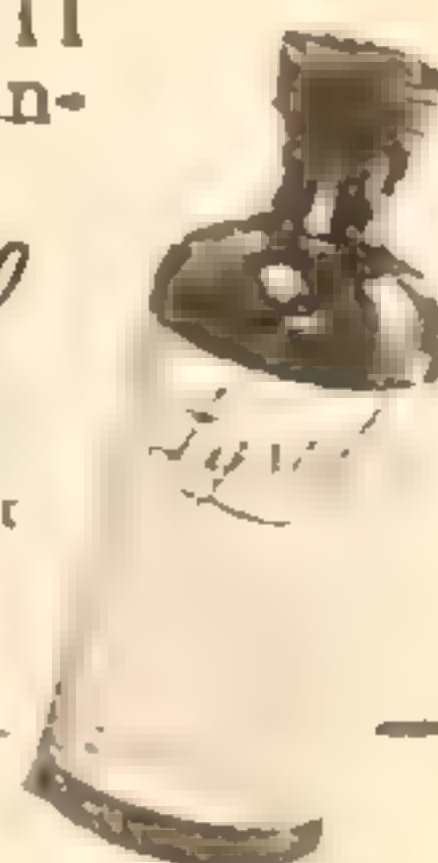
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can imagine him five years from now greeting his American daughter-in-law. Nine chances out of ten, Peter thinks, she'll be an actress. For he doesn't hold to the idea that an actor shouldn't marry in his own profession. "When you have a 'take' to do at the very last minute just when you'd planned to go dancing," said Peter, "very few girls would understand it. It takes an actress usually to understand the demands of the business. I've often had to cancel appointments at the last moment, with girls like Lana and Judy, because a rehearsal was suddenly called. It would take an extraordinarily understanding person to put up with that sort of thing, unless she herself was in this business. So I suspect I'll marry an actress."

And so we can imagine Sir Sidney Lawford greeting the girl who'll be the future Mrs. Lawford. He rises to welcome her. He notices how beautiful she is; how gracefully she holds herself; how patrician her features are. And he smiles.

"It's extraordinary," he says. "I knew Peter would know just the right sort of wife to pick. But I never imagined that he would find an American girl who looks and acts so much like Lady Lawford when she was your age."

Because, I predict, some day the words of that famous old song will come true for Peter. Some day he's going to marry a girl just like the girl who married his dad!

What You Want To Know About Barry Fitzgerald

Continued from page 37

at night, and as likely as not it will turn out to be a composite of the cigar clerk at the corner drug store, a man I played golf with the previous week and several other people I have known for the past forty years. It's the sort of thing Shakespeare meant when he wrote about holding the mirror up to nature."

So much for the Barry Fitzgerald as you see him masticating one of those juicy characters on the screen. The purpose of my visit to his small bungalow, located a hefty throw from the heart of Hollywood, was to discover the things about him that his fans do not know. I caught him at a lucky time, too. He had a bag packed and was all ready to take off for the mountains the following morning. He was literally fleeing the reporters who have hounded him since "Going My Way" was released, and because this was to be his last interview for some time he entered into it with the spirit of a man who is having one last fling before a lenten fast.

This desire to get away from acclaim is really one of the sincerest, most outstanding characteristics of Barry Fitzgerald the man. Although he is extremely fond of human beings and everyone is interesting to him, he hates being on the receiving end. He likes to mosey around among people, so to speak, making a friendly pause here and there for a brief conversation as long as he himself can remain inconspicuous. He isn't at all

difficult to get to, however, and is always cheerful; but at fifty-six, as he puts it, "a man likes all the peace and quiet he can get." He has become very philosophic about success.

And that, in fact, is what Barry is more than anything else—a philosopher. He carries this attitude even to the smallest things in life, such as when he recently grew a mustache. His associates assumed the lip adornment to be a whim, but it was actually the outgrowth (no pun intended) of a practical problem. An insect had bitten him, and when he tried to shave he irritated the spot where the varmint had deposited its stinger. So the actor shrugged his shoulders and let nature take over.

"At my age," he told me—he uses this expression frequently—"one has a right to be philosophic. And as long as you have asked me to express my feelings about life in general I'll put it this way. I'm firmly convinced that the simple things in life are best. That was the conviction of *Father Fitzgibbon*, and one of the reasons I was so fond of the characterization. My memory associates happiness with little pleasures such as a visit with a friend, a week-end in the country or a pleasant game of golf when I have had a low score. But wait—a low golf score isn't exactly a simple thing in my life. It's an event of shocking magnitude.

"But I really think there is no greater pleasure than to sit around with a friend for an evening and talk on the hundreds of things I know nothing at all about. People live confused, complicated lives for years, only to discover in the end that what they were searching for all along was something so simple that they didn't even bother about noticing it."

Barry's own approach to this conclusion also came after a great many detours, although he insists he has always felt instinctively the way he does today. He was a civil servant in Dublin, Ireland, for eighteen years before he even entered the profession of acting, and he philosophically ascribes that to accident, too.

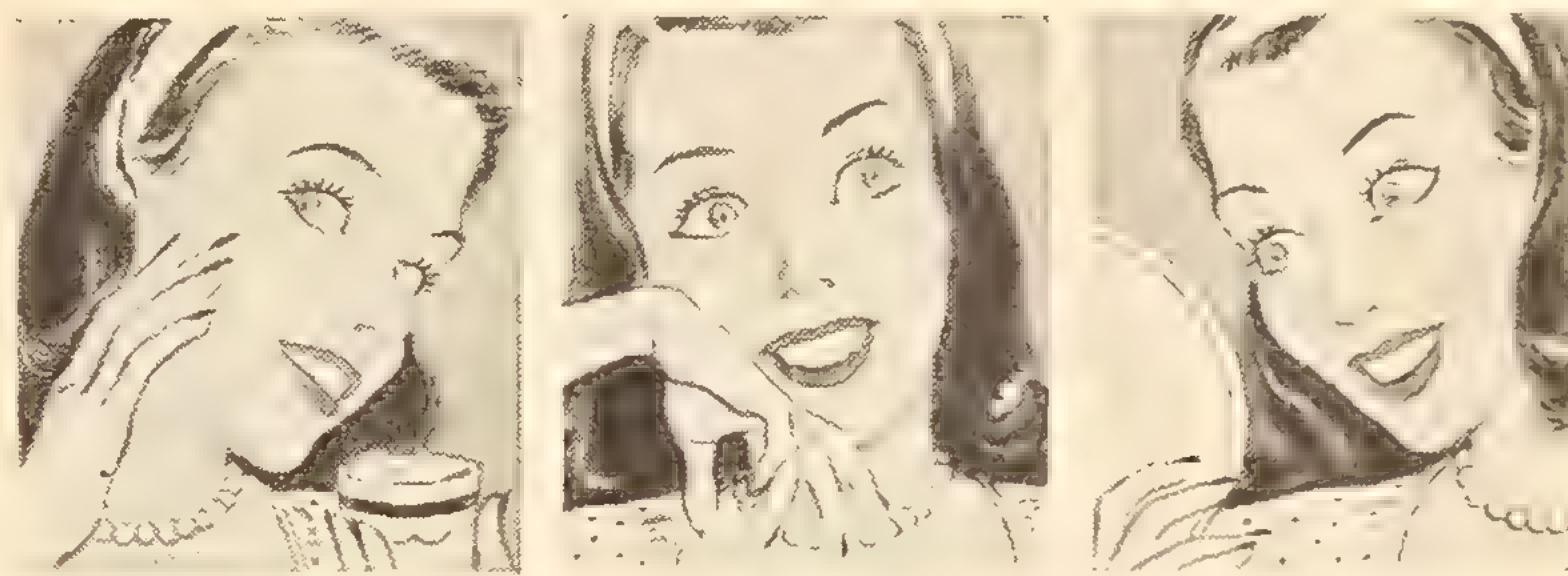
"I had gone to the Abbey Theater one night with a friend," he exclaimed, "and when the director was notified that one of the players was unable to show up he asked me to do a walk-on part. I did it after some hesitation and was almost scared speechless, but it was enough to intrigue me into coming back for more. At the time I was a junior administration officer at the Dublin Board of Trade; but apparently I wasn't very impressed with my title. After my first appearance in the theater my interest gravitated away from my regular work with such insistence that I finally gave it up, pension and all, to cast my lot among a group of thirty-five dollar a week actors."

He had tried to do his regular work and continue in the theater in the evenings, even changing his name from his real moniker of Barry Shields to his present one, so as to cover up his nocturnal activities behind the footlights. But being a civil servant became very boring, and since his brother, Arthur Shields, was a director in the theater and wanted to help him become an actor,

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he finally decided his die was not only cast—it had set into such a hard mold he would never be able to change it.

He was forty-one at the time, mind you, and within easy reach of the modest clover he would realize from a pension; but he explains why he was able to make so drastic a change in his life by summing up the character of Irishmen in general.

"They will fight like the devil for something, particularly if it is of an abstract nature," he told me. "And at that time my idea of a future in the theater was as hazy as the mist on an Irish bog. But most Irishmen can't be kept down, either. They're like a virulent type of Bermuda grass. I suppose I had enough of this spirit in me to take the chance and I was really excited about the theater."

Barry was later to learn that being an actor involved an occasional departure from the quiet, easy life he cherished. The first turbulent note came in 1929, when he went to London with the Abbey players to speak his piece in Sean O'Casey's play, "The Silver Tassie." The critics did nipups over his performance and descended on him in droves for interviews. "I was taken completely off guard," he chuckled as he told me about it.

But he managed to adjust himself and for the next several years got along serenely enough—until his second discovery in "The Plow And The Stars" in 1936. In the rôle of *Fluther Good*, an old sot, he did such a bang-up job that even the paying customers saw snakes when they went home to their respectable beds. This time Barry was not to get off so easily. Director John Ford took on the assignment to film the play in Hollywood in 1937, and the actor, after some plain and fancy dickering from Ford, gave in and decided to put *Fluther* on celluloid.

He remained in America to tour with the Abbey players, and was welcomed with open arms by the New York critics. They had made a noisy discovery of the Fitzgerald technique on a previous junket in 1933, when he had covered the country with the players. Barry has toured the United States three times, and is a walking encyclopedia when it comes to giving data about towns and cities all over the country. He is very fond of Chicago, where he developed a lasting fondness for newspapermen. They were always able to provide him with a frugal nip of good Irish whiskey during the arid days of prohibition.

As for his latest film triumph, Barry is not nearly as impressed as the people who have tossed him so many kudos. The truth is he has never been very impressed with himself. "I get a bang out of my work not through pride," he said very convincingly, "but more from satisfaction. In the *Father Fitzgibbon* rôle, for example, it makes me feel good to know that I helped portray a priest as a real human being. I knew so many of these men in Ireland and I always had a great respect for them. But actually, when you get a thing like the *Fitzgibbon* rôle to do, it's like going down hill on a bicycle. It's that enjoyable."

Speaking of bicycles, Barry gets around on one quite a bit in Hollywood. When he isn't working he often pedals down to the nearby super market to get groceries. His stand-in and house mate, Gus Tallon, is an expert in the pots and pans department, and he and Barry frequently have dinner at home. "My eating tastes are also very simple," he laughed, "but they haven't been very simple to satisfy here lately. My favorite food is a good, thick sirloin steak à la Tallon." Tallon, by the way, is a full-blooded, peace-loving Iroquois Indian.

The actor's favorite mode of travel, however, is on his motorcycle. His constant use of this vehicle during his work on a picture, in order to get to the studio in a hurry in the morning, keeps his producers and directors in a constant sweat. Although they consider this rather an unconventional way for a fifty-six-year-old, prosperous character actor to travel, they permit it only with frequent lectures on caution to their sprightly charge.

At the request of Leo McCarey, Barry refrained from wearing a priest's cassock while riding to and from work during the making of "Going My Way." "It's not that I fear for the dignity of the church, Barry," McCarey assured him. "It's just that I'm sure that flying cassock will catch in the spokes and break your neck."

The home the actor shares with Tallon is a two-bedroom bungalow, and they have lived there together for the past three years. Barry has no desire to acquire a new place in keeping with his mounting prosperity. He has become a sort of fixture in the neighborhood, which is peopled with householders who pursue ordinary professions not connected with the motion picture business. "We have very nice neighbors," Barry exclaimed. "The lady next door is quite thoughtful and occasionally sends us over a pot of preserves. And there is a man across the street who helps me a lot with the flowers and shrubs. He has given me several new plants for the garden. And Gus and I are not bashful about borrowing a cup of sugar when we are caught short."

The actor and his stand-in have their meals out most of the time, and Barry likes to return home for a quiet evening with a book or to play the piano. His reading is just another projection of his interest in human nature, because he dotes on biographies. Thus, even when alone, he is constantly working on his insatiable curiosity about the human personality, trying to find out what makes the homo sapiens tick. He started taking piano lessons three years ago to fulfill a lifetime ambition to learn to play. "My favorite composer is Chopin," he confessed, "but I disgrace his illustrious memory every time I sit down to the keyboard."

Admitting that curiosity about Hollywood café life prompted him to visit a couple of night clubs during his early days in the film capital, Barry also frankly confessed that such cavortings bored him to distraction. "I always feel like going to sleep in the twilight haze of tobacco smoke that fills those places," he chuckled wryly. The remainder of his social life boils down to a couple of

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evenings a week at the home of his brother, Arthur, who is married. He has a great respect for Arthur's judgment and always consults him about his rôles.

As for female companionship, there just isn't any for Barry. He is such a confirmed bachelor that he chuckles gleefully at your supposed humor when you suggest that there is bound to be a favorite lady friend somewhere in his life. To hear him sum it up, no such creature has ever existed or ever will. He is noticeably bashful on the subject of romance, leading one to believe that his native shyness is the thing that has stood between him and l'amour. "The truth of the matter is," he sputters tact-

fully with a mischievous twinkle in his small, expressive eyes, "that I have always admired the ladies so much in general that I could never bring myself to settle down with one in particular."

Barry is fond of all outdoor sports, golf being his favorite. He says he is notoriously unskilled on the links, and recently tried to bolster his ego by taking up tennis in the hope that he would be better at this sport. "But I was even worse with tennis than with golf," he sighed.

A typical day for the actor starts at seven-thirty in the morning, when he climbs out of bed after a restless night. He is a wakeful sleeper, never averaging more than six or seven hours. The first

thing he does after a cold tub bath is to write letters, keeping up on his personal correspondence faithfully every day. This, believe it or not, before breakfast. He sleeps in pajamas winter and summer. He is usually working, so the remainder of his day is spent at the studio. But when he has time on his hands he merely loafs around, playing golf, reading, playing the piano or taking an occasional short trip on his motorcycle. He also likes to work in his "pocket handkerchief sized garden." He always winds up his day with a warm tub bath.

"I try to take an interest in my clothes and general appearance," he told me, "but I'm afraid I have none of the dandy in me and can't stay well groomed. I can buy a new suit on Monday and on Tuesday one of my friends will see me in it and ask why I don't throw that old thing away and wear something decent."

As for his physical appearance, Barry reminds you of a merger of all the well-known characters he has played. This is probably due to the fact that he invariably stamps his personality on anything he does. He is a wiry, bantam weight type, five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. "I had quite a nasty temper when I was young," he told me, "but I learned to bring it under perfect control. When you weigh no more than I do you can't afford to have hot flashes of temper and take the chance of provoking people."

All his actions are highlighted by a great sense of humor, which you always detect right beneath the surface and which breaks through on the slightest encouragement. He has twinkling blue eyes and blondish gray hair that seems to bristle because it is cropped fairly close to his small head in a manner similar to the crew style. He has a habit of registering the changes in his thoughts by odd pursings of his very mobile mouth. This accentuates his pointed nose and prominent cleft chin and gives him the pixie look of one's imaginary concept of an Irish leprechawn. I have never seen him wearing glasses except during a screen portrayal.

Now that acclaim has come to Barry more times than he cares to admit, he would like nothing more than to withdraw into his small, personal world and let it go at that. The trouble is that he probably will go on and on causing periodic revivals of interest in himself because of the way he handles his career. For example, the rôle he recently finished in "Two Years Before The Mast" is the smallest of his career. So when he does take another important part it will have all the flavor of a comeback and will cause a new barrage of publicity on him.

"I don't think it's too good to be too prominent in too many pictures," he summed up his attitude for me. And for that matter, this seems to reveal Barry Fitzgerald in general—a pleasant, quiet little gentleman who blinks when the limelight gets in his eyes and who is slightly bewildered when fame gets in his hair.

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A Guy Named Brown

Continued from page 43

Force" caught both Warner Brothers and Paramount completely off guard. Nobody at either studio knew anything about him!

The publicity man assigned to the picture remarked, "If I could have a piece of any actor's contract in Hollywood I would unhesitatingly ask them to write me in on Jim's." That man is no fool. Jim is what studio executives pray for—an actor whom the public discovers for itself and whom they won't have to force down the public's throat.

On top of that, they don't have to worry about Jim going into the armed forces. Six feet two, weighing 197, he looks the picture of health. Well, one ear-drum has been broken so often it won't even heal. He can never go swimming and unless he wears a stopple of cotton in his ears when he takes a shower that ear starts running. In addition, he has a chronic injury in his side for which he underwent an operation but which refuses to heal because he insisted upon playing tennis six weeks afterwards instead of following the doctor's orders and waiting three months.

A publicity man at Paramount opined, "When you meet Jim he seems like a friendly over-grown kid from the sticks—good education, swell personality—and no color. Yet the moment he steps before the camera he has all the assurance in the world!"



Pretty starlet Marjorie Riordan makes a habit of turning in not only newspapers but Valentines, other greeting cards, letters, telegrams, etc., in the good and vitally important waste paper salvage cause.

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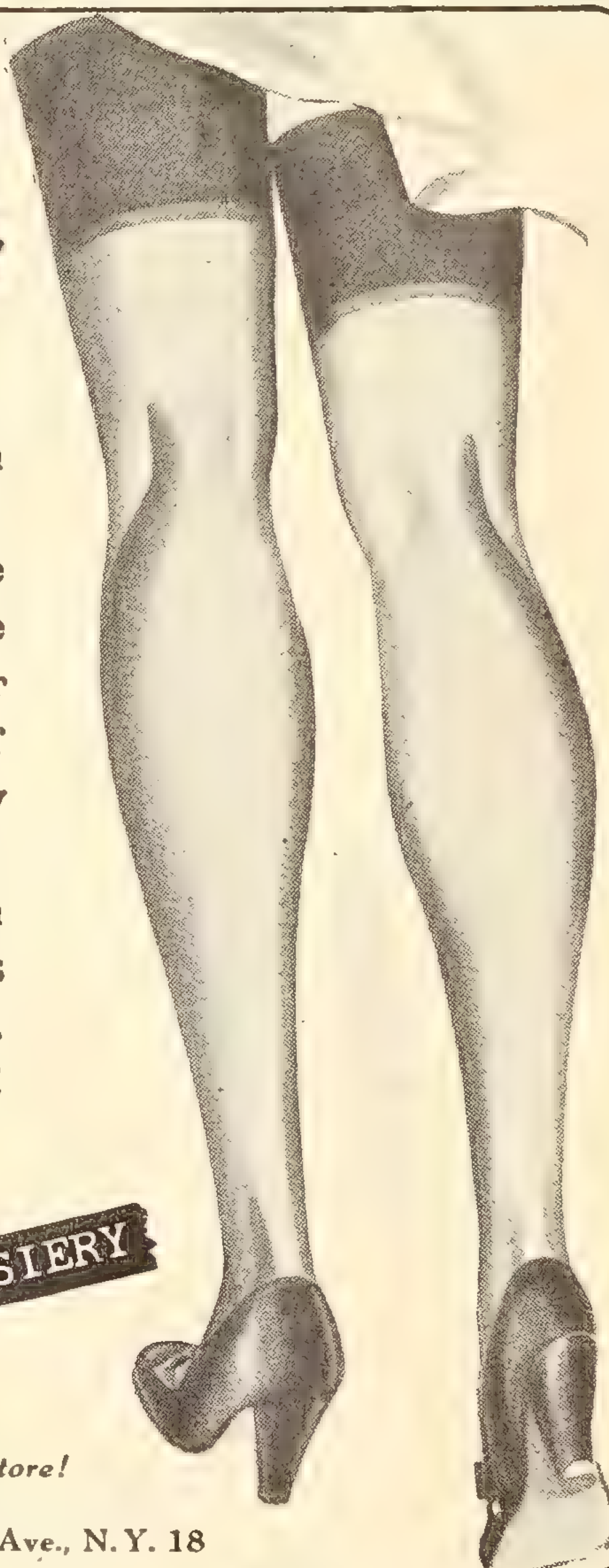
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Jim has a ready explanation for that. "When you're in the public eye, as I was when I was playing tennis tournaments, you lose all self-consciousness. You're used to performing before people. Well, whether you're playing tennis or acting, it's pretty much the same."

The publicity man on another picture said: "How the deuce could we know he was going to make such a hit? We have dozens of young actors and actresses under contract but you can't go around being buddy-pals with all of them in the hope one of them *may* click. We have to concentrate on our stars. And Jim had only appeared in two B pictures. His part in 'Forest Rangers' was so small if you closed your eyes for a second you were apt to miss him. How *could* we publicize anybody like that?"

And all they said was true. Jim *has* led about as *uncolorful* a life as anyone I've ever interviewed. He has never worked in logging camps or on river boats. He's never been to sea or worked as a car-hop in a drive-in restaurant. He has no Broadway hits behind him. Why, the guy hasn't even a Little Theater production behind him to which he can point with pride and say (as Jack Benny does) "They *loved* me in Azuza."

Jim, however, has his own ideas about "color." "My mother and father were divorced when I was about fourteen," he relates, "and I lived with my mother. Our four room 'mansion' burned to the ground one night and nothing was saved. We moved to a respectable but utterly unfashionable neighborhood. We were so poor that for weeks we practically existed on corn bread. We couldn't even buy molasses to pour over it. Mother used to boil sugar and water to make a syrup for us. My kid brother broke his arm, an infection set in and he died. I came out here one Summer with a friend and our money ran out. We lived so long on a couple of loaves of bread, a jar of peanut butter and a jar of mayonnaise that now I retch if I even smell peanuts. Whaddaya want for color?"

When Jim was fifteen he took up tennis. An aunt had given him a two bit racket. He was out on the courts one day with some kids he knew. The game looked interesting and when they were through playing Jim batted the ball around with one of the die-hards who wouldn't give up when darkness fell. He liked it and began practicing at home—batting the ball against the side of the house. A year later he was playing in tournaments.

His skill won him a scholarship at Schreiner Institute in Kerrville, Texas. Finishing there he was offered another scholarship at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. His mother was anxious to have him go there on account of the school's high scholastic rating. Jim wanted to go to Baylor.

No offers from Baylor being forthcoming, he took his things to Rice, dumped them in his room and went home to Waco for the weekend.

"I went to see my old coach," he recalls, "and he said he could get me a scholarship at Baylor. 'I've already matriculated at Rice,' I told him.

"Well, *un-matriculate*," the practical coach advised.

"I don't even have bus fare to go down there and get my things," Jim moaned in his best blues voice.

"I'll drive you," the coach volunteered. "I want you at Baylor."

So the two of them drove all night to Houston, collected Jim's belongings and drove all the next day back to Baylor. The registrar at Rice is probably still wondering whatever became of Jim.

During his first Summer vacation he came to Hollywood to see the sights and play in the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament. One day on the courts he noticed a news photographer eyeing him as he goggled at celebrities present. The man took pictures of Jim, his doubles partner and a girl. Next day eight pictures of people at the matches appeared in the paper. Seven of the pictures were of filmites. The eighth was Jim's.

The following day an agent called him, made an appointment and signed him, agreeing to try to find him picture work.

Nothing happened. At RKO, where the agent took him for an interview, the casting director shook his head. "It would be at least eight months before we could even use you in a picture. That Texas accent of yours is so thick you could cut it."

Other studios were equally unresponsive and Jim, feeling he owed it to Baylor to try to win them the Southwest Tennis championship (which they had never managed to garner) returned for his sophomore year. That was one of the few tournaments he lost. "It was a fluke," he explains. "I had already beaten most of the men who were playing in it."

He came back to Hollywood the following Summer. His whole family have always loved to sing. Music is the real love of Jim's life, although he insists acting is now his prime motivating force and music secondary. He's kidding himself. He sings at the drop of a hat and when no hat is handy he sings anyhow. He is never so happy as when some orchestra leader recognizes him and invites him up on the bandstand to croon a number.

Jim found a pianist in Santa Monica and they started experimenting and fiddling around with music. They tried out with various orchestras. Finally he auditioned for a certain band leader. "I really wanted a canary," sighed the orchestra man, a canary being a beautiful girl who is supposed to be able to sing but usually can't. No canaries appeared, which left Jim.

"I can't pay you much," the leader wailed.

"Anything is more than I'm making now," Mr. Brown reasoned.

"\$25 a week?" the bandman suggested, his moans changing to a hopeful urge.

"Sold!" said Mr. Brown.

Almost the next day his agent signed him to a term contract at Paramount. The orchestra leader, who up to then hadn't much cared whether he got Jim or not, grew obstinate. "I'm entitled to two weeks' notice," he stated. "You sing

or I sue." Jim sang—onemight in Oklahoma City and two weeks in Houston.

Back in Hollywood, his agent saw to it he met "the right people." Jim may not be colorful but he's romantic. He didn't live eighteen years under that Texas moon for nothing. Quicker than you can say "Scat" he fell heels over head in love with Barbara Britton and Frances Gifford and, while on a date with Mary Brian, proposed to Elyse Knox half an hour after he'd met her!—and ended by marrying Verna Knopf.

"I don't like that part about his falling in love and proposing to so many other girls first," Verna objected, reading over my shoulder. "It makes him seem sort of—of second-hand and it makes me look like—well, like I'd got something nobody else wanted."

"Maybe I am a little shopworn and frayed around the edges, darling," the venerable Mr. Brown comforted her, "but you'll get a lot of good use out of me yet. And if I'd dreamed I was going to meet you I'd never even have looked at them. Didn't I propose to *you* five minutes after I met you?"

Verna is one of the few real beauties in Hollywood. Brown hair, blue eyes, the skin you'd love to touch, the kind of figure you dream of, she had been a model in Chicago when Howard Hughes saw her and signed her to a term contract. He had her tutored for two and a half years but before she ever made a picture she married Jim and retired.

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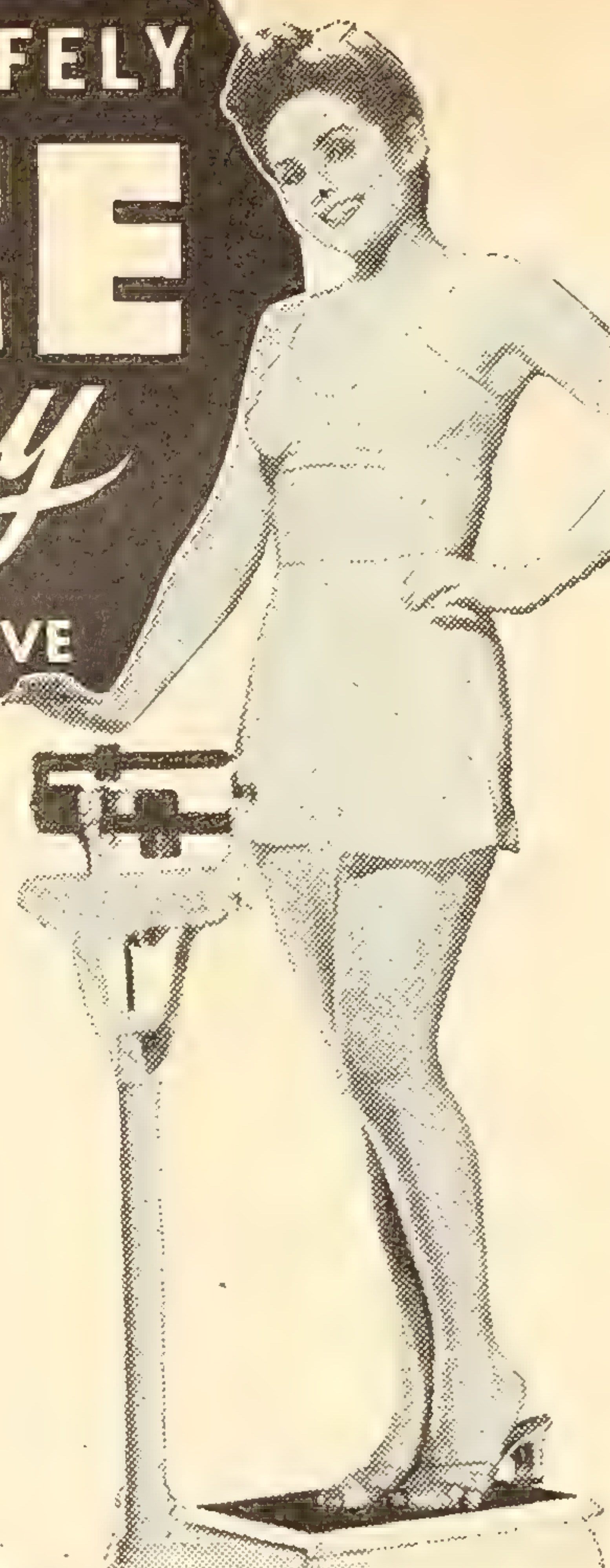
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Verna told me, "it was a half hour after we met until he proposed. I said, 'Are you kidding?' and he said, 'No.' I said, 'Well, don't ask me again.'"

They met at a party to which a girl friend of Verna's took her, and to which Jim's astute manager had got him a bid. As Verna and her friend entered the room Verna spotted Jim sitting on the floor. "That's for me," she said to her pal. "You meet him and introduce me."

But Jim was having himself a time and, after meeting Verna, proposing to her and being rejected, he gave himself up to other pleasures. "For weeks," Verna wails, "I asked everybody I met if they knew Jim Brown. Nobody did. Even now I'm still hoping some day he'll be well enough known that when I call the studio and say, 'This is Mrs. Brown, I'd like to speak to my husband,' they'll know who he is instead of the operator who answers my call saying to another one, with the line open, 'Who's Jim Brown—an actor?'"

"Well, I used to be over at Jack and Cereatha Beutel's almost every day. Then they moved to the Valley and it was too far away. I never saw them until Cereatha called and told me they were going to move to Beverly. I told her I'd come out and help pack. All the way over to Beverly she kept talking about their friend Jim. When we arrived at the new place there were Jack and Mr. Brown. He started right in where he'd left off—proposing. I said, 'I warned you not to ask me a second time.' He said, 'Well, I am asking you.' So three months after I met him we drove to Las Vegas and were married. I still hadn't collected myself when the baby came.

"The day we were going to be married we went by the Beutels to tell them and we were both pretty excited. I sent Jim to the store to get some lettuce, bread and bacon so we could have some sandwiches. He came back with a loaf of unsliced bread, a head of puny lettuce and no bacon. I told him he'd have to go back for the bacon so he might as well exchange the bread and lettuce. He came back with the bread and lettuce but still no bacon. He had to make a third trip. Can you imagine such a dope as our Mr. Brown?"

"Just call me Jim, honey," Mr. Brown generously suggested.

Home Town Girl

Continued from page 39

woman for her great courage. Gertrude's husband had been the orchestra leader at the vaudeville theater. When he had passed on, his wife, an excellent musician, took his place.

Whenever Gertrude came to see Lucille she played the piano for her. One day Lucille remarked that she had always wanted to play. Gertrude offered to teach her. Lucille protested that she could not use the foot pedals. Her friend claimed this was to her advantage in acquiring a technique. So, seated in her wheel chair, Lucille started to take piano

lessons. And as the lessons progressed the two women developed a great understanding.

Lucille confided to Gertrude how she resented people pitying her. Her friend's reply changed her whole outlook on life. She told Lucille that she had been greatly blessed—because she had the opportunity to help other people by inspiring them with her faith and courage. And that she also had been given a great gift—time. Time to read, to do any number of things to develop herself into a fine human being.

From that moment on, Lucille was a different person. She radiated sunshine, took a great interest in her personal appearance—tried her hair in various styles, took care of her complexion and learned to use her hands gracefully. Someone gave her a phonograph. She collected records and learned to listen to music intelligently. She read the best books and even found time to correspond with some other invalids. With the change of attitude her health began to improve. Of course at times when the doctor examined her legs, she would fuss and fume at how long it was taking to start walking again. But she had learned to reason with herself, to realize that being impatient did not make things happen any sooner.

Occasionally she would change her surroundings by visiting her grandparents and aunt and uncle on the farm. Here she found new interests. Her grandmother taught her to sew, knit, crochet and embroider. She also learned to cook and as another pastime collected recipes.

In the quiet of the night Lucille used to think of the things her illness had taught her. She learned that it is tremendously important to build a power within one's self which is the one thing that can never be taken away. Before her injury a career had always been the most important thing in her life. Now she knew that the art of living is a career in itself. With this knowledge she felt she could adjust herself to any circumstances life might offer. This experience had also taught her to be important to herself. For the development of herself was the one thing in this world for which she alone was responsible.

These well-learned lessons helped a great deal, in the ordeal of learning to walk again. At first huge weights were put in her shoes. Her first attempts to manipulate them were discouraging. Lucille, however, had the determination to keep on trying and after a while, with the aid of crutches, she was able to walk outside. After many months the crutches were replaced by a cane.

The cane was a symbol that she had won her first major fight in life. With all her heart Lucille was grateful for her recovery.

Since that experience Lucille has spent much time giving understanding to others who have been injured. Instinctively she knows just the right thing to do or say and in this way she has started the spark of fight in more than one discouraged invalid.

Lucille is particularly anxious to help hospitalized soldiers in making readjustments. She remembers how she felt about

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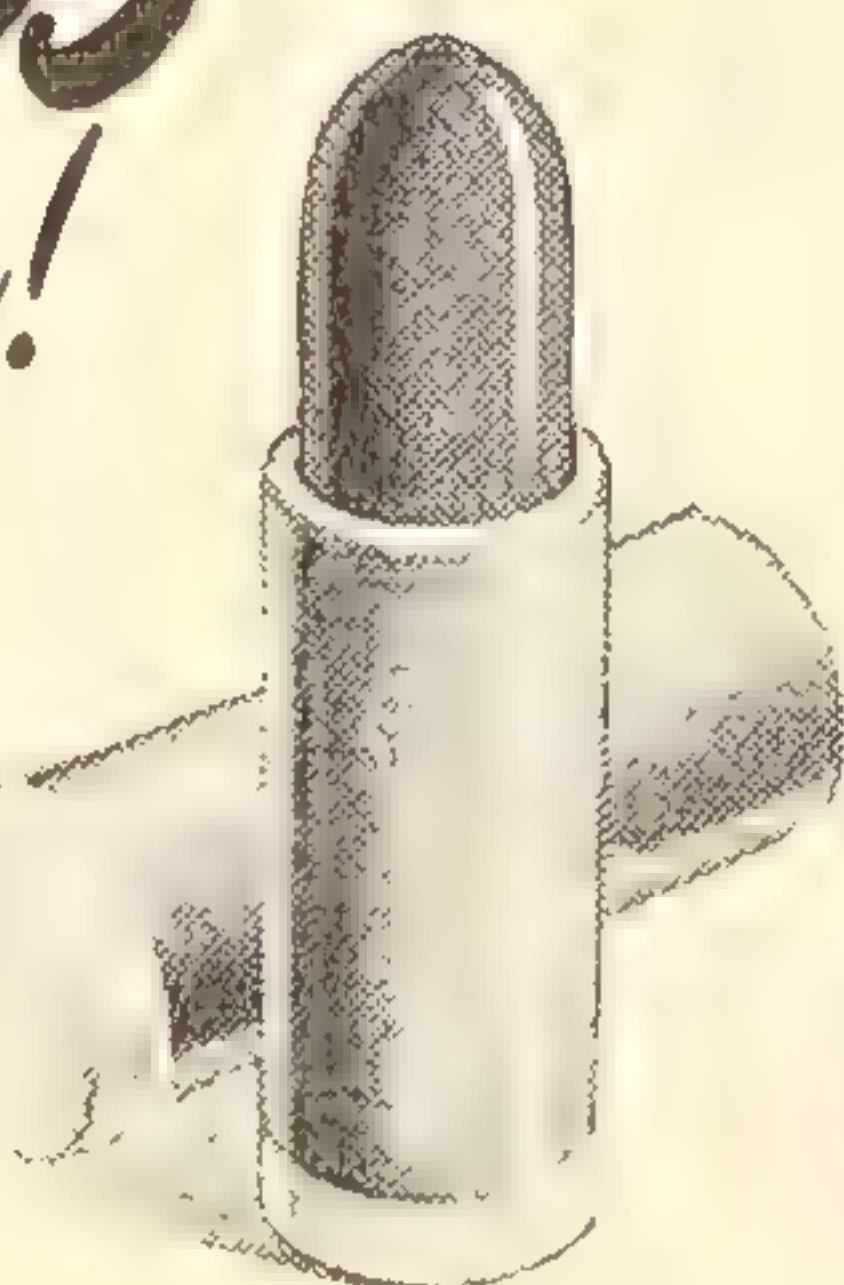
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her legs, so she does not hesitate to mention a boy's injury to him. Treat sick people as if they are all right, is her rule. And at the Van Nuys soldiers' hospital she witnessed one doctor carrying out this theory.

A soldier in a cast hysterically objected to pictures which were being taken to help raise money for the hospital. The doctor bawled him out, the same as he would any other unreasonable person. Soon the boy was cooperating and having a good time doing it.

Another thing she wanted to do was to interest the boys in a hobby. Time to think is bad medicine. She made out a list of two hundred hobbies. When a boy selected one she saw to it that he had the material to work it out.

All this Lucille told her home town friend. As she listened, Gertrude felt very proud that her little music pupil had grown up into such a fine woman.

Lucille's visit with Gertrude Strodoft was the last bit of private life she was able to indulge in for several days. Her mission in Jamestown was to sell war bonds.

She spoke to the employees at Biglow's department store. This rather amused her because at one time Fred Biglow had refused to give her a job. If he had she might have become Miss Ball, head of millinery, instead of a Hollywood star wearing creations by Irene. Among the employees in the store were girls with whom she had gone to school. Needless to say the meeting developed into one of those "do you remember?" affairs. It was fun.

Toward the end of her visit she spent a few days on the farm with her relatives. Then, before leaving she went back to the department store to buy them all gifts. By this time wherever Lucille went there was a crowd of bobby sox fans at her heels.

To follow a picture star on a shopping tour was an extra treat. These young fans, however, were perplexed when Lucille passed up the departments selling luxuries and went to the basement. She bought cotton dresses, warm night gowns, sunbonnets, working gloves, sewing kits and chewing tobacco. In giving, she believes in useful things. Even at the risk of disappointing her fans she was not going to bring her relatives things which were useless to them.

The days on the farm were wonderful. She relaxed and found out a few things about running the place. On her ranch in Hollywood, she had bought a bunch of chickens and when they stopped laying replaced them with others. Her uncle scoffed at this and gave her instructions about raising poultry.

When the time came for Lucille to return to Hollywood, she felt a little sad. For Jamestown stood for more than just the place where she had spent her childhood. Here as a girl in a wheel chair she learned the things which had provided her with a firm foundation to build her life. How little she had realized then that out of every disaster comes good if a person really wants to look for it.

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Peggy Ryan's Jive Dictionary

Continued from page 31

"We all call our mothers and fathers 'Mater' and 'Pater.' The 'Brater' and 'Sater' are our sisters and brothers. Mother and father, sister and brother," Peg said, disdainful, "sound so square."

"We never say 'Hello' on the telephone. We just pick it up and say 'It's your slug,' or 'Commence.'"

"It's really rugged." That means 'It's tough.'

"Instead of saying 'Let's have a party,' we say 'Let's laugh it up.' 'Havin' a ball' means we're going to have a good time. 'All get groovey,' we're going to knock ourselves out. 'Latch the door at four' is jive for 'Push 'em all out.' 'Jump into the lily-whites' (which are sheets) and 'Dig the early bright' is our way of saying 'Get a little shut-eye.'"

"If we say 'It's been grand, I'll ssssee ya,' that's the brush-off, and means you're getting rid of a sad person."

"When someone cracks a bad joke, we don't laugh at him or defrost him with one of Those Looks. Just say 'Yak-yak-yak.' S'a wonderful way of expressing yourself, jive talk is," Peggy sighed contentedly. "When you're hep, when you're groovey, it's a gay language. And if we can express ourselves in a happy little way in these days of so much war-talk, it's better than being hep. It's being helpful. Wish you could see some of the service kids who come back after even six months with war-lines on their faces. When our crowd gets through with them—laugh it up with them, swap some ever-lovin' dialogue, give 'em some open dancing, jive ('Lindying,' we call it)—then, sater, they're groovey-as-a-movie with laugh-lines on their faces."

"We latched on to a lot of service jive, too—propinquity, ya know—like 'Hitting the sack' which means 'Going to bed.' A sailor's a 'swabbie'; an Army man, a 'dog-face'; any marine is called a 'Mac.'"

"But to get back. 'Goodbye' is 'See you,' or 'Toodle-oo.' But that," Peggy said, slightly apologetic, "is reverting back to the slang of 25 years ago—like 'Geewhilikins!' or '23 Skidoo!' or 'Ish-kerbibble'—the mother-tongue of today's jive talk. We borrow from it, now and then," Peg added, being fair, "but we do give it the switch. So instead of saying 'You're keen,' we say 'You're peachy keen.'"

"We all talk French too, by the way, and none of us know how to speak it. All I know of French, for instance, is 'I love you,' 'Why do you pass me by?' and 'If you please.' But when we get the roll of the 'R's' handle it fast, waiters are so confused, we leave 'em in a heap in the corner. Buddy Pepper—he was my second fiancé—" Peg explained, conscientiously, "and I thought that up."

"Beating your gums' or 'Beating your chops' is just our way of saying you're jabbering away, don't know what you're saying. 'Swap a little badinage' (pronounced bad-i-narge). On the other hand—well, we're a high-class jitterbug set, our crowd. We're all pretty basic. None of the old red carpet, such as they rolled out for the movie stars of ten

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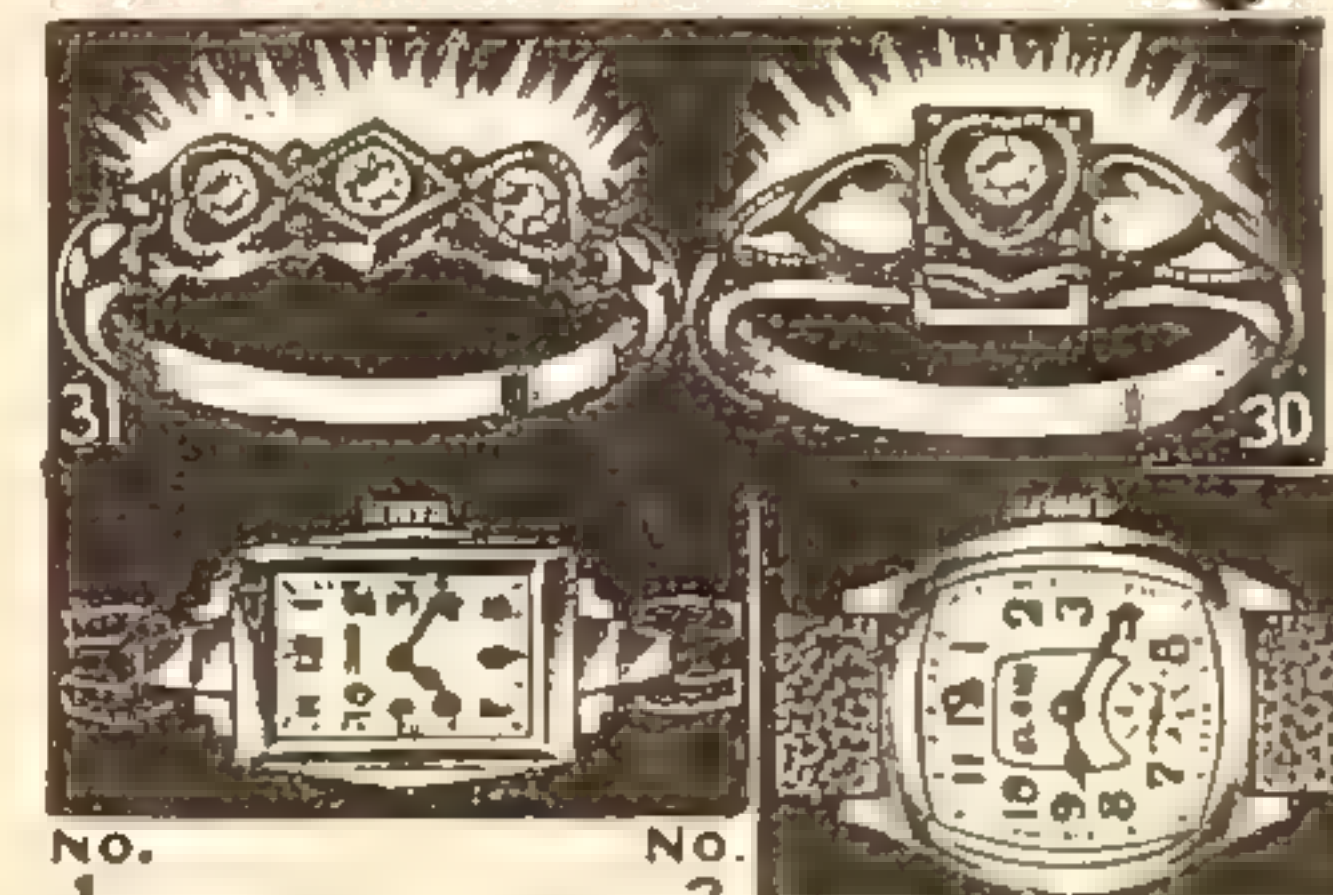
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years ago, for us. We've all worked hard ever since we were kids for what we've got. Now, we're just grateful for the breaks that we worked for. So, when we say 'Like to swap a little badinage?' that means serious talk. (Of which, in our little group, we do a great deal.) Talk about careers and ideals and the meaning-of-life and music.

"Music, for instance. Dorsey's records are our all-time favorites, especially with Sinatra singing. But although we use mostly originals, we like the old-time jazz records, too. 'Red Nickels,' for instance, and right now, 'And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine' is groovey. Speaking of Sinatra, we like to hear his 'Night and Day' and 'The Night We Called It A Day.' But—well, I tell you—we love Bing. We couldn't desert Bing-face.

"Same with love. When we talk about love, the jive talk peels off and it always comes out 'I love you' in the good, old-fashioned way. We may add 'madly' but more likely we say, 'I've got a mad love for you.'

"Kids," Peggy added with a sort of defensive ferocity, "the so-called 'younger generation,' are really in there. They can really take it and don't let anyone think differently. Like Betty Jane Graham," Peggy said, a pulse in her voice, "and her young husband, Bill O'Kelly, a lieutenant in the Air Corps, killed on his third mission over Burma. And Betty Jane Hainey with her baby nine months old and her husband, Glenn Turnball, away for fourteen months and never has seen it. And some of the others who are in and out of our crowd. They leave their babies upstairs in my room, some of these kids, and come down and get groovey with the rest of us. Do they fracture their ribs over their hurt hearts? Not they.

"You hear about all the wrong things we do," Peggy added more calmly, "never about the good things, quiet and brave. But for the most part, 'Let's keep it gay,' as Margaret Sullivan said in 'Voice Of The Turtle,' is our 'motto.' And why not? With so much sadness and sorrow in the world," Peggy answered her own question. "a little gaiety is a 'must.'"

The waiter appeared, again hovering. "A nice soufflé, Miss Ryan?" he suggested. "Chocolate?"

"Bonnnngg!" said Miss R.



Shirley Temple poses with Canada's Prime Minister, the Right Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King, at opening of War Loan Drive.

Now We Both Have Lovely Blonde Hair



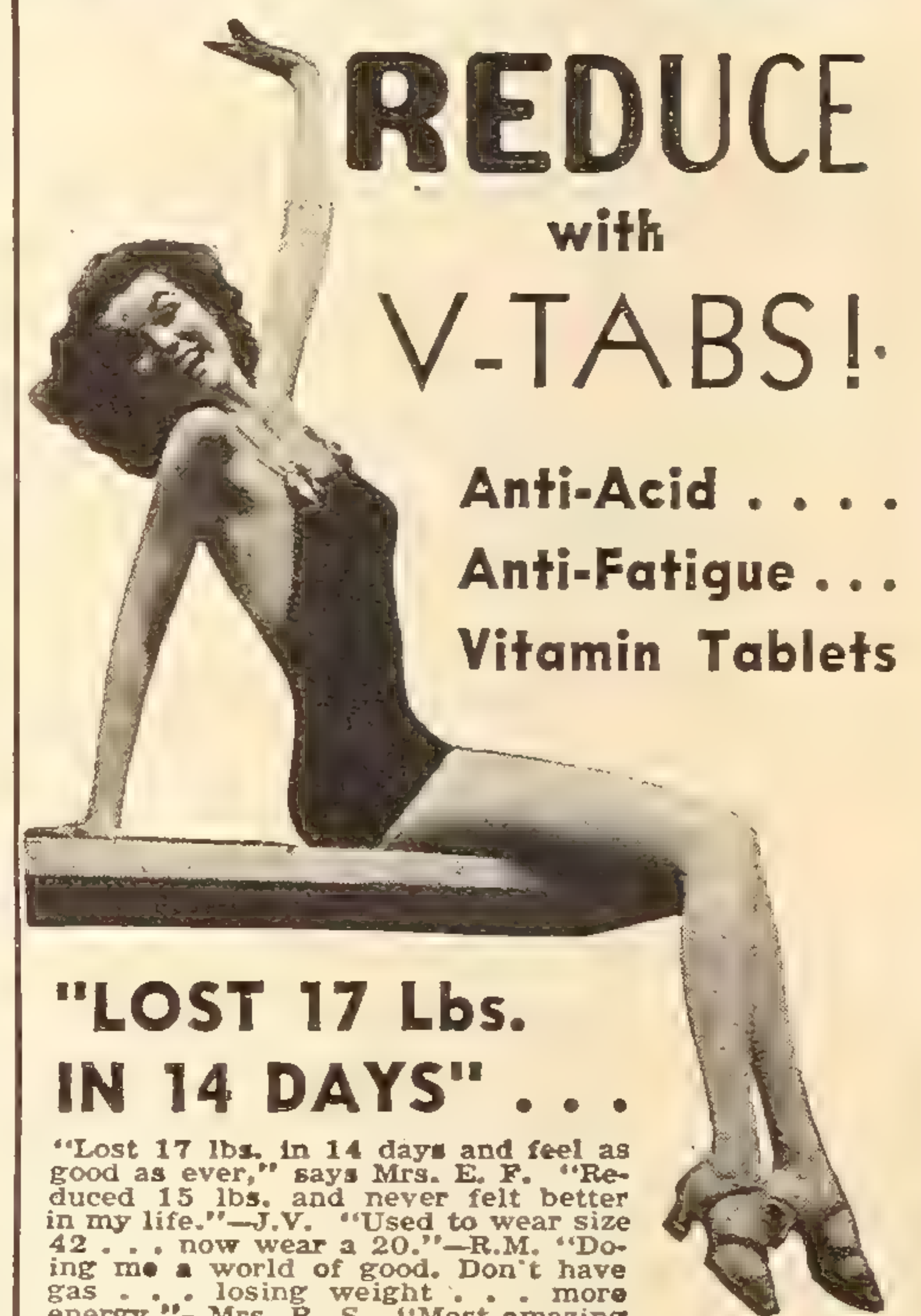
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"Pardner" Scott

Continued from page 28

Starr," "When The Daltons Rode" and
"The Spoilers." Even "Pittsburgh,"
"Bombardier" and "Corvette K-227"
came under the boom-bang classifica-
tion, and now—at RKO—he is combin-
ing a domestic triangle, mildly sexed,
with Jap-strafting in "China Sky," to say
nothing of his quizzical romancing with
Gypsy Rose Lee in International's
"Belle Of The Yukon."

And, through it all, Randy is exactly
the same Southern gentleman he was
born to be. The life he has made for
himself, outside the work of picture
star, is much the same life he would
have lived had he stayed in Virginia or
North Carolina.

He's made money here as he probably
would have there, because he's a think-
ing and conscientious man, treating his
profession in pictures as he would any
other business. He has invested his
earnings wisely and conservatively. Only
lately he sold a ranch he loved because
it no longer made money for him.

The decision to part with this ranch
was a difficult one for him to make, but,
as he said to me, "There was nothing else
to do. Crops are seasonal, of course, and
some of them are gathered by squads
of itinerant laborers that move from
ranch to ranch. 'Grapes Of Wrath' to
the contrary, they get good housing and
high pay. And when I found they were
demanding twice the established wage
from me because I'm in the movies, I
told my foreman to feed the crops to
the hogs. Then I sold out."

Scott's an energetic man and, with
the ranch gone, so was driving the trac-
tor, pitching hay and hand-plowing
behind a team of horses just for the fun
and exercise of it. Golf with his good
friends Cary Grant and Fred Astaire
and—rain or shine, Summer or Winter—
an early morning swim in the Pacific
will have to suffice for awhile.

He's just been married for the second
time and this marriage, like the first,
he insists on keeping entirely apart from
his professional life. He married the
first Mrs. Scott in South Carolina on
March 23, 1936. She was Mrs. Mariana
DuPont Somerville, of the DuPont
family of Wilmington, Delaware, and
little was known of her here as she was
never seen in public on her very infre-
quent trips to the Coast.

She and Randy were divorced after
five years of intermittent married life
and he, as a bachelor, escorted this and
that film beauty to Ciro's, Mocambo
and the races. And then he met Pat
Stillman.

It happened at a party the Townsend
Netchers gave, and from the moment
he first saw Marie Patricia Stillman's
clean-chiseled, fresh young beauty, there
was never anyone else for him. The
courtship was the sincere and old-
fashioned kind and they were married
by Justice of Peace R. A. Moore in
Riverside, California, in a simple cere-
mony with only the bride's mother and
brother with them.

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very...*

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plained, "that publicity would have no part in our marriage, neither then nor later. We've been photographed together, of course, but we would both prefer nothing further than that."

The new Mrs. Scott was a San Francisco girl, with no professional interest in the picture business. She is the only daughter of Mrs. Marie C. Stillman, widow of the late Wilhelmus M. Stillman of New York. It is obvious that the casual type of press-prying into private lives would be abhorrent to her—and Randy himself is too well established to welcome any ballyhoo.

They bought, from Norma Talmage, a house fronting directly on the ocean at Santa Monica. It is comfortable and homelike, with swimming-pool and high wall that is meant to insure privacy.

Here they live the life of any normal, well-to-do, unassuming couple. They night-club occasionally, swim every day, golf and ride horseback. The current servant-trouble that everyone is having is theirs, too, and between departures and arrivals of incompetents, Randy can scramble as fancy an egg as anybody could wish.

Although you'd never suspect it from the parts he plays, he's an avid reader of serious books as well as being the possessor of strong political convictions. He's a great letter-writer and loves to hear in return from boyhood friends who are scattered now over the face of the earth.

Scott has just come back from an 18,000-mile USO tour of the South Pacific bases. He was gone sixty-two days, making his way by plane, boat and jeep. He and Joe De Rita, his partner, did two or more shows a day, sometimes in torrential rain-storms and sometimes under Jap bombing-raids.

Randy isn't a professional comedian, but he has a natural friendliness that warms and draws everyone he meets. The boys liked him for his simplicity and understanding. Through Munda, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, he left a trail of cheer and good-fellowship.

"Those boys in the hospitals down there have been through hell in battle," he said earnestly, "but there's nothing the matter with their morale that letters from home and the latest and best moving pictures won't cure. Some of them feel they've been forgotten—that's bad."

"It's easy to be a comedian for the boys down there," Randy explained modestly. "Most of the time they're so bored with the monotony of their duty that even a guy like me can make them laugh. They'd a million times rather be in the midst of a battle, risking their necks with every step they take, than endure the endless days on those tropic islands out in the middle of the ocean."

He has only contempt for four-flushing and the grand manner. He makes friends not for their station in life, but for their good qualities, and he is loyal to them from that time onward, come hell and high water.

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Clowning with Danny Kaye.

Continued from page 40

is dim and eerie. I can hardly hear my knocking knees for my chattering teeth. Danny pushes an electric switch and a blinding light fills the room. "There it is! The Chamber Of Horrors!" He points a long, wavering finger at what looks like a pirate's treasure chest. It is an old-fashioned trunk, square, with wide brass bands. Across the top in lurid red letters are the words, "Chamber Of Horrors. Hands Off! Keep Out!" The rusty hinges make like the Creaking Door of the Inner Sanctum. I lean forward with a fearful shudder. Inside is a jumble of articles about as sinister-looking as John's Other Wife's pre-war girdle.

The corners of Danny's mouth reach for the ceiling. "What did you expect? Karloff and Lugosi playing Murder with Peter Lorre?"

"Not exactly. But what's so horrible about this pile of stuff? Why all the mystery? And that screwy label?"

"That," says Danny firmly, "I am not telling—even to a gal from Brooklyn."

At the top of the heap is an old theatrical photograph of Danny at twenty, flaunting a straw hat and three pretty chorines on each arm. This innocent-looking "still" has a criminal record, a distinction acquired when Danny was on a world tour with a musical unit quaintly billed "A. B. Marcus' La Vie Paree." In Tokyo the entire troupe was arrested for giving an "indecent" performance.

"We had no idea that in Japan it is a criminal offence for men and women to appear on the stage together," explains Danny. "We were sentenced to thirty days in jail, but instead of throwing us in the lockup, they put our pictures in jail instead. Maybe those crazy Japs thought we were too expensive to feed. I was so grateful to this picture for serving my time, I've kept it ever since as one of my Horrors."

Another Japanese item in the Horror Chamber is part of a gilt cornice that once framed a second story hotel window in Osaka. Danny was peacefully sleeping through a typhoon when the cornice struck him with such force it woke him up and knocked him unconscious at the same time. (Danny swears this is possible and is willing to prove it—on any one.) When he regained consciousness his head was throbbing with pain. He staggered to the window to call for help. The sight of a Jap flying through the air on a bicycle still pedalling furiously caused him to collapse again.

"I still wish you'd give out with what's behind this collection," I murmur, digging deeper into the trunk. This time I come up with three small items: a striped hat band, a short length of rope, and an elaborately decorated hinge. Danny classifies these as Lesser Horrors. The hat band once encircled a wide-brimmed, dashing straw he wore during his hard-working days on the "Borsht Circuit," the Catskill Mountain hotel resorts. On that grind, a Social Director provides entertainment every waking moment, arranges games and parties, dances with the wallflowers, helps wait on table, and

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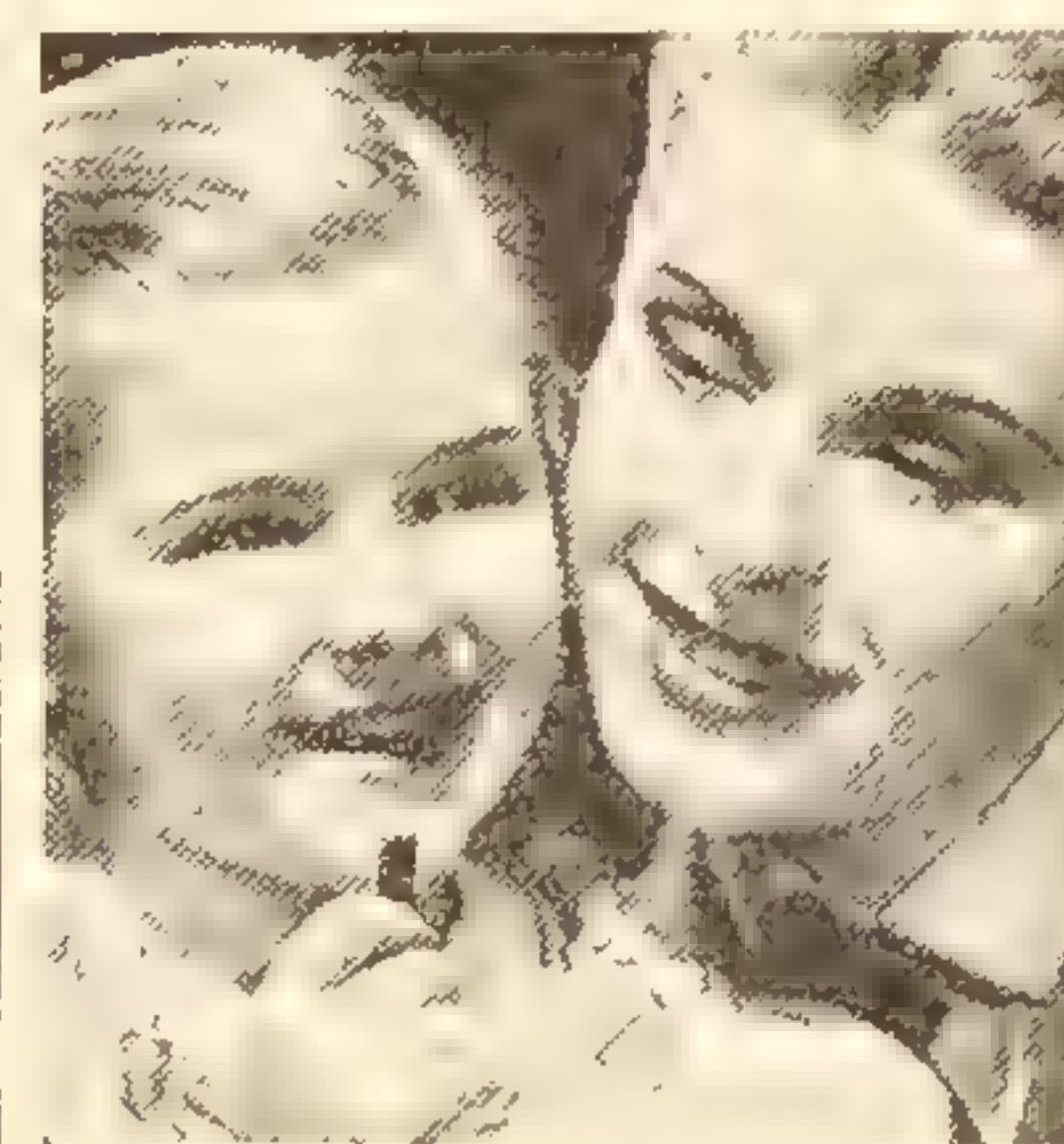
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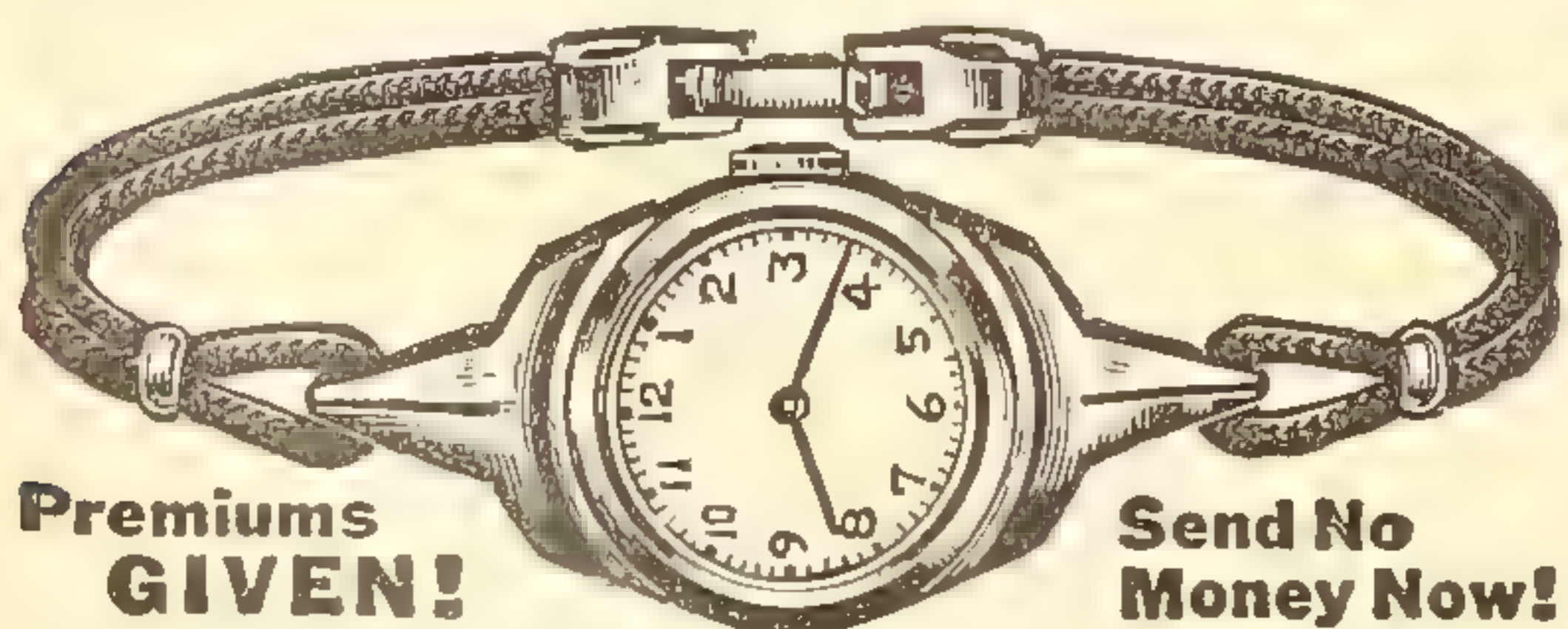
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even minds babies on occasion. Whenever Danny needed a sure-fire laugh he would "accidentally" fall into the swimming pool, fully clothed, including the straw hat.

The rope is a recent addition to the collection, a souvenir of a trip to Catalina Island to entertain Merchant Marine trainees. "There were Dick Powell, Dale Evans, Helen Parrish, Rodney Bell and myself on a Coast Guard cutter crossing the meanest stretch of water. I've ever been seasick on—or in. The sea was so rough, they had to tie us to the deck to prevent our being washed overboard. If they hadn't, I probably would have jumped. Compared with what I was going through drowning seemed like a pleasure."

Aha! I sense a clue. "So your Chamber Of Horrors is really a collection of souvenirs of your most horrible experiences?" I venture.

"Now here's an article with an object lesson," says Danny evasively. "This fancy hinge is all that is left of one of my 'sensational bargains.' Originally, it adorned the most beautiful travelling trunk I ever saw. Picked it up in a country store for only twelve dollars. Yes, picked it up and carried it on my back to the hotel before the shopkeeper could change his mind. At the next town, it was dropped off a station baggage truck and that's the last I saw of it in one piece. From the litter of crumpled cardboard I salvaged the only solid scrap—the hinge, to remind me you get nothing for nothing."

Most baffling article in Danny's collection is a Venetian blind. "This is a memento of the worst quarrel Sylvia and I ever had."

This I cannot swallow. "You mean to say your worst spat was over a Venetian blind?"

"Absolutely! And I can prove it!" From the foot of the cellar stairs he calls for Sylvia. "Tell this doubting female about our worst argument," he says the moment she appears.

"I'm afraid it's not very interesting," protests Sylvia. "You see Danny didn't like the way I adjusted a Venetian blind in our New York apartment a few years ago. He yelled at me as though I'd pulled his arm off. Didn't you, dear?"

"Most people keep souvenirs to remind them of romantic moments of their lives. Danny's are reminders of his most horrible experiences and mistakes. You see, he's a worrier of the worst sort. He worries most when things go *right*. That's when he's certain something terrible is going to happen. The Chamber Of Horrors title is just a gag, of course, but the contents are not. They represent the tough breaks in his life. When the going gets too *smooth* he takes a look at the Horrors and realizes his troubles are behind him. Locked in a trunk. Then he stops worrying."

Too late Danny finds his voice. "But Sylvia, I didn't want anyone to know!"

A painful silence ensues, during which I exit quietly. Outside I realize I've forgotten my gloves, but I make no attempt to retrieve them. I don't dare. They probably will wind up in the trunk, reminder of another Horror Danny Kaye met this night.

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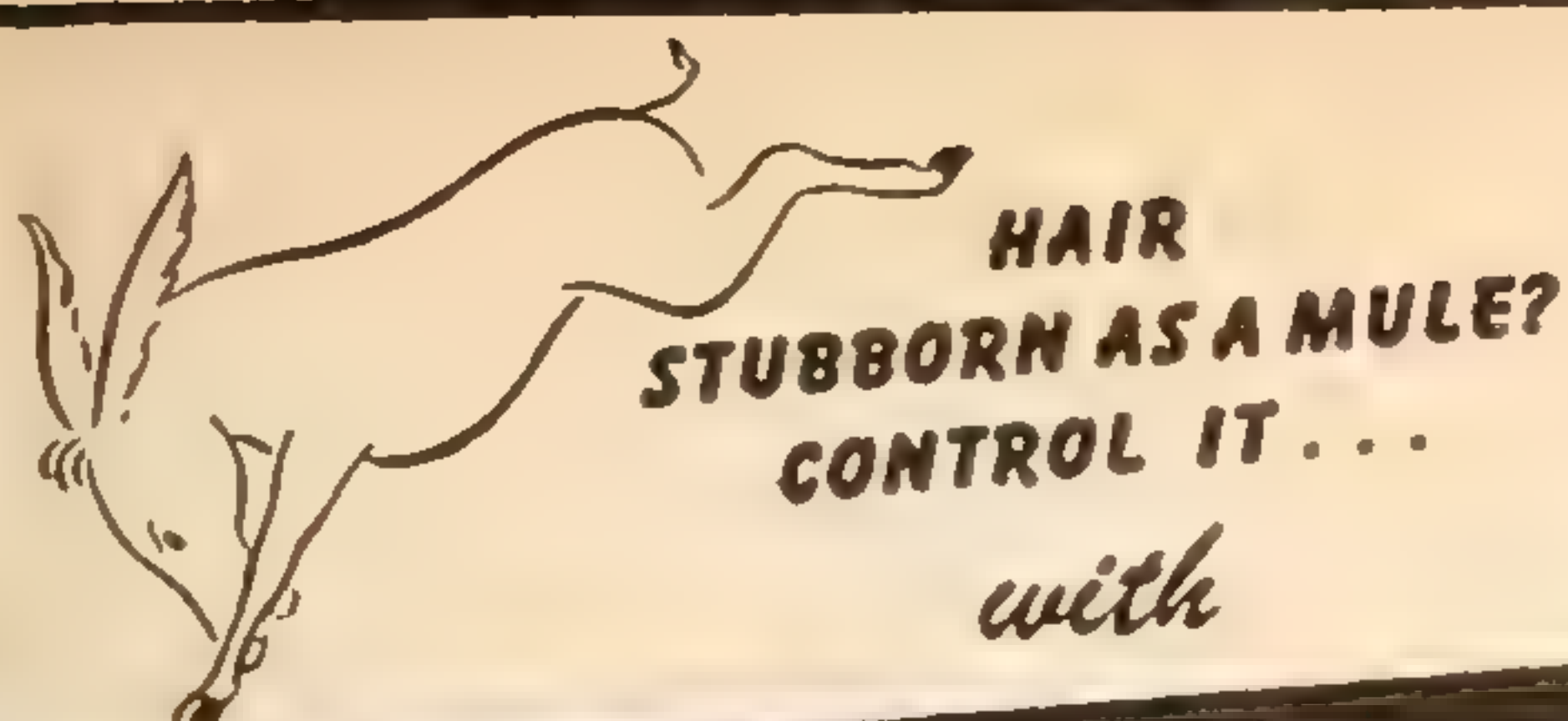
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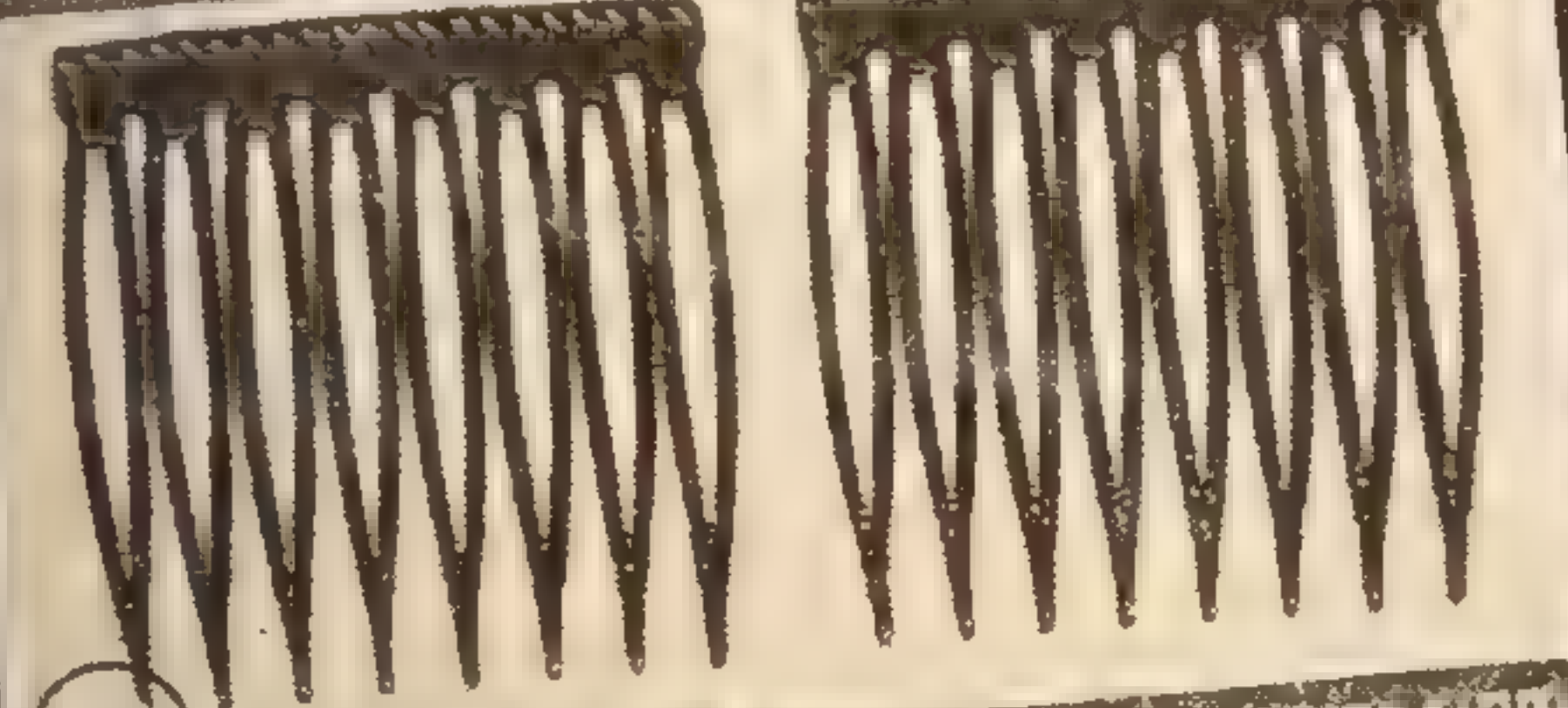
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My Life in a Gag Factory

Continued from page 23

would all think we were slightly nuts and would wonder what kind of a household I was running.

Sometimes I wish I could share the five to six day non-concern of most of the members of our troupe. Phil Harris can play tiddly-winks or backgammon with Alice and his youngsters, and not worry about Benny from each Sunday until the following Saturday. Don Wilson can make small talk with his wife and be the squire who examines the fruit on his citrus ranch in the Valley without a concern about Jack or his sponsor for the same length of time. The same Bennyless five days go for Rochester who can, unless he is doing a picture, tinker with his model airplanes, or spend time with his model wife and model son. But not Mary Livingstone. She is Mrs. Jack Benny, keeper of the key to his kingdom, steward of his household, foil for his jokes, mother of his child, and, above all, audience supreme, and guinea pig deluxe.

During the summer, my house was comparatively peaceful. I could wake up in the morning any time it pleased me, and there would be a luscious quiet, broken only by a faint whir of a lawn mower, or possibly by distant sounds of breakfast being prepared in the kitchen. I could come downstairs and eat with my daughter, Joan, and carry on an uninterrupted conversation. I could wander from room to room and contemplate the furniture Jack and I are pleased to call our own and were so pleased to shop for when we built the house. I could walk into the garden. I could chat with the gardener. I could go into my own kitchen and have an unharrassed talk with the cook, and find out what we had in the house and what we needed for the next day or two. I could sit at my desk and write letters without tripping over gag writers. I could work at my household accounts and figure out, on my fingers of course, how well within (or without) my budget I was keeping, and do it without making any false starts because of interruptions. All this was because the summer was without Benny, without jokes or joke writers, without radio. Mr. B. was in the South Pacific entertaining G.I.'s. That's the way he spent his vacation, and it was a rest for him because he didn't have any gag men in his hair either—and no cracks about the hair; he has some, you know. Or don't you?

The first two or three weeks he was gone, this new-found quiet was paradise. Then the letters started coming from the South Pacific, and though it was still kind of paradise to be at peace, I began to wonder what the new show would be like for the following season. By the end of the second month the quiet I wanted so badly began to bore me. And by the middle of the final month there was nothing so noisy as that same silence. I literally yearned for the return to our normal life of abnormal activity. Soon I would hear the patter of gag writers' feet. Soon the pacing would recom-

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mence. Soon I would be interrupted as I was brushing my teeth by Jack running in and saying, "Doll! This is terrific. It will kill you! What do you think?" Soon agents would come up with picture offers, Bob Ballin, the radio program producer, and sound effect men would come up with gadgets, gimmicks and bit players to which Jack would listen. Soon I would be going crazy again and that would make me sane, because, believe me, by September this sane existence had me literally insane.

So Jack arrived home from the South Pacific September 15 and the brain-trust started functioning the following week. We went on the air on October 1 and just to make it a little more complicated Jack went back to work in his picture out at Warners, "The Horn Blows At Midnight," early in October. At this point not only did he saturate the household with his radio activity, but his producer, his director, his picture writers were out to the house making plans. Looks like Warners established a beachhead at the Bennys, then Jack established a beachhead at Warners—in his dressing room—for his radio writers and himself to carry on with each week's program, but he kept in constant communication with the house to make sure that we were all part of everything that went on.

However, I'm not complaining. I can still remember the summer quiet, particularly at the latter part of the summer, where I swore that never again would I resent living in a gag factory.

Along Came Amber

Continued from page 35

"My father must have had an inkling, though, at what I was doing, for he would give me five cents for writing compositions on such subjects as the English Sparrow. But even though the lure of such easy riches swayed me I couldn't wait to get back to my heroine Gloria again. She was a painted vamp and so very, very wicked that she even lured her best friend's fiancé away from her on the wedding day itself.

"His name was George and he and Gloria were always cavorting together on yachts or riding around in taxis at ninety miles an hour and life would have been all sunshine and roses for them if it weren't for the old man who had such a mysterious, even to me at the time, hold on her.

"Gloria wasn't a girl life could hold down, though. She solved her problem in her own inimitable way. She simply pushed the old man under a trolley one day and then, looking up and seeing George in the crowd that had gathered, she called brightly, 'Oh, George, now we can be married!'

"But maybe you'd better not print that," she said with the sense of humor that has kept her pretty head firmly attached to her shoulders. "People will say I haven't developed at all and that I'm still writing the same stuff I did at the age of eight."

Kay doesn't talk any more like the author of a sensational best seller than



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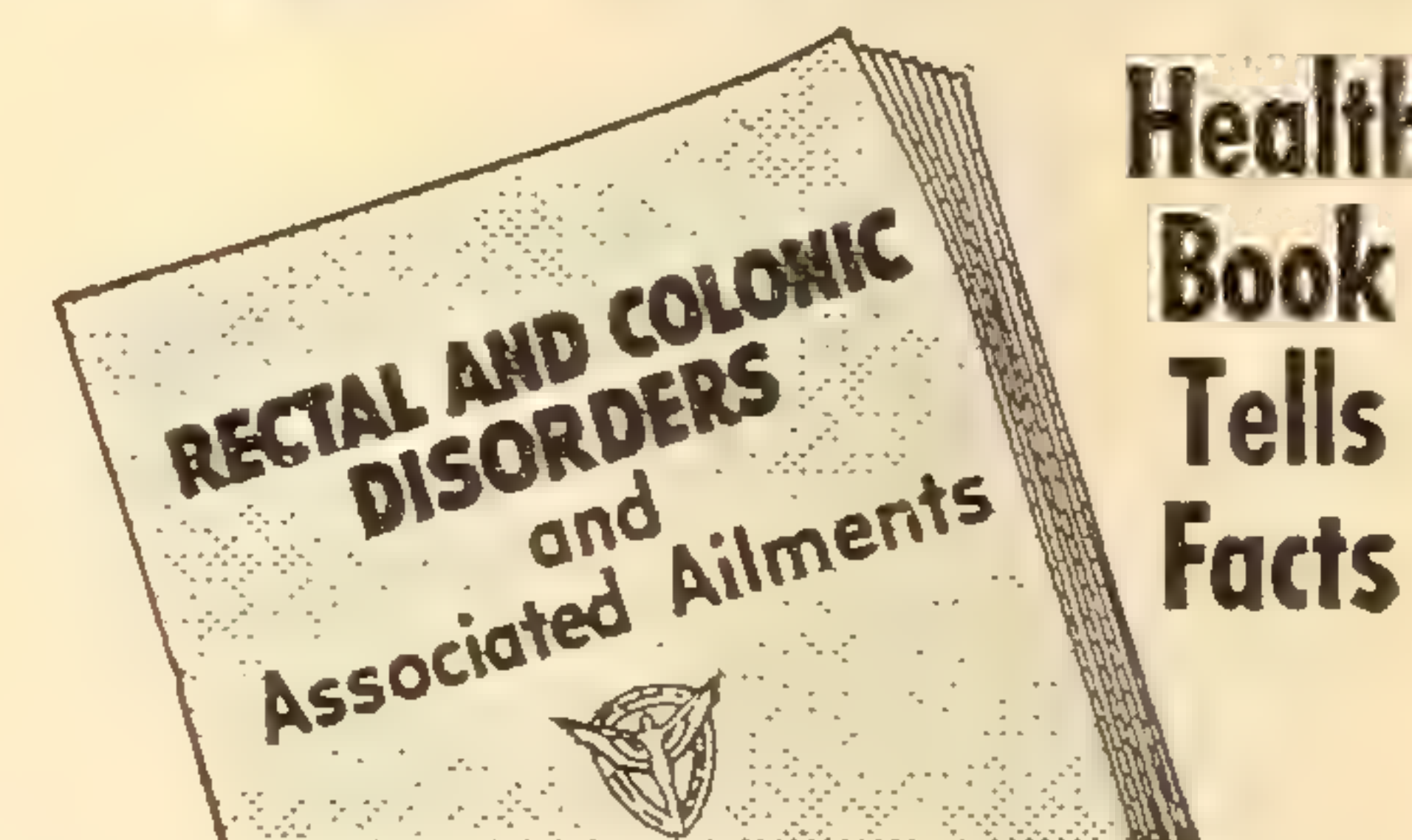


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she looks like one. In spite of all those royalties piling up for her she hasn't any plans for spending them at all. Most writers take the first thousand dollars they make free and clear above their living expense and plank it down as a first payment on a house.

But Kay isn't talking of houses. She isn't talking of trips, either, or all the plays she's seeing or the parties she's invited to. Even success itself doesn't seem to mean very much to her. For it isn't much fun for a girl who had dreamed of the house she and her husband might be able to buy some day to plan it by herself.

"How can I make any plans?" she asked wistfully, "while Bob is in the Southwest Pacific? How can I talk of the future when the future is so uncertain?"

"Bob" is 1st Lt. Robert John Herwig of the United States Marine Corps, a member of the daring band of Marine raiders who has been making history almost the space of the whole world away. And twice since he has been there Kay has received telegrams from the War Department saying he was wounded and has gone through the ordeal of waiting for further news. Now that he is on active duty again she haunts the post office near her hotel unable to wait for the regular delivery to see if there is a letter from him.

Bob was an All-American football player and, success must be awfully fond of the young Herwigs, he was an All-American basketball player, too. They met when they were both freshmen in Berkeley University and married when they were in their junior year. Kay says she worked awfully hard to get him, but looking at Kay and knowing her sense of humor a large grain of salt is indicated.

The young Herwigs began housekeeping in a small furnished apartment near campus and it was there Kay met Amber, her landlady's very beguiling Persian cat. The name fascinated Kay and when she began thinking of her novel the name Amber just instinctively popped into her mind and she couldn't get it out again. It seemed so perfect for the girl she was beginning to bring alive on the first of those thousands of sheets of manuscript paper.

"I didn't realize what I was starting," she said, "when Bob brought home the reference books he needed for a paper on the death of Charles II. I began reading one of them and became so fascinated with the Restoration period I had to go right on reading about it. In all, I read three hundred and fifty-six books, some of them in three or four volumes, and in my research I became so immersed in the customs, morals, language and other aspects of the time that I began seeing it not as a Twentieth Century American but as one who lived in the Seventeenth Century. Maybe that's why I'm so amazed when I hear my book referred to as shocking, because it certainly wouldn't have been shocking to the people who lived in the days of the second Charles. I suppose reading so much about the period left me shock-proof. I thought I had taken out everything that could shock anyone and was

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surprised when my publisher took out a few more passages. But that surprise was nothing to the amazement I felt at the clamor that arose when the book was published.

“Another surprise is that women seem to like my book better than men do, and I never realized before that they are so much less conservative than men are.”

Bob wasn't one of the men who were shocked by “Forever Amber.” The only person who even knew she was writing a book, he read it page by page as she wrote it and his enthusiasm was an encouragement from the beginning.

When they graduated from college he took the job of football coach at Berkeley so that she could be near the library so necessary to her work, as it is one of the four most important in the United States. When her book was finished, whether it were accepted or not, he would begin his own career, he told her.

Neither of them had imagined how successful that book would be any more than they had ever imagined they would win a sweepstake or inherit a million dollars. She writes to him every day and now she doesn't have to think of things to write on days when nothing happens, for things are happening every day. She sent him the layout in the national picture magazine, the tilted cheesecake picture, the reviews of the book, the stories written about her. She wrote that Twentieth Century-Fox had bought it for a reported price of \$200,000; that she had been signed as technical adviser and to assist on the screenplay. She wrote him about screen tests, too.

“Do you think he'd mind if you became a star?” she was asked.

“Mind?” Her eyes twinkled. “Why, Bob wouldn't mind if I wanted to make my living climbing telephone poles. Anything I want to do is all right with him.”

He sounds like a grand guy, that Bob of hers. It isn't any wonder that Kay would gladly exchange all the fanfare that has come to her for the chance to cook his breakfasts and lunches and dinners the way she used to do before he went away. Yes, on top of everything else; the girl can cook, too!



Author Kathleen Winsor and Producer William Perlberg confer on filming of “Forever Amber.”

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How Not to Enjoy Movies

Continued from page 32

a hat that fiendish practice has cost me.

You slide your skimmer unsuspectingly under the seat, slip it on when you leave the show and, when you get home, practically have to chisel it off the old bean. Unless you're a handy Andy with a rag and gasoline, the hat is ready for the ash heap. As a graduate cum laud of the chewing-gum school I speak with authority.

(SOLUTION: When the flavor is gone, fold up your cud in the wrapper it came in and drop it in a waste basket.) (Italics) PLEASE! (end italics).

A robustious American, I am not one to cavil at the good old American practice, antedating even the Mack Sennett days, of keeping a jawful of candy or peanuts rolling around from molar to bicuspid during a show. It is a sound, solid practice and on such are the foundations of the Republic reared. But I should like to summon all who have read thus far to a crusade. It's the ANTI-UNWRAPPERS crusade.

Is our conscience so atrophied we can view with equanimity the many unoffending souls we have committed to the looney bin? Can sanity be retained while the crackle-crackle-crackle of wrappers coming loose tortures their nerves and drowns out the passion-hushed voice of their screen favorite as *she* droops on her lover's shoulder in sweet surrender? How many, like me, had to write a fan letter to Hedy Lamarr to find out what she really whispered to Charles Boyer in "Algiers"?

(SOLUTION: We can be bigger, better men and give our heroine a break by unwrapping the candy *before* the picture starts. Or, foxily, we can time the crackle-crackle to coincide with the staccato snapping of machine guns during the newsreel.)

And big men or small, we can do everybody a favor by keeping our brogans out of the aisles. Including ourselves. While it's no fun to the other guy to trip over our feet, my chiropodist friends assure me it does our own bunions no good. And let's harden our resistance to the temptation of the empty aisle seat. Let's pass up the aisle seat when the entire row is empty. It's easier to have people slide into a seat next to us than have them climb over us. Anyway, the ladies save their stockings and the men keep the crease in their pants longer.

A final word. I can envision movie-house owners reading this and rubbing their hands self-righteously. That Downey, they're saying, he'll maybe educate them.

Okay, Mr. Owner, it's your turn at bat and you can make with your own solutions. Put on the false whiskers and step up to your own ticket window. Movie houses practically everywhere are doing a record business, but are you winning friends whose post-war memories will number your house as a place of welcome relaxation?

See whether the cashier greets you with a smile. See whether she conjures

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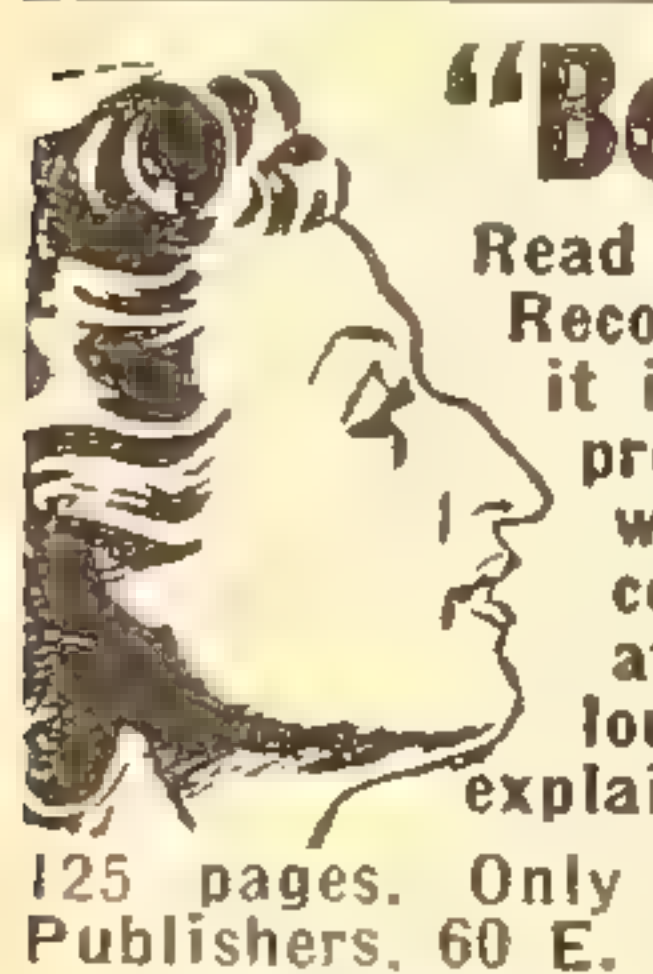
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directions clearly and politely, or mo-
tions you contemptuously inside.

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direct her flashlight downward to check
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your eyes so you have as much chance
of finding your seat as a deer of escaping
"sportsmen" who use a flashlight when
hunting?

That's all, folks. See you at the
movies and what I mean is, let's (ital-
ics) *ALL* (end italics) enjoy them.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

realize this fact. Her truly memorable per-
formance in "For Whom The Bell Tolls"
was a fine beginning in pictures for her, but
then she was given a minor role in "Hos-
tages," and hasn't made a picture since.
I don't understand it. A fine actress as she
is should be given far better parts. Perhaps
her forthcoming Broadway play will open
the eyes of the Hollywood producers, and
give her a deserving chance. I, for one,
hope so!

PAUL ANDERSON, San Francisco, Calif.

Why do Hollywood producers com-
plain about the dearth of story material
when libraries are full of good books that
have never been transferred to the silver
screen, and which have far more possibilities
for becoming good movies than do some of
the stories that have been used?

First in my thoughts, of course, is the
Tolstoy play "Redemption," which must
by all means star George Sanders, and Tur-
genyev's "On The Eve," which could use
Turhan Bey to advantage. Can't Universal
realize that "In The Palace Of The King"
would be just the thing for Maria Montez—
entertaining, with lots of chance for lavish
spectacle and excitement, and at the same
time retaining a dignity that has certainly
been lacking in her other pictures?

"Whosoever Shall Offend" should appeal
to the vast audience that thrilled to "Gas-
light," giving another unforgettable rôle to
that great actor who is unsurpassed in per-
sonality and polished acting—yes, that's
right, George Sanders, again. It would be a
disagreeable part for him, but is there any-
one else who can be so enticingly disagree-
able? Why didn't Warner Bros. use Hichens'
"Lady With The Fan," which would have
given Bette Davis a far better picture than
"Mr. Skeffington"?

If they must keep on re-hashing some of
the same old things that have been made
two or three times already, why not bring
out some of the old Clive Brook pictures
like "The Perfect Crime," "The Constant
Wife," or "The Dangerous Woman"? But
there's only one actor in Hollywood I could
bear to see play Clive Brook's parts—yes,
you guessed it: George Sanders.

LAURA DAVIS, Wichita, Kans.

I think that many older stars could take
lessons in courtesy from that very charming
little lady, Shirley Temple. Shirley has
probably more reason to be self-satisfied,
self-centered, and just plain self-ish, than
any other celebrity her, or any age. Withal,
she is not. And the reserve which keeps her
from all this is a credit to a good family
and a fine training.

Let us hope that she maintains her pres-

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ent popularity. When a personality like hers is recognized and admired, it is a healthy sign for America.

MARY GARVEY, Hempstead, N. Y.

Recently, rummaging through a second-hand magazine store, I came across an issue of SCREENLAND for December, 1933. I bought it and read it.

Golly, what changes! Joan Crawford was cover girl. And on this page was a little sort of a stamp—NRA. Remember it?

The honor page was for Leslie Howard and his performance in "Berkeley Square" earned it for him. Leslie is now gone—a hero of World War II. There were pictures of Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, Carole Lombard—all so full of life.

A full page ad of "Little Women"—still one of my ten best-of-all-time pictures. Dietrich—as a brunette! Wallace Beery, Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Maurice Chevalier, John Boles—all so young-looking. One ad had a model with the currently popular baby bracelet shoes on her feet. And, on the last page, William Powell was surrounded by three glamorous platinum blondes. These three were wearing something rare just now—silk stockings!

Golly—once more—what changes!

CPL. STEVE MARKIEWICZ,
Grand Island, Neb.

Sometime ago my sister and I persuaded my "movie hater" mother to go and see the much talked about "Johnny Come Lately." When she left the theater she was raving, but it wasn't about "Johnny Come Lately." It was all over the unheard of co-feature, "Young and Willing," a comedy. The only well-known star in it was Robert Benchley. Mother didn't care. The rest would some day be famous. Mother was right. Susan Hayward is now starring in "The Hairy Ape," and plays a selfish girl to the highest degree. Martha O'Driscoll is still in small pictures but everyone knows her face well and she is graduating to stardom. Barbara Britton has won more recognition in "Till We Meet Again" than any new actress for her superb acting. Eddie Bracken is now better known as the father of a sextet, or even more recently as the "Conquering Hero." William Holden, the "Golden Boy," is doing the most wonderful job of all in the uniform of Uncle Sam.

You see, Hollywood does give newcomers breaks and I think it deserves a pat on the back. I would certainly like to give them a lot of praise for all the good work they are doing. Hollywood and its stars have done more than any other company to keep up the morale of our boys and let real actors and actresses get breaks when they deserve them.

NANCY LAMSON, Howard Beach, N. Y.

The Star Hollywood Can't Spoil

Continued from page 27

and ready for an argument. If both Joe and you are out of sorts at the same time, the fur will fly. There's just one thing to do about it; let the other person win.

"We both carried that in mind through the years. Most arguments are over small, inconsequential matters. But if you're square-headed and always insist on winning, the other person can get pretty sick of it after a while."

So Rule 1 for the Browns is: Let the other person win an argument



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sometimes. "What's so important about winning an argument after all?" Joe says. "People who quarrel and refuse to let the other person win remind me of the driver who races up to the person who pulled in front of him and yells, 'You dirty so-and-so!' What does he gain by bawling the other person out? The other fellow isn't going to change because of the bawling out he received. And maybe the person who ranted and raved so about it will find himself doing the same thing some time later on."

Rule 2 for the Browns is: Argue without leaving a scar. "When an argument is over," explains Joe, "it's important not to leave yourself too far apart in your views. End the argument by saying, 'Well, maybe you're right.'"

"Many people, suing for divorce, charge incompatibility. And what is incompatibility? Usually it's not incompatibility of actions but incompatibility of thoughts. Thoughts are responsible for our acts. If at the end of an argument, a husband and wife feel poles apart, then there's the beginning of a slight breach between them. That breach may grow in time. Naturally, each one of us feels that he is right. Then if the other person disagrees violently, he must be wrong. Soon we're telling ourselves that he is a square-headed fool, and that he's probably just as wrong about everything else."

Rule 3 for the Browns is: Don't go to bed with an argument still raging. Kiss and make up before you go to sleep. "Before we were married, Mrs. Brown's sister suggested this idea to her. We have found that it's very helpful."

Rule 4 for the Browns is: Try to understand the other person's likes. "The same thing that applies to world problems applies to marriage," said Joe earnestly. "In order to solve world problems there must first be understanding. In order to solve the problems that arise in marriage, you must first understand the other person. You shouldn't try to force your political or religious beliefs on other people. Not even on your wife! You should understand her likes and dislikes. Unless her likes and dislikes are interfering with the health and happiness of other people, you shouldn't try to change them."

"However, you yourself should try to become interested in the things your mate likes. When Kathryn married me, she knew and cared nothing about baseball. But she knew how much baseball meant to me, and today she knows and cares about baseball games. She is almost as much of a fan as I am. When I bought a racing stable, she had no interest in it. But she began to take an interest, because she saw how absorbed I was in my new venture. Soon she took a rabid interest."

"I, too, have changed because of Kathryn's interests. I don't care much for cafés and night clubs. She likes a little café life now and then. So we go out spasmodically. I don't feel I'm sacrificing anything by going. Kathryn has such a good time that I've learned to enjoy myself too. If I felt that by going to a night club with Kathryn I was mak-

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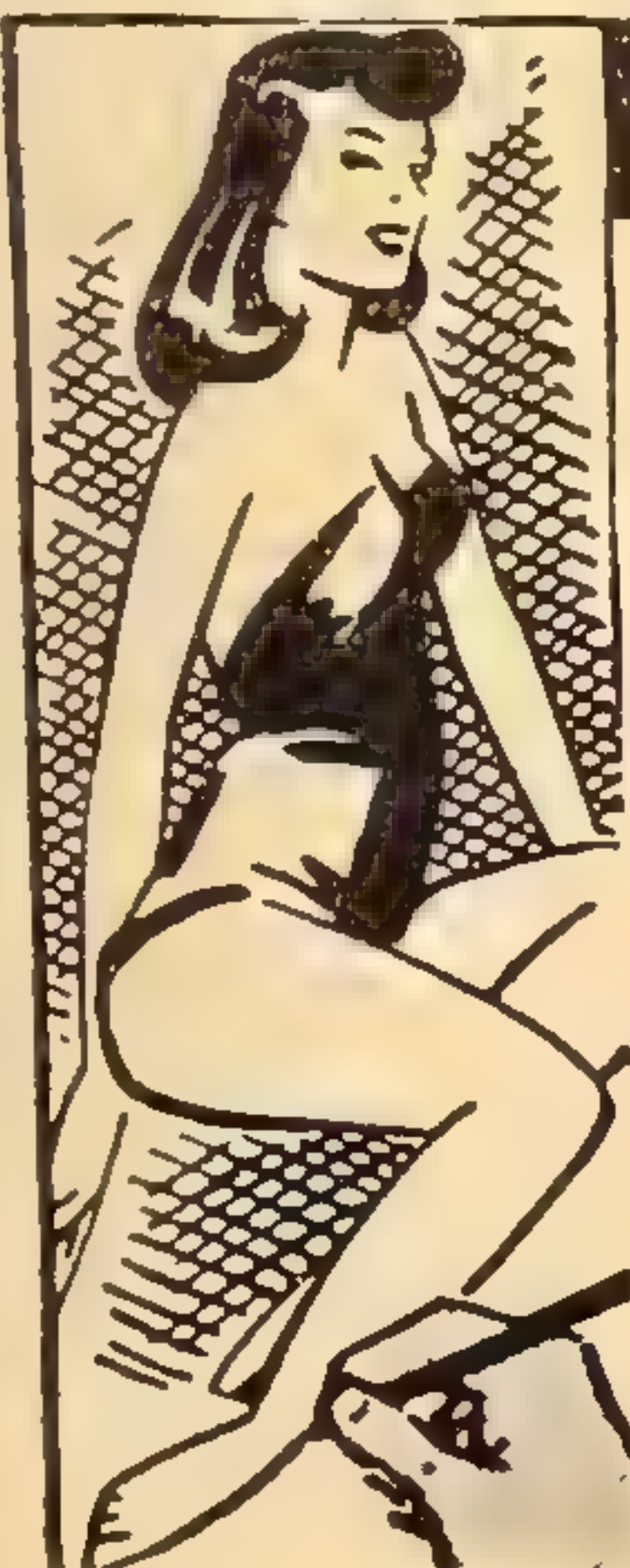
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ing a sacrifice, then that would ruin the evening's fun for both of us. There's no use in a man saying, 'I hate the darned place. It bores me to death, but if you insist, I'll go.' That sort of attitude ruins everything. This seems like a very small problem, yet I know a couple who have gotten a divorce because they had the same problem and didn't solve it. They were both in the picture business. The girl liked good times and wanted to go out. The man didn't want to. Their marriage went on the rocks. I believe the whole thing might have been solved if he'd gone to night clubs with her a few times."

Rule 5: Don't show jealousy. "Jealousy can also be ruinous to a happy marriage. Men sometimes claim that their jealousy is a proof of love. That isn't necessarily so. People can be in love without being jealous; and they can be jealous without being in love. Jealousy can sometimes be just envy or hurt pride.

"I knew a couple who were madly in love with each other. Because of the war, the wife, who was in pictures, had to remain in Hollywood, while her husband was stationed in another part of the country. He had always been jealous, and the separation inflamed his jealousy. He'd always hated it when another man looked at his wife. Because she is very beautiful, it is inevitable that other men do look at her admiringly. She has never given any of them any encouragement. Sometimes she'd go out with Mrs. Brown and myself. Her husband tortured himself with thoughts of other men whom she might be meeting. He would call her up on the phone and catechize her on just whom she was with. Finally she could stand it no longer. She told him she wouldn't put up another day with his jealousy. She would get a divorce.

"I talked to her, shortly after the newspapers had carried her announcement. 'You're not going through with it,' I told her. 'I know you're not. You're madly in love with your husband, aren't you?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'but I can't stand his jealousy. He says he loves me. Why can't he trust me?'

"'You're right,' I told her. 'He should trust you. Let him stay on the bench awhile. Let him worry and stew for a little while. But know in your own mind that you're going to take him back.'

"She followed my advice. I think she would have done the same thing even if I hadn't talked to her. Some people have said that I helped bring the two of them together again. I don't think that I really did. They were so much in love that God wouldn't let a marriage like that break up."

Today those two young people are happier than they have ever been. The husband has learned to overcome his temptation to be morbidly jealous of his wife. Once in a while he starts saying to her, "What did you do last night? Whom did you go with? Were there any men at the party?" There's fire in her eye right away. "Are you going to start that again?" "Oh, no, no dear. I just wondered if you were enjoying yourself." And the episode blows over.

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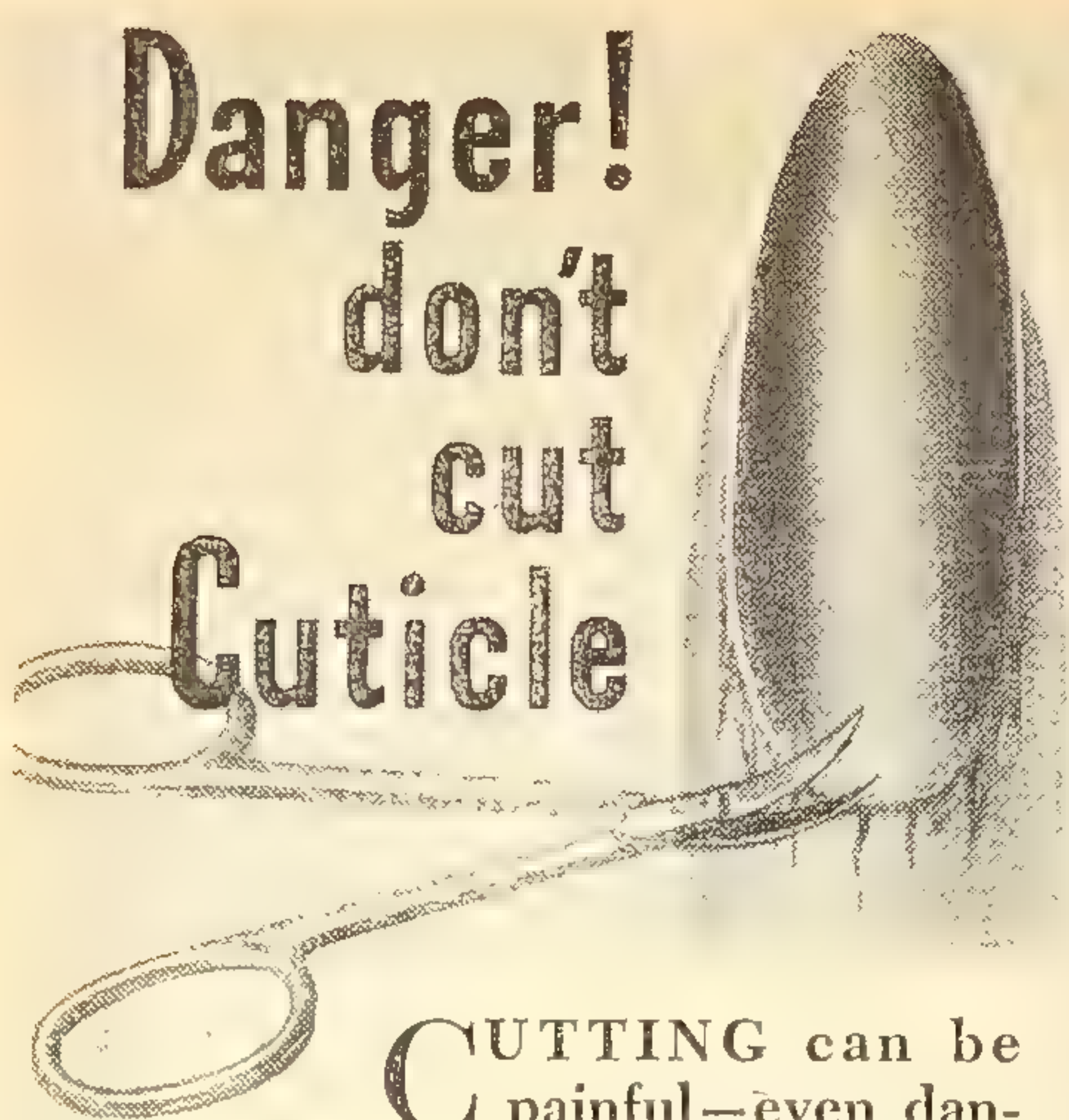
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Point Number 6 in the Brown Decalogue for married happiness is—listen to your mate's advice. Think it over. He or she may be right.

There have been many times in Joe's career when he would not have been so successful if he hadn't listened to his wife. Once he was appearing in a show called "Listen Lester." The show was an enormous success, and Joe felt he ought to be making more money. He asked for a raise, but the owner of the show refused to give it to him. So he decided to quit. He had already handed in his notice when he called his wife long distance (she was in California at the time; he in the East) and told her.

"I think you've made a mistake," Mrs. Brown said. "You're a hit in the show. You're getting terrific notices. You're building up a reputation for yourself in 'Listen Lester.' You've got a contract with John Cort for another show next year. If you leave him now in mid-season, what's to keep him from giving you notice the middle of next season?"

"I thought it over and realized she was right," Joe told me. "I went to the manager of the show and did one of the hardest things I've ever done. 'I don't know whether I'm too late,' I told him, 'but if I'm not I want to withdraw the notice I gave. I'd like to stay.'"

"He said it wasn't too late, and he congratulated me on making the decision I did. Like my wife, he felt that appearing in different cities with that show would help my career. And it did. The following season I was in 'Jim Jam Jems,'

which was a big hit. I would have felt terrible if John Cort had given me my notice then. And he probably would have if I hadn't listened to my wife!"

Point Number 7 in Joe E. Brown's insurance program for married happiness is this: have children if possible. Statistics bear him out, proving that childless marriages are more apt to end in the divorce courts.

Joe E. Brown says, "A marriage should have something to anchor to. Build your marriage around a family, if possible."

The Browns have three children, besides the late Captain Don E. Brown, who died in the air crash. They are Captain Joe Leroy Brown, who is a flier in the Air Corps; Kathryn, and Mary. Joe has an eleven-months-old granddaughter, Cynthia Lee (Cindy to Joe) Brown. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Brown.

"My wife and I," Joe said, "have always had very similar ideas about bringing up the children. None of the children was ever spanked. I don't believe in the old saying, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' If children need to be punished, you can do it by denying them something they want. However, I believe you should never lie to a child. Build with your children as you do with your friends. If you promise them anything, good or bad, keep your promise."

"We taught our children to think for themselves. We taught them not to hate other people."

"Don was as fine a reasoning pacifist as ever lived. He did not believe in war. But when war came, he was one of the first to volunteer his services. He did not hate the Germans or the Japs—only the things they stand for. He believed, as I did and still do, that if they are re-educated, they can be taught to live and think differently."

"I sent my boys to military school, even though I believed in peace, not in war. Most people have the wrong idea about military school. They think that in military school a boy learns to love the idea of war. That's not true. Instead he learns to do things with other people. And he gets excellent physical training. Learning how to cooperate and work in coordination with other people is important in the education of every young man and woman, I believe."

Rule Number 8 in the Brown household is: Leave domestic matters to the Missus. "Mrs. Brown's job is to handle the house. I never interfere. She makes the decisions about the furnishings, the servants, the domestic schedule. She has complete charge of the girls. I may make suggestions in regard to the children. But she makes the final decisions."

Though the Browns have now worked out a pattern for marriage which has made theirs one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood, it wasn't always so. Like any other young couple, they faced bewildering experiences when they were first married. They had a great deal to learn about each other. Kathryn was a non-professional, and so were her people. They didn't quite understand actors, and didn't altogether approve of them. Kathryn's father was dead set against Joe until he met him. He thought it would be much wiser for Kathryn to

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marry a respectable business man. But after he met Joe he changed his mind; and decided that a man could be an actor and still be a fine upstanding individual. Joe says he thinks he made a hit with Kathryn's father by agreeing with him on politics (temporarily) and on baseball.

And so the Browns were married. At the time of their marriage Joe had \$80 in the world. He knew that Kathryn, bless her Irish sentimental heart, would have liked a wedding with all the trimmings. But he couldn't afford that. So they went to New York's City Hall, and in the Alderman's office, they pledged their lives and hearts. Then they began to discuss what their marriage was going to be like. Joe was just about to lift Kathryn over the threshold of their New York home when an impish sense of humor possessed him. Kathryn was being so solemn about the future.

"I want to tell you something," Joe said. "I have a very bad temper. If I ever get mad and hit you, don't feel badly. Rest assured I'll be sorry for it a minute later."

Kathryn looked at his poker pan and didn't know he was kidding. "If you ever hit me," she stormed, "you'll probably never live to regret it. But if you do, I'll walk out on you that very minute, and go back to my mother!"

After their honeymoon, Joe and Kathryn returned to the apartment. Kathryn cleaned up the place and fixed Joe's breakfast. She didn't know what kind of food Joe liked, but she knew her father had always been mad about milk toast. So she brought a tray loaded with milk toast into the room—and gave Joe a big smile.

He looked at the milk toast and grimaced. "Good heavens," he said, "what are you serving, graveyard stew?"

Joe says that broke the little woman's heart and it took him a long time to square himself with her.

Actually, he says, Mrs. Brown is an excellent cook; and though they have a maid, he's always very happy when on the maid's day out Mrs. Brown serves one of her specialties. Even if she served milk toast today, Joe would probably eat it.

Once in a while, even today, the Browns argue. Usually it's because Mrs. Brown feels Joe isn't resting enough and that he ought to conserve his energy. For instance, when his secretary was out, she objected every time Joe bounded up the stairs to answer the phone.

"Darling," she said, "why don't you just let it ring till Mr. Culbertson gets back? Anyone who wants you will call again. Why use up precious energy?"

On their twenty-fifth anniversary, the Browns were remarried. They went through a second ceremony because Joe wanted Mrs. Brown to have just the kind of wedding she'd always dreamed of, the kind with all the trimmings. Something beautiful to remember.

"Marriage is like anything else," Joe says. "To get anything out of it, you must give all you can without considering that you're giving. The moment you feel you're making a sacrifice, that's bad. When you're in love, it's your pleasure to make the other person happy."

"In marriage as in everything else, I believe it is more blessed to give than to receive. I believe that every time we do anything, it is going to be reflected in our future. The chips we put down in marriage and in life return. I had a striking instance of this recently. You remember my two girls were in an automobile accident. We rushed them to the hospital. For the time being it seemed possible that we might lose both of them. They were put into an emergency ward. There was no nurse in the room. I practically had to grab a nurse and bring her in. She looked at the pulse back of Mary's neck and said, 'I'm awfully sorry.'"

"I bent over Mary. A little air came out of her nose. The nurse was afraid to take the responsibility of feeling the pulse on her wrist. In an accident case, even feeling the pulse on the wrist can be risky. But a faint pulse was beating in her wrist."

"I rushed out of the ward and stopped the first doctor I saw. 'I want you to come with me to the emergency ward,' I said. 'Aren't you Joe E. Brown?' he asked. 'Yes. It doesn't matter. Will you come with me?' 'It matters to me. I'd do anything in the world for you, Joe,' the doctor said."

"I hardly knew what he was talking about then. But he came straight with me into the ward, and worked over my two daughters. That doctor gave up everything else to save Mary's life."

What Joe had forgotten, in that awful moment when his daughter's life hung in the balance, was that he had met this physician once before. In 1932 that very same doctor was working with a bunch of crippled kids in the Orthopedic hospital in Los Angeles. On Christmas morning, the hospital staff didn't know what to do for those kids. They wanted to do something to make their Christmas a merry one. But how can you cheer up kids who are going to be in wheelchairs, kids who can't walk and who can't play?

Then Joe E. Brown came to that hospital. He entertained those children. The doctor saw their faces break out in smiles. He made up his mind then that if the time ever came when he could do anything for Joe, he would. And by a strange coincidence—or was it the hand of God?—this was the physician whom Joe summoned when he was looking around in desperation for a doctor to look after his daughters.

This incident illustrates Joe's philosophy that the chips you put down today return tomorrow. Little did he dream that day in 1932 that a physician watching him entertain a bunch of crippled kids would one day hold the lives of his daughters in his hands. But the chips he put down in 1932 returned in 1944.

"Everything we do is reflected in the future. When the sun has gone down you can still see the reflection in heaven."

"Everything you do today will help make your life in the future either a happier or a sadder one. You alone can make sure that the reflection in heaven is one that will brighten your days. And the same thing is true of marriage. Everything you say to your mate and everything you do will be reflected in the future happiness of your marriage."

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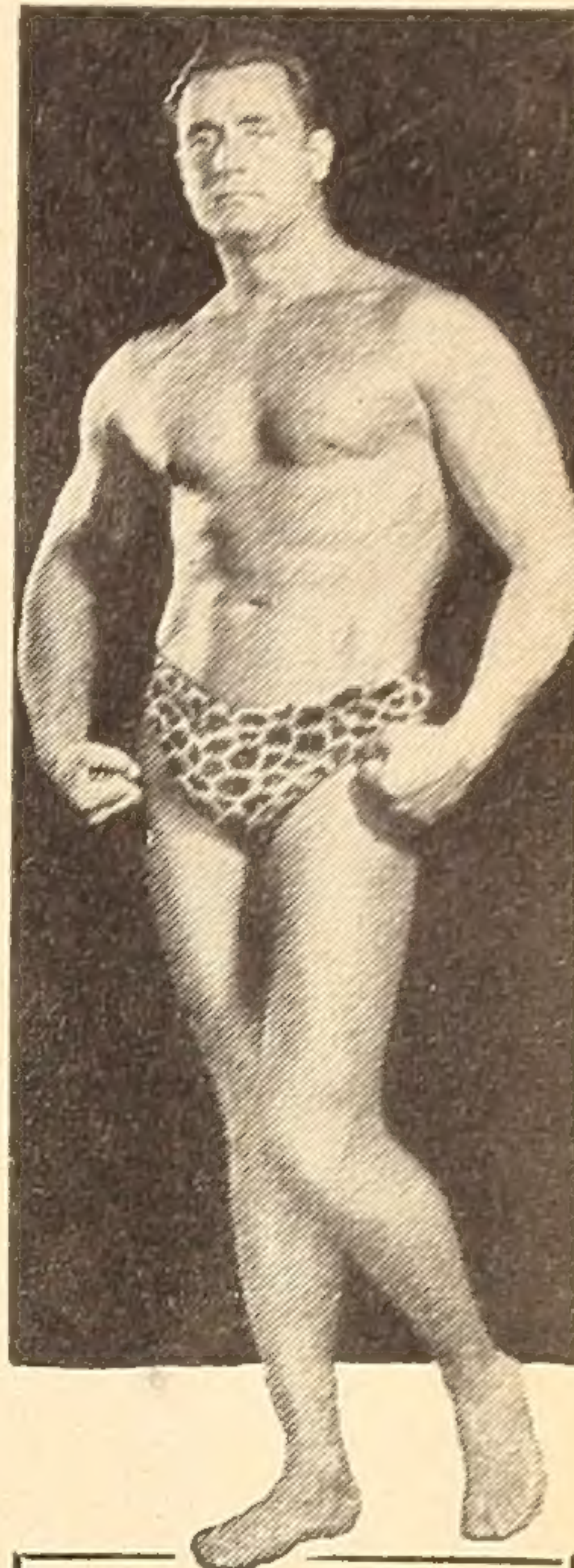
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